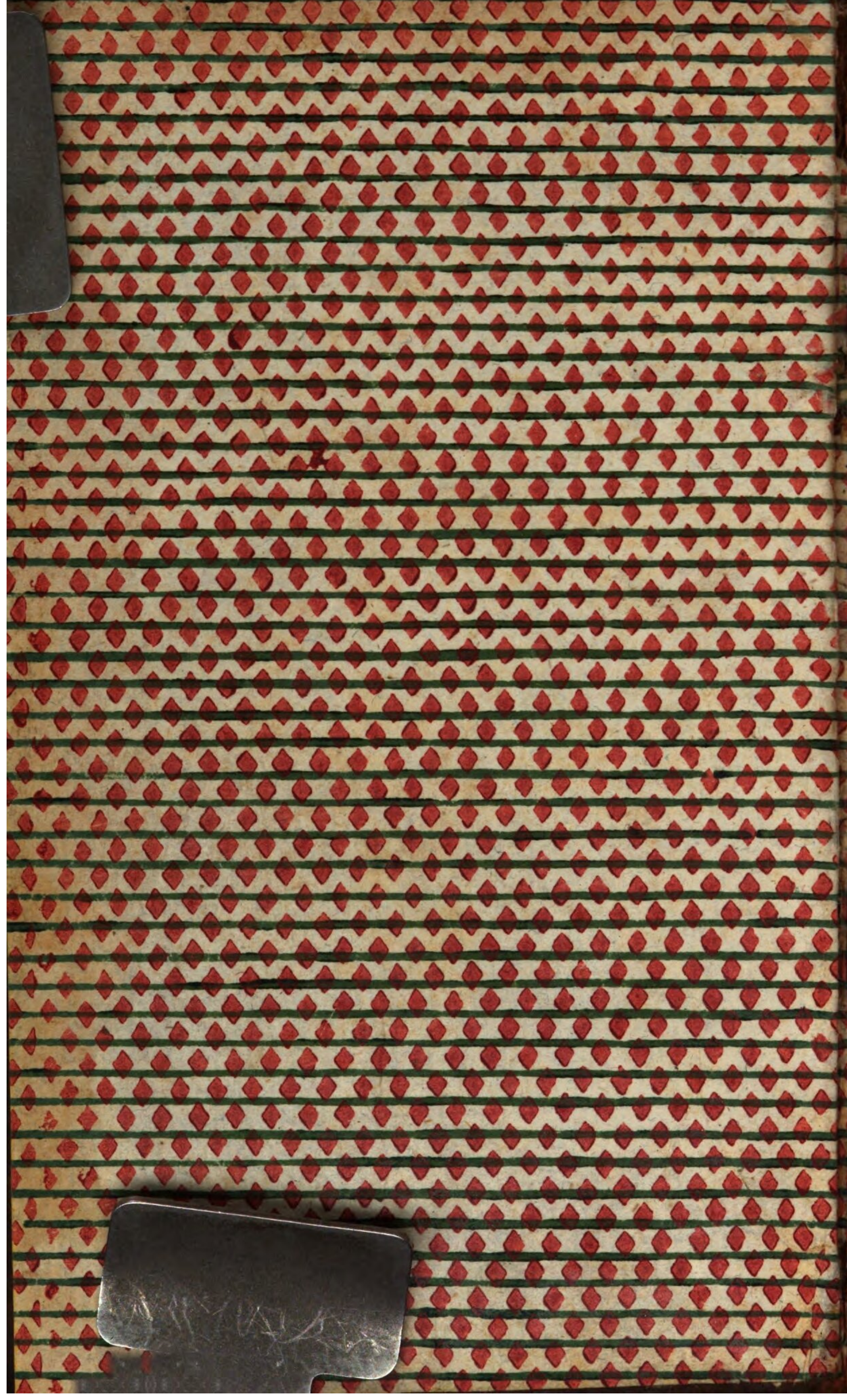
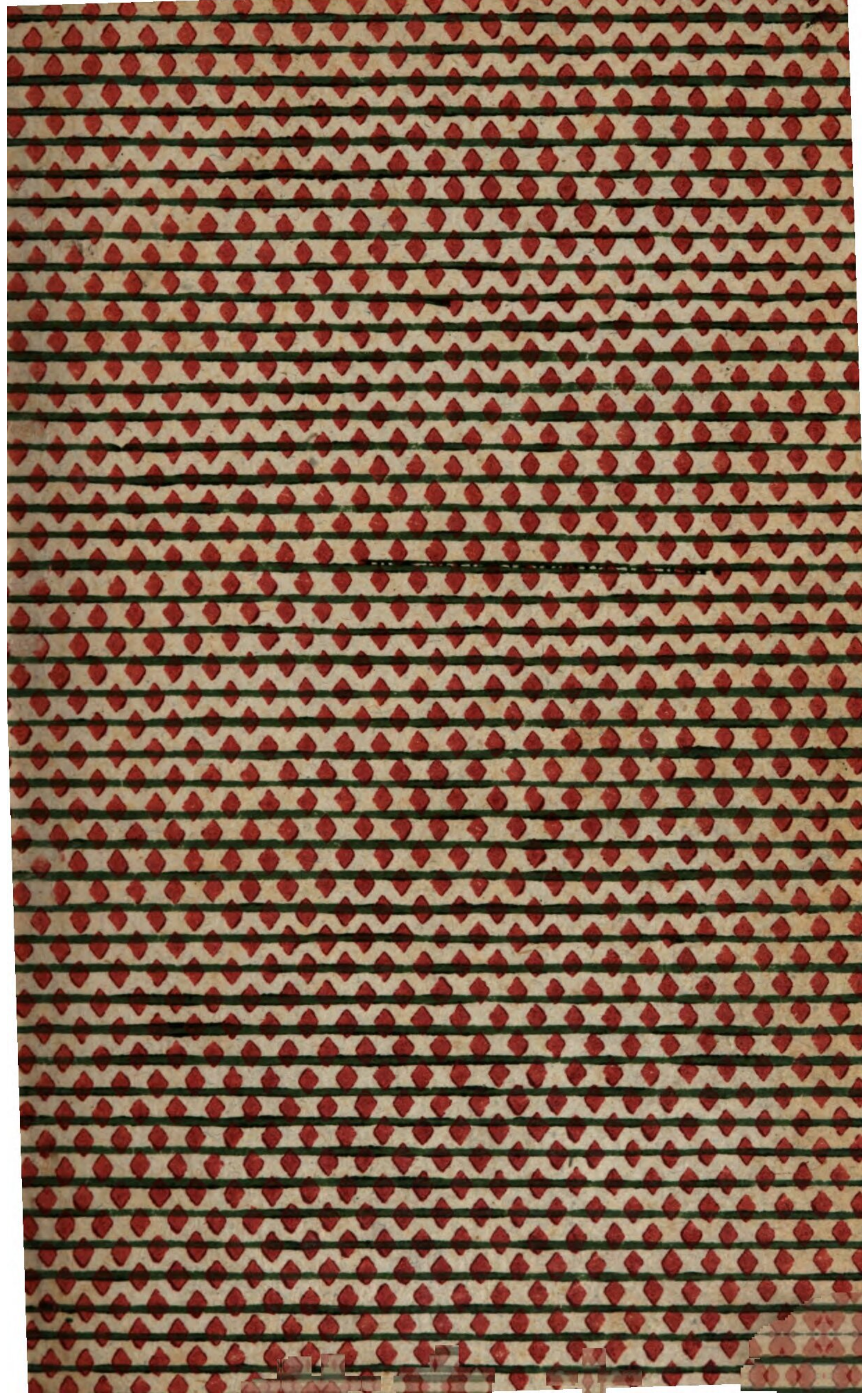








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Contents of Vol. III.

Was hier verzeichnet, ist im ersten Bde. gebunden
Ancient songs 10. Series the first.

(und dennoch unter Vol. III.)

R E L I Q U E S
OF
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

VOL. I.

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1909

R E L I Q U E S
OF
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY :
CONSISTING OF
Old Heroic BALLADS, SONGS, and other
PIECES of our earlier POETS,
(Chiefly of the LYRIC kind.)
Together with some few of later Date.
VOLUME THE FIRST.



LONDON and FRANCFORT:
Printed for J. G. Fleischer. MDCCXC.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.



The PREFACE.

THE Reader is here presented with select remains of our ancient English Bards and Minstrels, an order of men who were once greatly respected by our ancestors, and contributed to soften the roughness of a martial and unlettered people by their songs and by their music.

The greater part of them are extracted from an ancient folio manuscript, in the Editor's possession, which contains near 200 poems, songs, and metrical romances. This MS. was written about the middle of the last century, but contains compositions of all times and dates, from

the

the ages prior to Chaucer, to the conclusion of the reign of Charles I.

This manuscript was shown to several learned and ingenious friends, who thought the contents too curious to be consigned to oblivion, and importuned the possessor to select some of them, and give them to the press. As most of them are of great simplicity, and seem to have been merely written for the people, he was long in doubt, whether in the present state of improved literature, they could be deemed worthy the attention of the public. At length the importunity of his friends prevailed, and he could refuse nothing to such judges as the author of the RAMBLER, and the late Mr. SHENSTONE.

Accordingly such specimens of ancient poetry have been selected as either shew the gradation of our language, exhibit the progress of popular opinions, display the peculiar manners and customs of former ages, or throw light on our earlier classical poets.

They are here distributed into THREE VOLUMES, each of which contains an independent SERIES of poems, arranged for the most part, according to the order of time, and showing the gradual improvements of the English language and poetry from the earliest ages down to the present. Each VOLUME, or SERIES, is divided into three BOOKS, to afford so many pauses, or resting places to the Reader, and to assist him in distinguishing between the productions of the earlier, the middle, and the latter times.

In a polished age, like the present, I am sensible that many of these reliques of antiquity will require great allowances to be made for them. Yet have they, for the most part, a pleasing simplicity, and many artless graces, which in the opinion of no mean critics * have been thought to compensate for the want of higher beauties, and if they do not dazzle the imagination, are frequently found to interest the heart.

To atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems, each volume concludes with a few modern attempts in the same kind of writing: And to take off from the tediousness of the longer narratives, they are every where intermingled with little elegant pieces of the lyric kind. Select ballads in the old Scottish dialect, most of them of the first-rate merit, are also interspersed among those of our ancient English Minstrels: and the artless productions of these old rhapsodists, are occasionally confronted with specimens of the composition of contemporary poets of a higher class: of those who had all the advantages of learning in the times in which they lived, and who wrote for fame and for posterity. Yet perhaps the palm will be frequently due to the old strolling Minstrels, who composed their rhimes to be sung to their harps, and who looked no farther than for present applause, and present subsistence.

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The

* Mr. ADDISON, Mr. DRYDEN, and the witty Lord DORSET, &c. See the Spectator, No. 70. To these might be added many eminent judges now alive.—The learned SELDEN appears also to have been fond of collecting these old things. See p. XI.

The reader will find this class of men occasionally described in the following volumes, and some particulars relating to their history in a slight Essay subjoined to this preface.

It will be proper here to give a short account of the other collections that were consulted, and to make my acknowledgments to those gentlemen, who were so kind as to impart extracts from them: for while this selection was making, a great number of ingenious friends took a share in the work, and explored many large repositories in its favour.

The first of these that deserved notice was the Pepysian library at Magdalen College, Cambridge. Its founder, Sam. Pepys, Esq; secretary of the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. had made a large collection of ancient English ballads, near 2000 in number, which he has left pasted in five volumes in folio; besides Garlands and other smaller miscellanies. This collection he tells us was "Begun by Mr. SELDEN; improved by
" the addition of many pieces elder thereto in time; and
" the whole continued down to the year 1700."

In the Ashmole Library at Oxford, is a small collection of ballads, made by Anthony Wood, in the year 1676, containing somewhat more than 200. Many ancient popular poems are also preserved in the Bodleyan Library.

The archives of the Antiquarian Society at London contain a multitude of curious political poems in large folio volumes, digested under the several reigns of Hen. viii, Edw. vi, Mary, Elizabeth, James I. &c.

In

In the British Museum is preserved a large treasure of ancient English poems in MS. besides one folio volume of printed ballads.

From all these some of the best pieces were selected, and from many private collections, as well printed, as manuscript: particularly from one large folio volume which was lent by a lady.

Amid such a fund of materials, the Editor is afraid he was been sometimes led to make too great a parade of his authorities. The desire of being accurate has perhaps seduced him into too minute and trifling exactness; and in pursuit of information he may have been drawn into many a petty and frivolous research. It was however necessary to give some account of the old copies, tho' often for the sake of brevity one or two of these only are mentioned, where yet assistance was received from several *. Where any thing was altered that deserved particular notice, the passage is distinguished by two inverted 'commas'. And the editor has endeavoured to be as faithful, as the imperfect state of his materials would admit: for these old popular rhimes have, as might be expected, been handed down to us with less care, than any other writings in the world.

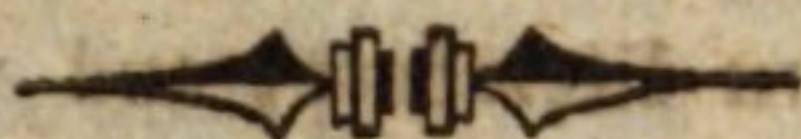
* Thus in Book I. No. VI. of this vol. one MS. only is mentioned, tho' some additional stanzas were recovered from another fragment: and this has sometimes been the case elsewhere.

The plan of the work was settled in concert with the late elegant Mr. SHENSTONE, who was to have borne a joint share in it had not death unhappily prevented him: Most of the modern pieces were of his selection and arrangement, and the Editor hopes to be pardoned if he has retained some things out of partiality to the judgment of his friend. A large MS. collection of poems was a present from HUMPHREY PITT, Esq; of Prior's-Lee, in Shropshire, to whom this public acknowledgment is due for that, and many other obliging favours. To Sir DAVID DALRYMPLE, Bart. of Hayes, near Edinburgh, the Editor is indebted for most of the beautiful Scottish poems, with which this little miscellany is enriched, and for many curious and elegant remarks with which they are illustrated. Some obliging favours of the same kind were received from JOHN MCGOWAN, Esq; of Edinburgh: and many curious explanations of Scottish words in the glossaries from Mr. JOHN DAVIDSON, of Edinburgh, and from the Rev. Mr. HUTCHINSON, of Kimbolton. Mr. WARTON, who at present does so much honour to the Poetry Professor's chair at Oxford, and another friend in that University, contributed some curious pieces from the Oxford libraries. Two ingenious and learned friends at Cambridge deserve the Editor's warmest acknowledgments: to Mr. BLAKEWAY, late fellow of Magdalen College, he owes all the assistance received from the Pepysian library: and Mr. FARMER, fellow of Emanuel, often exerted in favour of this little work, that extensive knowledge of ancient English literature for which he is so distinguished. Many extracts from ancient MSS. in the British Museum and other repositories, were owing to the kind services of Mr. ASTLE, to whom the public is indebted for the curious Preface
and

and Index lately annexed to the Harleian catalogue. The worthy Librarian of the Society of Antiquaries, deserves acknowledgment for the obliging manner in which he gave the Editor access to the volumes under his care. In Mr. GARRICK'S curious collection of old plays are many scarce pieces of ancient poetry, with the free use of which he indulged the Editor, in the politest manner. To the Rev. Dr. BIRCH he is indebted for the use of several ancient and curious tracts. To the friendship of Mr. JOHNSON he owes many valuable hints for the conduct of the work. And if the glossaries are more exact and curious, than might be expected in so slight a publication, it is to be ascribed to the supervisal of a friend, who stands at this time the first in the world for northern literature, and whose learning is better known and respected in foreign nations, than in his own country. It is perhaps needless to name the Rev. Mr. LYE, Editor of Junius's Etymologicum and of the Gothic gospels.

The NAMES of so many men of learning and character the Editor hopes will serve as an amulet to guard him from every unfavourable censure, for having bestowed any attention on a parcel of OLD BALLADS. It was at the request of many of these gentlemen, and of others eminent for their genius, and taste, that this little work was undertaken. To prepare it for the press has been the amusement of now and then a vacant hour amid the leisure and retirement of rural life, and hath only served as a relaxation from graver studies. It has been taken up at different times, and often thrown aside for many months, during an interval of four or five years. This has occasioned some inconsistencies and repetitions,

which the candid reader will pardon. As great care has been taken to admit nothing immoral and indecent; the Editor hopes he need not be ashamed of having bestowed some of his idle hours on the ancient literature of our own country, or in rescuing from oblivion some pieces (tho' but the amusements of our ancestors) which tend to place in a striking light, their taste, genius, sentiments, or manners.



AN ESSAY

ON THE ANCIENT ENGLISH MINSTRELS.

THE MINSTRELS seem to have been the genuine successors of the ancient Bards, who united the arts of Poetry and Music, and sung verses to the harp, of their own composing. It is well known what respect was shewn to their BARDS by the Britons: and no less was paid to the northern SCALDS * by most of the nations of Gothic race. Our Saxon ancestors, as well as their brethren the ancient Danes, had been accustomed to hold men of this profession in the highest reverence. Their skill was considered as something divine, their persons were deemed sacred, their attendance was solicited by kings, and they were every where loaded with honours and rewards **. In short, poets and their art were held among them in that rude admiration, which is ever shewn by an ignorant people to such as excell them in intellectual accomplishments. When the Saxons were converted to christianity, in proportion as letters prevail-

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led

* So the ancient Danes, &c. intitled their Bards. See Pref. to "Five pieces of Runic poetry, 8vo. 1763.

** Mallet, L'Introd. a l'Hist. de Dannemarc. 4to. Bartholin. Antiq. Dan. 4to.

led among them, this rude admiration began to abate, and poetry was no longer a peculiar profession. The Poet and the Minstrel * became two persons. Poetry was cultivated by men of letters indiscriminately, and many of the most popular rhymes were composed amidst the leisure and retirement of monasteries. But the Minstrels continued a distinct order of men, and got their livelihood by singing verses to the harp, at the houses of the great. There they were still hospitably and respectfully received, and retained many of the honours shown to their predecessors the Bards and Scalds. And indeed tho' some of them only recited the compositions of others, many of them still composed songs themselves, and all of them could probably invent a few stanzas on occasion. I have no doubt but most of the old heroic ballads in this collection were produced by this order of men. For altho' some of the larger metrical romances might come from the pen of the monks or others, yet the smaller narratives were probably composed by the Minstrels who sung them. From the amazing variations, which occur in different copies of these old pieces, it is evident they made no scruple to alter each other's productions, and the reciter added or omitted whole stanzas, according to his own fancy or convenience.

In

* The word MINSTREL is derived from the French *Menestrier*; and was not in use here before the Norman conquest. It is remarkable that our old monkish historians do not use the word *Citharædus*, *Cantator*, or the like, to express a MINSTREL in Latin; but either *Mimus*, *Histrion*, *Joculator*, or some other word that implies gesture. Hence it should seem that the Minstrels set off their singing by mimicry or action: or according to Dr. Brown's hypothesis, united the powers of melody, poem, and dance. See his ingenious Hist. of the Rise of Poetry, &c.

In the early ages, as is hinted above, this profession was held in great reverence among the Saxon tribes, as well as among their Danish brethren. This appears from two remarkable facts in history, which show that the same arts of music and song were equally admired among both nations, and that the privileges and honours conferred upon the professors of them were common to both; as it is well known their customs, manners, and even language were not in those times very dissimilar.

When our great king Alfred was desirous to learn the true situation of the Danish army, which had invaded his realm; he assumed the dress and character of a Minstrel *, and taking his harp, and only one attendant, (for in the early times it was not unusual for a Minstrel to have a servant to carry his harp **) he went with the utmost security into the Danish camp. And though he could not but be known to be a Saxon, the character he had assumed procured him a hospitable reception; he was admitted to entertain the king at table, and staid among them long enough to contrive that assault, which afterwards destroyed them. This was in the year 878.

About sixty years after, a Danish king made use of the same disguise to explore the camp of our king Athelstan. With his harp in his hand, and dressed like a
Minstrel

* *Fingens se* JOCULATOREM, *assumpta cithara*, &c. Ingulphi Hist. p. 869. — *Sub specie* MIMI . . . *ut* JOCULATORIÆ *professor artis*. Malmesb. l. 2. c. 4. p. 43. One name for a Minstrel in old French was JOUGLEUR.

** See this vol. p. 57. 65.

Minstrel *, Anlaff, king of the Danes, went among the Saxon tents, and taking his stand near the king's pavilion, began to play, and was immediately admitted. There he entertained Athelstan and his lords with his singing and his music: and was at length dismissed with an honourable reward; though his songs must have discovered him to have been a Dane. Athelstan was saved from the consequences of this stratagem by a soldier, who had observed Anlaff bury the money which had been given him, from some scruple of honour, or motive of superstition. This occasioned a discovery.

From the uniform procedure of both these kings, it is plain that the same mode of entertainment prevailed among both people, and that the Minstrel was a privileged character among both. Even so late as the reign of Edward II. the Minstrels were easily admitted into the royal presence; as appears from a passage in Stow ** which also shews the splendor of their appearance.

“ In the yeare 1316, Edward the Second did solemnize his feast of Pentecost at Westminster in the great hall: where sitting royally at the table with his peers about him, there entered a woman ADORNED LIKE A MINSTREL ***, SITTING ON A GREAT HORSE
“ TRAPPED,

* *Assumpta manu cithara . . . professus MIMUM, qui hujusmodi arte stipem quotidianam mercaretur . . . Jussus abire pretium cantus accepit.* Malmesb. l. 2. c. 6.

** Survey of Lond. 1603. p. 469.

*** *Ornata HISTRIONALI habitu.* Walsingh. p. 109. (That Minstrels sometimes rode on horseback, see in this vol. p. 57. 65. &c.)

“ TRAPPED, AS MINSTRELS THEN USED, who rode
 “ round about the tables, shewing pastime; and at length
 “ came up to the king’s table, and laid before him a
 “ letter, and forthwith turning her horse saluted every
 “ one, and departed.,” — The subject of this letter was
 a remonstrance to the king on the favours heaped by him
 on his minions, to the neglect of his knights and faithful
 servants.

The messenger was sent in a Minstrel’s habit, [as what
 would gain an easy admission *; and was a Woman con-
 cealed under that habit, I suppose, to disarm the king’s
 resentment: For I do not find that any of the real Min-
 strels were of the female sex, and therefore conclude this
 was only an artful contrivance peculiar to that occasion.

In the 4th year of Richard II. **, John of Gaunt
 erected at Tutbury in Staffordshire, a COURT OF MIN-
 STRELS, with a full power to receive suit and service
 from the men of this profession within five neighbouring
 counties, to enact laws, and determine their controversies;
 and to apprehend and arrest such of them, as should re-
 fuse to appear at the said court, annually held on the 16th
 of August. For this they had a charter ***, by which
 they were empowered to appoint a KING OF THE MIN-
 STRELS, with four officers, to preside over them. The-
 se

* When the porter was blamed for admitting her, he
 answered, *Non esse moris domus regie HISTRIONES*
ab ingressu quomodolibet prohibere; &c. Walsingh.

** Anno 1381.

*** Intituled *Carte le Roy de Ministraulx*. (In Latin *Hi-
 striones*. Vid. Plott. p. 437.)

se were every year elected with great ceremony, the whole form of which is described by Dr. Plott *; in whose time however they seem to have become mere musicians.

Even so late as the reign of Henry VIII. the Reciters of verses, or moral speeches learnt by heart, intruded without ceremony into all companies; not only in taverns; but in the houses of the nobility themselves. This we learn from Erasmus **, whose argument led him only to describe a species of these men who DID NOT SING their compositions; but the others that DID, enjoyed without doubt the same privileges.

The Reader will find that the Minstrels continued down to the reign of Elizabeth; in whose time they had lost much of their dignity, and were sinking into contempt and neglect. Yet still they sustained a character far superior to any thing we can conceive at present of the singers of old ballads ***.

When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Killingworth Castle by the Earl of Leicester in 1575, among the many devices and pageants which were exhibited for her entertainment, one of the personages introduced was that of an ancient MINSTREL, whose appearance and dress are
fo

* Hist. of Staffordsh. Ch. 10. §. 69—76. p. 435, &c.

** See his ECCLESIAST. *Irrumpunt in convivium magnatum, aut in cauponas vinarias; et argumentum aliquod quod edidicerunt recitant, &c.* Jortin; vol. 2. p. 193.

*** See vol. 2. p. 162.

so minutely described by a writer there present *, and give us so distinct an idea of the character, that I shall quote the passage at large.

“ A PERSON very meet seemed he for the purpose, of
 “ a xlv years old, aparelled partly as he would himself.
 “ His cap off: his head seemly rounded tonster-wife **,
 “ fair kembered, that with a sponge daintily dipt in a little
 “ capon’s greace, was finely smoothed, to make it shine
 “ like a mallard’s wing. His beard smugly shaven: and
 “ yet his shirt after the new trink, with ruffs fair star-
 “ ched, fleeked and glistering like a pair of new shoes,
 “ marshalled in good order with a setting stick, and
 “ strut, ‘that’ every ruff stood up like a wafer.
 “ A side [i. e. long] gown of Kendale green, after
 “ the freshness of the year now, gathered at the neck
 “ with a narrow gorget, fastened afore with a white clasp
 “ and a keeper close up to the chin; but easily, for
 “ heat to undo when he list. Seemly begirt in a red cad-
 “ dis girdle: from that a pair of capped Sheffield knives
 “ hanging a’ two sides. Out of his bosom drawn forth
 “ a lappet of his napkin *** edged with a blue lace, and
 “ marked with a D for Damian, for he was but a bat-
 “ chelor yet.

“ His

* R. L. [Langham] author of a letter 12mo. describing the Queen’s entertainment at Killingworth in 1575. p. 46. (This writer’s orthography is not here copied.)

** “ Tonfure - wife, ,, after the manner of the Monks.

*** i. e. handkerchief, or cravat.

“ His gown had fide [i. e. long] sleeves down to
 “ mid-leg, flit from the shoulder to the hand, and li-
 “ ned with white cotton. His doublet-sleeves of black
 “ worsted: upon them a pair of points of tawny cham-
 “ let laced along the wrist with blue threaden poinets *,
 “ a wealt towards the hands of fustian-a-napes. A
 “ pair of red neather stocks. A pair of pumps on his
 “ feet, with a cross cut at his toes for corns: not new
 “ indeed, yet cleanly blackt with foot, and shining as a
 “ shoing horn.

“ About his neck a red ribband suitable to his girdle.
 “ His HARP in good grace dependent before him. His
 “ WREST ** tyed to a green lace and hanging by: Un-
 “ der the gorget of his gown a fair flaggon chain, (pew-
 “ ter *** for) SILVER, as a SQUIRE MINSTREL OF
 “ MIDDLESEX, that travelled the country this summer
 “ season, unto fair and worthipful mens houses. From
 “ his chain hung a scutcheon, with metal and colour,
 “ resplendant upon his breast, of the ancient arms of
 “ Islington. „

— This Minstrel is described as belonging to that vil-
 lage. I suppose such as were retained by noble families,
 wore their arms hanging down by a silver chain as a kind
 of badge. From the expression of SQUIRE MINSTREL
 above,

* Perhaps points.

** The key, or screw, with which he tuned his harp.

*** The reader will remember that this was not a REAL MINSTREL, but only one personating that character: his ornaments therefore were only such as OUTWARDLY represented those of a real Minstrel.

above, we may conclude there were other inferior orders, as YEOMEN MINSTRELS, or the like.

This Minstrel, the author tells us a little below, “after three lowly courtesies, cleared his voice with a hem, . . . and wiped his lips with the hollow of his hand for ’filing his napkin, tempered a string or two with his WREST, and after a little warbling on his HARP for a prelude, came forth with a solemn song, warranted for story out of King Arthur’s acts, &c., — This song the reader will find printed in this work, volume III. p. 25.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century this class of men had lost all credit, and were sunk so low in the public opinion, that in the 39th year of Elizabeth * a statute was passed by which “Minstrels, wandering abroad,, were included among “rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars,, and were adjudged to be punished as such. This act seems to have put an end to the profession, for after this time they are no longer mentioned.

I CANNOT conclude this account of the ancient MINSTRELS, without remarking that they are most of them represented to have been of the North. There is hardly an ancient Ballad or Romance, wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterized by way of eminence

* Vid. Pulton’s Stat. 1661. p. 1110. 39^e Eliz.

nence to have been "OF THE NORTH COUNTRY *:" and indeed the prevalence of the Northern dialect in such kind of poems, shews that this representation is real. The reason of which seems to be this; the civilizing of nations has begun from the South: the North would therefore be the last civilized, and the old manners would longest subsist there. With the manners, the old poetry that painted these manners would remain likewise; and in proportion as their boundaries became more contracted, and their neighbours refined, the poetry of those rude men would be more distinctly peculiar, and that peculiarity more strikingly remarked.

The Reader will observe in the more ancient ballads of this collection, a cast of stile and measure very different from that of contemporary poets of a higher class: many phrases and idioms, which the Minstrels seem to have appropriated to themselves, and a very remarkable licence of varying the accent of words at pleasure, in order to humour the flow of the verse, particularly in the rhimes: as

<i>Countrie</i>	<i>harpèr</i>	<i>battèl</i>	<i>morning</i>
<i>Ladie</i>	<i>singèr</i>	<i>damsèl</i>	<i>loving,</i>

instead of *country*, *lady*, *harper*, *singer*, &c. — This liberty is but sparingly assumed by the classical poets of the same age; or even by the latter composers of Heroical Ballads: I mean by such as professedly wrote for the press. For it is to be observed, that so long as the

Minstrels

* See p. 65. of this vol.

Minstrels subsisted, they seem never to have designed their rhymes for publication, and probably never committed them to writing themselves: what copies are preserved of them were doubtless taken down from their mouths. But as the old Minstrels gradually wore out, a new race of ballad-writers succeeded, an inferior sort of minor poets, who wrote narrative songs merely for the press. Instances of both may be found in the reign of Elizabeth. The two latest pieces in the genuine strain of the old Minstrelsy that I can discover, are No. III. and IV. of Book III. in this volume. Lower than these I cannot trace the old mode of writing.

The old Minstrel-ballads are in the northern dialect, abound with antique words and phrases, are extremely incorrect, and run into the utmost licence of metre; they have also a romantic wildness, and are in the true spirit of chivalry. — The other sort are written in exacter measure, have a low or subordinate correctness, sometimes bordering on the insipid, yet often well adapted to the pathetic; these are generally in the southern dialect, exhibit a more modern phraseology, and are commonly descriptive of more modern manners. — To be sensible of the difference between them, let the Reader compare in this volume No. III. of book III. with No. IX. of book II.

Towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, (as is mentioned above) the genuine old Minstrelsy seems to have been extinct, and thenceforth the ballads that were produced were wholly of the latter kind, and these came forth in such abundance, that in the reign of James I. they began to be collected into little Miscellanies un-

der the name of GARLANDS, and at length to be written purposely for such collections *.

* In the Pepysian, and other libraries, are preserved a great number of these in black letter, 12mo. under the following quaint and affected titles, viz.

1. A Crowne Garland of Goulden Roses gathered out of England's Royall Garden, &c. by Richard Johnson, 1612. [In the Bodleyan Library.] — 2. The Golden Garland of Princely Delight. — 3. The Garland of Good-will, by T. D. 1631. — 4. The Royal Garland of Love and Delight, by T. D. — 5. The Garland of Love and Mirth, by Thomas Lanfier. — 6. The Garland of Delight, &c. by Tho. Delone. — 7. Cupid's Garland set round with gilded Roses. — 8. The Garland of withered Roses, by Martin Parker, 1656. — 9. The Shepherd's Garland of Love, Loyalty, &c. — 10. The Country Garland. — 11. The Golden Garland of Mirth and Merriment. — 12. The Lover's Garland. — 13. Neptune's Fair Garland. — 14. England's fair Garland. — 15. Robin Hood's Garland. — 16. The Lover's Garland. — 17. The Maiden's Garland. — 18. A loyal Garland of Mirth and Pastime. — &c. &c. &c.

This sort of petty publications were anciently called PENNY-MERRIMENTS: as little religious tracts of the same size went by the name PENNY GODLINESES: In the Pepys Library are multitudes of both kinds.



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I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas, that I
found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet:
and yet 'it' is sung but by some blinde crowder, with
no rougher voice, than rude stile; which beeing so evill
aparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivill age,
what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous elo-
quence of Pindare?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S DEFENCE OF POETRY.



ANCIENT
SONGS AND BALLADS,
&c.

SERIES THE FIRST.
BOOK I.

I.
THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHASE.

The fine heroic song of CHEVY-CHASE has ever been admired by competent judges. Those genuine strokes of nature and artless passion, which have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined; and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood, and the favourite of our riper years.

VOL. III.

A

Mr.

I

2 A N C I E N T S O N G S

*Mr. Addison has given an excellent critique * on this very popular ballad, but is mistaken with regard to the antiquity of our present copy; for this, if one may judge from the stile, cannot be older than the time of Elizabeth, and was probably written after the elogium of Sir Philip Sidney: perhaps in consequence of it. I flatter myself, I have here recovered the genuine antique poem: the true original song, which appeared rude even in the time of Sir Philip, and caused him to lament, that it was so evil-aparellled in the rugged garb of antiquity.*

*This curiosity is printed, from an old manuscript, at the end of Hearne's preface to Gul. Newbrigienſis Hiſt. 1719. 8vo. vol. 1. To the MS. Copy is ſubjoined the name of the author, RYCHARD SHEALE **: whom Hearne had ſo little judgment as to ſuppoſe to be the ſame with a R. Sheale, who was living in 1588. But whoever examines the gradation of language and idiom in the following volumes, will be convinced that this is the production of an earlier poet. It is indeed expreſſly mentioned among ſome very ancient ſongs in an old book intituled, The Complaint of Scotland ***, (fol. 42.) under the title of the HUNTIS OF CHEVET, where the two following lines are alſo quoted;*

*The Perſſee and the Mongumrye mette ****.*

*That day, that day, that gentil day *****:*

Which,

* Spectator, No. 70. 74.

** Subſcribed, after the uſual manner of our old poets, expliceth (explicit) quoth Rychard Sheale.

*** One of the earlieſt production of the Scottiſh preſs, now to be found. The title page was wanting in the copy here quoted, but it is ſuppoſed to have been printed in 1540. See Ames.

**** See Pt. 2. v. 25.

***** See Pt. 1. v. 104.

*Which, tho' not quite the same as they stand in the ballad, yet differ not more than might be owing to the author's quoting from memory. Indeed whoever considers the stile and orthography of this old poem will not be inclined to place it lower than the time of Henry VI: as on the other hand the mention of James the Scottish King *, with one or two Anachronisms, forbid us to assign it an earlier date. King James I, who was prisoner in this kingdom at the death of his father **, dit not wear the crown of Scotland till the second year of our Henry VI ***, but before the end of that long reign a third James had mounted the throne ****. A succession of two or three Jameses, and the long detention of one of them in England, would render the name familiar to the English, and dispose a poet in those rude times to give it to any Scottish king he happened to mention.*

*So much for the date of this old ballad: with regard to its subject, altho' it has no countenance from history, there is room to think it had originally some foundation in fact. It was one of the laws of the marches frequently renewed between the two nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders, without leave from the proprietors or their deputies *****. There had long been a rivalry between the*
two

* Pt. 2. v. 36. 140.

** Who died Aug. 5. 1406.

*** James I. was crowned May 22. 1424. murdered Feb. 21. 1436-7.

**** In 1460. — Hen. VI. was deposed 1461: restored and slain 1471.

***** Item. . . Concordatum est, quod, . . . NULLUS unius partis vel alterius ingrediatur terras, boschas, forre-

4 A N C I E N T S O N G S

two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which heightened by the national quarrel, must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty invasions of their respective domains, and sharp contests for the point of honour; which would not always be recorded in history. Something of this kind we may suppose gave rise to the ancient ballad of the 'HUNTING A' THE CHEVIAT *'. Percy earl of Northumberland had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish border without condescending to ask leave from Earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil, or lord warden of the marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force: this would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties: something of which, it is probable, did really happen, tho' not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad: for these are evidently borrowed from the BATTLE OF OTTERBOURN **, a very different event, but which after-times would easily confound with it. That battle might be owing to some such previous affront as this of CHEVY CHASE, though it has escaped the notice of historians. Our poet has evidently jumbled the two events together: if indeed the lines *** in which this mistake is made, are noth rather spurious,

forrestas, warrenas, loca, dominia quæcunque alicujus partis alterius subditi, causa venandi, piscandi, aucupandi, disportum aut solacium in eisdem, aliave quacunque de causa ABSQUE LICENTIA ejus ad quem . . . loca pertinent, aut de deputatis suis prius capt. & obtent. *Vid. Bp. Nicholson's Leges Marchiarum. 1705. 8vo. pag. 27. 51.*

* This was the original title. See the ballad, Pt. 1. v. 106. Pt. 2. v. 165.

** See the next ballad.

*** *Vid. Pt. 2. v. 167.*

rious, and the after-insertion of some person, who did not distinguish between the two stories.

Hearne has printed this ballad without any division of stanzas, in long lines, as he found it in the old written copy: but it is usual to find the distinction of stanzas neglected in ancient MSS; where, to save room, two or three verses are frequently given in one line undivided. See flagrant instances in the Harleian Catalog. No. 2253. f. 29. 34. 61. 70. & passim.

T H E F I R S T P A R T.

THE Perfé owt of Northombarlande,
 And a vowe to God mayd he,
 That he wolde hunte in the mountayns
 Off Chyviat within dayes thre,
 In the mauger of doughtè Dogles, 5
 And all that ever with him be.

The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat
 He sayd he wold kyll, and cary them away:
 Be my feth, sayd the dougheti Doglas agayn,
 I wyll let that honting yf that I may. 10

Then the Perfé owt of Banborowe cam,
 With him a myghtee many;
 With fifteen hondrith archares bold;
 The wear chosen out of fhyars thre.

This begane on a monday at morn 15
 In Cheviat the hillys so he,

The

V. 5. magger in Hearne's MS. Ver. 11. The the Perfé MS. V. 13. archades bolde of blood and bone MS.

6 A N C I E N T S O N G S

The chyld may rue that ys un-born,
It was the mor pitté.

The dryvars thorowe the woodes went
For to reas the dear, 20
Bomen bickarte uppone the bent
With ther browd aras cleare.

Then the wyld thorowe the woodes went
On every fyde fhear,
Grea-hondes thorowe the greves glent 25
For to kyll thear dear.

The begane in Chyviat the hyls above
Yerly on a monnyn day;
Be that it drewe to the oware off none
A hondrith fat hartes ded ther lay. 30

The blewe a mort uppone the bent,
The semblyd on fydis fhear;
To the quyrry then the Perfè went
To se the bryttlynge off the deare.

He sayd, It was the Duglas promys 35
This day to met me hear;
But I wyfte he wold faylle verament:
A greth oth the Perfè fwear.

At the laste a squyar of Northombelonde
Lokyde at his hand full ny, 40
He was war at the doughetie Doglas comynge;
With him a myghtè meany.

Both

V. 19. throrowe MS. V. 31. blwe a mot. MS. V. 42. myghtte. MS. passim.

Both with spear, ' byll ,' and brande :

Yt was a myghti fight to fe.

Hardyar men both off hart nar hande

45

Wear not in Cristiantè.

The wear twenty hondrith spear-men good

Withouten any fayle ;

The wear borne a-long be the watter a Twyde,

Yth bowndes of Tividale.

50

Leave off the brytling of the dear, he fayde,

And to your bowys tayk good heed ;

For never lithe ye wear on your mothars borne,

Had ye never so mickle need.

The dougheti Dogglas on a stede

55

He rode his men beforne ;

His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede ;

A bolder barne was never born.

Tell me ' what' men ye ar, he says,

Or whos men that ye be:

60

Who gave youe leave to hunte in this

Chyviat chays in the spyt of me ?

The first mane that ever him an answear mayd,

Yt was the good lord Perfè:

We wyll not tell the ' what' me we ar, he says, 65

Nor whos men that we be ;

But we wyll hount hear in this chays

In the spyte of thyne, and of the.

The

V. 43. brylly. *MS.* V. 48. withowte . . . feale *MS.*

V. 52. boys lock ye tayk. *MS.* V. 54. ned. *MS.*

V. 56. att his. *MS.* V. 59. whos. *MS.* V. 64. whoys. *MS.*

8 A N C I E N T S O N G S

The fattiste hartes in all Chyviat
 We have kyld, and cast to carry them a-way. 70
 Be my troth, sayd the doughtè Dogglas agayn,
 Ther-for the ton of us fshall de this day.

Then sayd the doughtè Doglas
 Unto the lord Perfè :
 To kyll all thes giltles men, 75
 A-las ! it wear great pittè.

But, Perfè, thowe art a lord of lande,
 I am a yerle callyd within my contre;
 Let all our men uppone a parti stande;
 And do the battel off the and of me. 80

Nowe Cristes cors on his crowne, sayd the lord Perfè,
 Who-foever ther-to says nay.
 Be my troth, doughtè Doglas, he says,
 Thow shalt never se that day.

Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France, 85
 Nor for no man of a woman born,
 But and fortune be my chance,
 I dar met him on man for on.

Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlonde,
 Ric. Wytharynton was his nam; 90
 It fshall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde, he says,
 To kyng Herry the fourth for fham.

I wat youe byn great lordes twa,
 I am a poor squyar of lande;

I wyll

*V. 71. agay. MS. V. 81. sayd the the. MS. V. 88.
 on. i. e. one. V. 93. twam. MS.*

I wyll never se my captayne fyght on a fylde, 95
 And stande my-felffe, and looke on,
 But whyll I may my weppone welde
 I wyll not 'fayl' both harte and hande.

That day, that day, that dredfull day:
 The first FIT here I fynde. 100
 And you wyll here any mor athe hontyng athe Chyviat
 Yet is ther mor behynd.

THE SECOND PART.

THE Yngglishe men hade ther bowys yebent,
 Ther hartes were good yenoughe;
 The first of arros that the fhote off,
 Seven fkore spear-men the floughe.

Yet bydys the yerle Doglas uppon the bent, 5
 A captayne good yenoughe,
 And that was sene verament,
 For he wrought hom both woo and wouche.

The Dogglas pertyd his oft in thre,
 Lyk a chëffe cheften off pryde, 10
 With suar speares off myghttè tre
 The cum in on every fyde.

Thrughe our Yngglyshe archery
 Gave many a wounde full wyde;
 Many a doughete the garde to dy, 15
 Which ganyde them no pryde.

The

V. 106. youe . . . hountyng. MS. V. 3. first, i. e. flight
V. 5. byddys. MS.

10 A N C I E N T S O N G S

The Ynglyfhe men let thear bowys be,
 And pulde owt brandes that wer bright,
 It was a hevy fyght to se
 Bryght fwordes on basnites lyght. 20

Thorowe ryche male, and myne-ye-ple
 Many sterne the stroke downe streght.
 Many a freyke, that was full fre,
 Ther undar foot dyd lyght.

At last the Duglas and the Perfè met, 25
 Lyk to captayns of myght and mayne;
 The swapte togethar tyll the both swat
 With fwordes, that wear of fyn myllàn.

Thes worthè freckys for to fyght
 Ther-to the wear full fayne, 30
 Tyll the bloode owte off thear basnetes sprete,
 As ever dyd heal or rayne.

Holde the, Perfè, said the Doglas,
 And i' feth I fshall the brynge
 Wer thowe fhalte have a yerls wagis 35
 Of Jamy our Scottish kynge.

Thoue fhalte have thy ransom fre,
 I hight the hear this thinge,
 For the manfullyste man yet art thowe,
 That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng. 40

Nay

V. 17. boys. *MS.* *V.* 18. briggt. *MS.* *V.* 21. thro-
 rowe. *MS.* *V.* 22. done. *MS.* *V.* 26. to, *i. e.* two.
Ibid. and of. *MS.* *V.* 32. ran. *MS.* *V.* 33. helde
MS. *V.* 36. Scottish. *MS.*

Nay 'then' sayd the lord Persè,
I tolde it the beforne,
That I wolde never yeldyde be
To no man of a woman born.

With that ther cam an arrowe hastely 45
Forte off a mightie wane,
Hit hathe strekene the yerle Douglas
In at the brest bane.

Thoroue lyvar and longs bathe
The sharpe arrowe ys gane, 50
That never after in all his lyffe days
He spayke mo wordes but ane,
That was, Fyghte ye, my myrry men, whyllys ye
may,
For my lyff days ben gan.

The Persè leanyde on his brande, 55
And sawe the Douglas de;
He tooke the dede man be the hande,
And sayd, Wo ys me for the!

To have savyde thy lyffe I wolde have pertyd with
My landes for years thre, 60
For a better man of hart, nare of hande
Was not in all the north countre.

Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,
Was callyd Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
He sawe the Douglas to the deth was dyght; 65
He spendyd a spear a trusti tre:

He

He rod uppon a corfiare

Throughe a hondrith archery,

He never styntyde, nar never blane

Tyll he cam to the good lord Perfè

70

He fet uppone the lorde Perfè

A dynte, that was full foare;

With a fuar spear of a myghtè tre

Clean thorow the body he the Perfè bore,

Athe tothar fyde, that a man myght se,

75

A large cloth yard and mare:

Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Cristiantè,

Then that day flain wear thare.

An archar off Northomberlonde

Say flean was the lord Perfè,

80

He bar a bende-bow in his hande,

Was made off trusti tre:

An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang,

To th harde stele halyde he;

A dynt, that was both fad and foar,

85

He sat on Sir Hewe the Mongon byrry.

The dynt yt was both fad and 'foar,'

That he of Mongon-byrry fete;

The swane-fethars, that his arrowe bar,

With his hart blood the wear wete.

90

Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde fle,

But still in stour dyd stand,

Heawyng

V. 74. ber. MS. V. 78. ther. MS. V. 80. Say, i. e. Same. MS. V. 84. haylde. MS. V. 87. far. MS.

Heawyng on yche othar, whyll the myght dre,
With many a bal-ful brande.

This battell begane in Chyviat 95
An owar befor the none,
And when even-son bell was rang
The battell was nat half done.

The tooke 'on' on ethar hand
Be the lyght off the mone; 100
Many hade not strenght for to stande,
In Chyviat the hillys abone.

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde
Went away but fifti and thre;
Of twenty hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde, 105
But even five and fifti:

But all wear flayne Cheviat within:
The hade no strengthe to stand on he:
The chylde may rue that ys un-borne,
It was the mor pittè. 110

Thear was flayne withe the lord Perse
Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Rogar the hinde Hartly,
Sir Wylliam the bolde Hearone.

Sir Jorg the worthè Lovele 115
A knyght of great renowen,
Sir Raff the ryche Rugbè
With dyntes wear beaten dowene.

For

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
 That ever he flayne fhulde be; 120
 For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
 He knyled and fought on hys kne.

Ther was flayne with the dougheti Douglas
 Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
 Sir Davye Lwdale, that worthè was,
 His fiftars fon was he: 125

Sir Charles a Murrè, in that place,
 That never a foot wolde fle;
 Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,
 With the Douglas dyd he dey. 130

So on the morrowe the mayde them byears
 Off byrch, and hafell fo 'gray';
 Many wedous with wepyng tears,
 Cam to fach ther mackys a-way.

Tivydale may carpe off care 135
 Northombarlond may mayk grat mone,
 For towe fuch captayns, as flayne wear thear,
 On the march perti fhall never be none.

Word ys commen to Edden - burrowe
 To Jamy the Skottishe kyng, 140
 That dougheti Douglas, lyff-tenant of the Merches,
 He lay flean Chyviot with-in.

His handdes dyd he weal and wryng,
 He fayd, Alas, and woe ys me!

Such

V. 121. in to, *i. e.* in two. *V.* 122. Yet he . . . kny.
MS. *V.* 132. gay. *MS.* *V.* 136. mon. *MS.* *V.* 138.
 non. *MS.*

Such another captayn Skotland within, 145
He sayd, y-feth fhuld never be.

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone
Till the fourth Harry our kyng,
That lord Perfè, leyff-tenante of the Merchis,
He lay flayue Chyviat within. 150

God have merci on his foll, sayd kyng Harry,
Good lord, yf thy will it be!
I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde, he sayd,
As good as ever was he:
But Perfè, and I brook my lyffe, 155
Thy deth well quyte fhall be.

As our noble kyng made his a-vowe,
Lyke a noble prince of renowen,
For the deth of the lord Perfè,
He dyde the battel of Hombyll-down: 160

Wher fyx and thritte Skottish knyghtes
On a day wear beaten down:
Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,
Over castill, towar, and town.

This was the hontynge off the Cheviat; 165
That tear begane this spurn:
Old men that knöwen the grownde well yenoughe,
Call it the Battel of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurne
Uppon a monnyn day: 170
Ther

Ther was the doughtè Doglas flean,
The Perfè never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the march partes
Seni the Doglas, and the Perfè met,
But yt was marvele, and the rede blude ronne not,
As the reane doys in the stret.

Jhesue Crist our balys betè,
And to the blys us brynge!
Thus was the hountynge of the Chevyat:
God fend us all good endyng!

180

. *The stile of this and the following ballad is uncommonly rugged and uncouth, owing to their being writ in the very coarsest and broadest northern Dialect.*

Most of the sur-names in these two poems, as well as in the modern song of Chevy Chase, will be found either in the lists belonging to the northern counties in Fuller's Worthies, or subscribed to treaties preserved in Nicholson's Laws of the Borders. See also Crawford's Peerage.

The battle of Hombyll-down, or Homeldon, was fought Sep. 14. 1402. (anno 3. Hen. IV.) wherein the English, under the command of the E. of Northumberland, and his son Hotspur, gained a compleat victory over the Scots.

II.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

The only battle, wherein an Earl of Douglas was slain fighting with a Percy, was that of Otterbourn, which is the subject of this ballad. It is here related with the allowable partiality of an English poet, and much in the same manner

as it is recorded in the *English Chronicles*. The Scottish writers have, with a partiality at least as excuseable, related it no less in their own favour. Luckily we have a very circumstantial narrative of the whole affair from Froissart a French historian, who appears to be unbiassed. Froissart's relation is prolix; I shall therefore give it as abridged by Carte, who has however had recourse to other authorities, and differs from Froissart in some things, which I shall note in the margin.

In the twelfth year of Richard II. 1388, "The Scots taking advantage of the confusions of this nation, and falling with a party into the west-marches, ravaged the country about Carlisle and carried off 300 prisoners. It was with a much greater force, headed by some of the principal nobility, that in the beginning of August *, they invaded Northumberland: and having wasted part of the county of Durham **, advanced to the gates of Newcastle; where in a skirmish, they took a 'penon or' colours *** belonging to Henry lord Percy, surnamed Hotspur, son to the Earl of Northumberland. In their retreat home, they attacked the castle of Otterbourn: and in the evening of Aug. 9.

" (as

* Froissart speaks of both parties (consisting in all of more than 40,000 men) as entering England at the same time: but the greater part by way of Carlisle.

** And, according to the ballad, that part of Northumberland called Bamborough-ward (or shire): a large tract of land so named from the town and castle of Bamburgh.

*** This circumstance is omitted in the ballad. Lord Percy and E. Douglas were two young warriors much of the same age.

“ (as the English writers say, or rather, according to
 “ Froissart, Aug. 15.) after an unsuccessful assault were sur-
 “ prized in their camp, which was very strong, by Henry,
 “ who at the first onset put them into a good deal of confusion.
 “ But James earl of Douglas, rallying his men, there ensued
 “ one of the best-fought actions that happened in that age; both
 “ armies shewing the utmost bravery *: the earl Douglas
 “ himself being slain on the spot **: the earl of Murrey mor-
 “ tally wounded; and Hotspur ***, with his brother Ralph
 “ Percy, taken prisoners. These disasters on both sides have
 “ given occasion to the event of the engagement’s being dis-
 “ puted; Froissart (who derives his relation from a Scotch
 “ knight, two gentlemen of the same country, and as many
 “ of Foix ****) affirming that the Scots remained masters of
 “ the field; and the English writers insinuating the contrary.
 “ These last maintain that the English had the better of the
 “ day:

* Froissart says the English exceeded the Scots in number
 three to one, but that these had the advantage of the
 ground, and were also fresh from sleep, while the En-
 glish were greatly fatigued with their previous march.

** By Henry L. Percy according to this ballad, and our
 old English historians, as Stow, Speed, &c. but borne
 down by numbers, if we may believe Froissart.

*** Henry Lord Percy (after a very sharp conflict) was
 taken prisoner by John lord Montgomery, whose eldest
 son Sir Hugh was slain in the same action with an arrow,
 according to Crawford’s Peerage (and seems also to be
 alluded to in the foregoing ballad, p. 13.) but taken pri-
 soner and exchanged for Lord Percy according to this
 ballad.

**** Froissart (according to the Eng. Translation) says he
 had his account from two squires of England, and from
 a knight and squire of Scotland, soon after the battle.

“ day: but night coming on, some of the northern lords,
 “ coming with the bishop of Durham to their assistance, killed
 “ many of them by mistake, supposing them to be Scots; and
 “ the earl of Dunbar at the same time falling on another side
 “ upon Hotspur, took him and his brother prisoners, and car-
 “ ried them off while both parties were fighting. It is at
 “ least certain, that immediately after this battle, the Scots
 “ engaged in it made the best of their way home: and the
 “ same party was taken by the other corps about Carlisle.

Such is the account collected by Carte, in which he seems
 not to be free from partiality; for prejudice must own that
 Froissart's circumstantial account carries a great appearance
 of truth, and he gives the victory to the Scots. He however
 does justice to the courage of both parties; and represents their
 mutual generosity in such a light, that the present age might
 edify by the example. “ The Englyshmen on the one partye,
 “ and Scottes on the other party, are good men of warre, for
 “ whan they mete there is a hard fighte without sparynge.
 “ There is no hoo * bytwene them as long as speares, swordes,
 “ axes, or daggers wyll endure, but lay on eche upon other:
 “ and whan they be well beaten, and that the one party hath
 “ obtayned the victory, they than glorifye so in their dedes of
 “ armes, and are so joyfull, that suche as be taken, they shall
 “ be raunsomed or they go out of the felde **; so that shortly
 “ ECHE OF THEM IS SO CONTENTE WITH OTHER,
 “ THAT

* So in Langham's letter concerning Q. Elizabeth's enter-
 tainment at Killingworth Castle, 1575. 120. pag. 61.

“ Heer was no ho in devout drinkyng. “

** i. e. They scorn to take the advantage, or to keep them
 lingering in long captivity.

“ THAT AT THEIR DEPARTYNGE, CURTOYSLY THEY
 “ WYLL SAYE, GOD THANKE YOU. *But in fyghtyng*
 “ *one with another there is no playe, nor sparynge.* “ *Frois-*
sart's Cronycle (as translated by Sir Johan Bouchier Lord
Berners) Cap. cxlij.

The following ballad is printed from a manuscript copy in the Harleian Collection [No. 293. fol. 52.] where it is intitled, “ A songe made in R. 2. his tyme of the battele of
“ Otterburne, betweene Lord Henry Percy earle of Nor-
“ thumberlande and the earle Douglas of Scotlande, Anno,
“ 1388. “ — But this title is erroneous and added by some
ignorant transcriber of after-times: for, 1. The battle was
not fought by the earl of Northumberland, who was absent
nor is once mentioned in the ballad; but by his son LORD
(or as he is every where called by Froissart, as well as in
this poem, SIR) HENRY PERCY. 2. Altho' the battle
was fought in Richard IIId's time, the song is evidently of
later date, as appears from the poet's quoting the chronicles, see
ver. 130.: which he would not have done had it been a very
recent event. It was however written in all likelihood as
early as the foregoing song, if not earlier, which perhaps may
be inferred from the minute circumstances with which the
story is related, many of which are recorded in no chronicle,
and were probably preserved in the memory of old people. It
will be observed that the authors of these two poems have
some lines in common; but which of them was the original
proprietor, must depend upon their priority; and this the sa-
gacity of the reader must determine.

YT felle about the Lamas tyde,
 When hosbandes 'inn' their haye,
 The doughtie Douglas bowned him to ride,
 In England to take a praye:

Te earle of Fyffe, withouten striffe,
 He bounde him over Sulway *:
 The grete wold ever together ride;
 That race dey may rue for aye.

Over Hoppertop hill they came in,
 And so doune by Rodelyffe crage,
 Upon grene Lynton they lighted downe,
 Many a stirande stage:

And boldely brent Northomberlande,
 And haried many a towne;
 They did our Englishe men great wronge,
 To battelle that weare not 'bowne.'

Then spake a berne uppon the bent,
 Of comforte that was not coulde,
 And said, We have brent Northomberlande,
 We have all welthe in holde.

Now we have carried all Bamborroweshire,
 All the welthe in the worlde have wee;
 I rede we ride to New Castelle,
 So still and stalworthlye.

Uppon

V. 2. Winn their waye. *MS.* Winn their hay. *Crawfurd's Peerage* p. 97.

* *Solway frith.* bounde, *Vid. Gloss.*

V. 16. bounde *MS.* V. 21. Probably harried. *Vid. Gloss.*

Uppon the morowe, when it was daye, 25
 The standards shone fulle brighte;
 To the New Castelle they tooke the waye,
 And thither they came fulle right.

Sir Henrye Percy laye at the New Castelle,
 I telle you withouten dreede; 30
 He had bine a marche - man * all his dayes,
 And kepte Barwicke upon Tweed.

To the New Castelle when they cam,
 The Scottes they cried on height,
 Sir Harye Percy, and thou beste within, 35
 Come to the feeld, and fyghte:

For we have brente Northomberland,
 Thy eritage good and right,
 And fyne my lodginge I have take,
 With my brande dubbed many a knight. 40

Sir Henry 'he' came to the walles,
 The Scottishe ofte for to fee,
 And thou haste brente Northomberland,
 Full fore it ruethe mee.

Yf thou hast harried all Bambarowe shire, 45
 Thou haste done me great envie,
 For the trespas thou haste me done,
 The tone of us shall dye.

Wher shall I byde thee, said the Douglas,
 Or wher wylte thou come to me? 50

" At

* Marche-man, *i. e.* a scorner of the marches.

“ At Otterburne in the highe waye,
Theare maieſte thou well lodged be.

The ‘roe’ full rekeles ther ſhe runes,
To make the game and glee:

The faulkone and the feſante bothe, 55
Amonge the holtes on ‘hee’.

Theare maieſte thou have thie welthe at will,
Well lodged there maieſte thou be;

Yt ſhall not be long, or I com thee till,
Sayd Sir Henrye Percy. 60

Ther ſhall I byde thee, ſaid the Douglas,
By the faithe of my bodye.

Ther ſhall I come, ſayes Sir Harye Percy;
My trowthe I plighte to thee.

A pipe of wyne he gave him over the walles, 65
For ſouth, as I you ſaye:

Theare he made the Douglas drinke,
And all his hoſte that daye.

The douglas turned him homwarde againe,
For ſonthe withouten naye, 70

He tooke his lodginge at Otterburne
Uppon a wedenſdaye:

And theare he pight his ſtandard doune,
His getinge more and leſſe,

And ſyne he warned his men to goe 75
To choſe their geldings graſſe.

A

A Scottifhe knigt hovered 'on the bent,'

A watche I dare well faye:

So was he ware one the noble Percy

In the dawninge of the daye. 80

He pricked to his pavilliane dore,

As fast as he might roone,

Awackene, Dowglas, cried the knight,

For his love, that fits in throne.

Awakene, Dowglas, cride the knight, 85

For thow maieste wakene with wyne:

Yonder have I spiede the proud Perfy,

And sevene standards with him.

Naye by my trowthe, the Douglas fayde,

It is but a fained call: 90

The durste not looke one my bred bannor,

For all England to haylle.

Was I not yesterdaye at the Newe Castell,

That stands so fayere one Tyne?

For all the men the Percy hade, 95

He could not gare me once to dyne.

He staped out at his pavillian dore,

To looke and id were lesse;

Arraye you, lordinges, one and all,

For heare begyns no peace. 100

The earle of Mentaye *, thou art my eame,

The fowarde I geve to thee:

The

V. 77. uppon the best bent. *MS.* V. 79. one, i. e. on.
for. of.

* The earle of Menteith.

The earle of Hunteley kawte and keene,
He fhall with thee bee.

The lord of Bowghan * in armor brighte 105
One the other hande he fhall be;
Lord Jhonstone, and lord Maxwell,
They two fhall be with me.

Swintone faire feelde uppon your pride.
To battelle make you bowen: 110
Sir Davie Scotte, Sir Walter Stewarde,
Sir John of Agurstone.

The Percy came before his ofte,
Which was ever a gentle knighte,
Uppon the Dowglas lowde can he crie, 115
I wille hould that I have highte:

For thowe hafte brente Northomberlande,
And done me greate envye;
For this trespas thou hafte me done,
The tone of us fhall dye. 120

The Dowglas answered him againe
With greate worde upe on 'hee',
And fayd, I have twenty against thy one,
Beholde and thou mayeste see.

With that the Percy was greeved fore, 125
For sothe as I you faye:
Jhesu Chrifte in hevene on height
Did helpe him well that daye.

But

* The lord Buchan.

V. 113. 125. Percy. MS. V. 116. I will hold to what I
have promised. V. 122. highe. MS.

But nine thousand thear was no more,
 The Chronicles will not leane; 130
 Forty thousand of Scots and fowere
 That daye foughte them againe.

Uppon St. Andrewe loud cane they crye,
 And Chrifte they fhout on heighte,
 And fyne 'marcht on' our Englishe men, 135
 As I have tould you righte.

St. George the brighte our Ladye's knighte
 To name they * weare full fayne,
 Our Englishe mene they cried on height,
 And Chrifte they fhoute againe. 140

With that fharpe arrowes gane up to fly,
 I tell you in fertayne,
 Men of armes begane to joyne;
 Many a doughty man was flayne.

The Percy and the Douglas mette, 145
 That ether of other was faine,
 The fwapped together, whille that they swatte,
 With fwoards of ffyne Collayne;

Tyll the bloode from the baffonets ranne,
 As the rocke doth in the rayne. 150
 Yeld thee to me, sayd the Dowglàs,
 Or else thowe fhalte be flayne:

For

V. 135. marked then one. MS.

** i. e. the English.*

V. 144. was theare flaine. MS. V. 147. fchapped. MS.

For I see, by thy brighte bassonete,
 Thou art some mane of mighte,
 And so I doe by thy burnished brande, 155
 Thou arte an earle, or else a knyghte *.

By my good faithe, said the noble Percye,
 Now haste thou rede full righte,
 Yet will I never yeeld me tho thee,
 Whille I maye stonde and fighte. 160

They swopede together, whille that they swotte,
 With swoards sharpe and longe;
 Eiche one other so faste they beete,
 Tyll their helmets came in pieces downe.

The Percye was a mane of strenghte, 165
 I tell you in this stownde,
 He smote the Dowglas at the swords length,
 That he felle to the grounde.

The swoard was sharpe and soare can byte,
 I tell you in certayne; 170
 To the earle he coulde him smytte,
 Thus was the Dowglas flayne.

The stonderes stood still one elke fyde
 With many a grevous grone;
 Ther the foughte the daye, and all the nighte, 175
 And many a doughtie man was 'flone.'

Ther was no ffreke, that wold flye,
 But styfly in stowre cane stand,

Eyche

* Being all in armour he could not know him.

V. 163. i. e. Each on other. V. 176. flayne. MS.

Eyche hewinge on other whylle they might drye ,
 With many a balfull brande. 180

Theare was flayne uppon the Seotes fyd ,
 For fouth and fertenlye ,
 Sir James Dowglas theare was flayne ,
 That day that he could dye.

The earlle of Mentay he was flayne , 185
 Grisly groned uppon the grounde ;
 Sir Davie Scotte , Sir Walter Stuard ,
 Sir James of Agurstonne.

Sir Charles Murrey in that place
 That never a foote wold flye ; 190
 Sir Hughe Maxwell , a lord he was ,
 With the Dowglas dyd he dye.

Theare was flayne upon the Scottishe fyde ,
 For fouth as I you faye ,
 Of four and forty thousand Scotts 195
 Went but eightene awaye.

Theare was flain upon the Englishe fyde ,
 For fouth and fertenlye ,
 A gentle knighte , Sir John Fitz-hughe ,
 Yt was the more pittye. 200

Sir James Harbotle ther was flayne ,
 For him their harts weare foare ,
 The gentle 'Lovelle' thear was flayne ,
 That the Percyes standard boare.

Theare

*V. 179. Eyche one hewinge. MS. V. 180. bronde.
 MS. V. 184. i. e. He died that day. V. 193. Scotts.
 MS. but see v. 197. V. 203. Covelle. MS. —*

Theare was flayne uppon the Englyfhe parte, 205
 For foothe as I you faye;
 Of nine thousand Englyfhe mene
 Fyve hondred came awaye:

The other weare flayne in the feeld,
 Chrifte keepe thear fowles from wo, 210
 Seeinge thear was fo fewe frendes
 Against fo manye foo.

Then one the morowe they made them beeres
 Of byrche, and hafelle graye;
 Many a wydowe with weepinge teeres 215
 Their maks they fette away.

This fraye begane at Otterhorne
 Betweene the nighte and the daye:
 Theare the Dowglas lofte his lyfe,
 And the Percy was leade away *. 220

Then was theare a Scottyshe prifonere tane,
 Sir Hughe Mongomerye was his name,
 For foothe as I you faye
 He borrowed the Percy home agayne.

Nowe lett us all for the Percy praye 225
 To Jeafue moſte of might,
 To bringe his fowle to the blyſs of heven,
 For he was a gentle knight.

III.

*For the names in this page and in page 14. ſee the AD-
 DITIONS, &c. at the end of vol. 3.*

V. 213. one, i. e. on.

** ſc. captive.*

V. 225. Percyes. MS.

III.

THE JEW'S DAUGHTER,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

— *Is founded upon the supposed practice of the Jews in crucifying or otherwise murdering Christian children, out of hatred to the religion of their parents: a practice, which hath been always alledged in excuse for the cruelties exercised upon that wretched people, but which probably never happened in a single instance. For if we consider, on the one hand, the ignorance and superstition of the times when such stories took their rise, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerness with which they would be caught up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the other hand, the great danger incurred by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of so much horror, we may reasonably conclude the whole charge to be groundless and malicious.*

The following ballad is probably built upon some Italian Legend, and bears a great resemblance to the Prioress's Tale in Chaucer: the poet seems also to have had an eye to the known story of HUGH OF LINCOLN, a child said to have been there murdered by the Jews in the reign of Henry III. The conclusion of this ballad appears to be wanting: what it probably contained may be seen in Chaucer. As for MERRYLAND TOWN, it is probably a corruption of MILAN (called by the Dutch MEYLANDT) TOWN; since the PA is evidently the river Po.

Printed from a MS. copy sent from Scotland.

THE rain rins down through Mirry-land toune,
Sae dois it doune the Pa:

Sae dois the lads of Mirri-land toune,
Quhan they play at the ba'.

Than out and cam the Jewis dochter,
Said, Will ye cum in and dine?
I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,
Without my play-feres nine.

Scho powd an apple reid and white
To intice the zong thing in:
Scho powd an apple white and reid,
And that the fweir bairne did win.

And scho has taine out a little pen-knife,
And low down by her gair,
Scho has twin'd the zong thing and his life;
A word he nevir spak mair.

And out and cam the thick thick bluid,
And out and cam the thin;
And out and cam the bonny herts bluid:
Thair was nae life left in.

Scho laid him on a dressing borde,
And drest him like a fwine,
And laughing said, Gae nou and pley
With zour fweir play-feres nine.

Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him lie stit and sleip.
Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,
Was fifty fadom deip.

Quhan

Quhan bells wer rung, and mafs was fung,

And every lady went hame:

30

Than ilka lady had her zong fonne,

Bot lady Helen had nane.

Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,

And fair fair gan fhe weip:

And fhe ran into the Jewis castèl,

35

Quhan they wer all alleip.

My bonny fir Hew, my pretty fir Hew,

I pray thee to me speik:

'O lady rinn to the deip draw-well

'Gin ze zour fonne wad feik.'

40

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,

And knelt upon her kne:

My bonny fir Hew, an ze be here,

I pray thee speik to me.

The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,

45

The well is wondrous deip,

A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,

A word I dounae speik.

Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,

Fetch me my windling fheet,

And at the back o' Mirry-land toun,

Its thair we twa fall meet.

* * * * *

IV.

S I R C A U L I N E.

This old Romantic tale was preserved in the Editor's folio MS. but in so defective and mutilated a condition that it was
necef-

necessary to supply several stanzas in the first part, and still more in the second, to connect and compleat the story.

There is something peculiar in the metre of this old ballad: it is not unusual to meet with redundant stanzas of six lines; but the occasional insertion of a double third or fourth line, as ver. 31, 44. &c. is an irregularity I do not remember to have seen elsewhere.

It may be proper to inform the reader before he comes to Pt. 2. v. 106. that the ROUND TABLE was not peculiar to the reign of K. Arthur, but was common in all the ages of Chivalry. Any king was said to "hold a round table" when he proclaimed a tournament attended with some peculiar solemnities. See Mr. Warton's Observations, Vol. 2. pag. 44.

As to what will be observed in this ballad of the art of healing being practised by a young princess; it is no more than what is usual in all the old Romances, and was conformable to real manners: it being a practice derived from the earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations for women, even of the highest rank, to exercise the art of surgery. In the Northern Chronicles we always find the young damsells stanching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives those of their husbands; from the prince down to the meanest of his followers. See *L'Introd. à l'Hist. de Danemarck*. L. v. p. 199. *Memoires de la Chevalerie*. Tom. 1. pag. 44.

T H E F I R S T P A R T.

IN Ireland, ferr over the sea,
 There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
 And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
 Men call him fyr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,
 In fashyon fhe hat no peere;
 And princely wightes that ladye wooed
 To be theyr wedded feere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
 But nothing durst he say;
 Ne descreeve his counfayl to no man,
 But deerlye he lovde this may'.

Till on a daye it so beffell,
 Great dill to him was dight;
 The maydens love removde his mynd,
 To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he spred his armes him fro,
 One while he spred them nye:
 And aye! but I winne that ladyes love,
 For dole now I mun dye.

And whan our parish-masse was done,
 Our kinge was bowne to dyne:
 He fayer, Where is fyr Cauline,
 That is wont to ferve the wyne?

Then aunswerde him a courteous knighte,
 And fast his handes gan wringe:
 Syr Cauline is ficke, and like to dye
 Without a good leechinge.

Fetche

Fetche me downe my daughter deere,

She is a leech full fine:

30

Goe take him doughe, an the baken bread,

An ferve him with the wyne foe red;

Lothe I were him to tine.

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,

Her maydens followyng nye:

35

O well, she sayth, how doth my lord?

O sicke, thou fayr ladyè.

Nowe ryse up wightlye, man, for fhame,

Never lye foe cowardlee;

For it is told in my fathers halle,

40

You dye for love of mee.

Fayre ladye, it is for your love

That all this dill I drye:

For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,

Then were I brought from bale to blisse,

45

No lenger wold I lye.

Syr knighte, my father is a kinge,

I am his onlye heire;

Alas! and well you knowe, syr knighte,

I never can be youre fere.

50

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughter,

And I am not thy peere,

But let me doe some deedes of armes

To be your bacheleere.

Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,

55

My bacheleere to bee,

(But ever and aye my heart wold rue,

Giff harm shold happe to thee,)

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
 Upon the mores brodinge; 60
 And dare ye, fyr knighte, wake there all nighte
 Untill the fayre morninge.

For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of mighte,
 Will examine you beforne:
 And never man bare life awaye, 65
 But he did him scath and scorne.

That knighte he is a foul paynim,
 And large of limb and bone;
 And but if heaven may be thy speede
 Thy life it is but gone. 70

Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,
 For thy sake, faire ladie:
 And Ile either bring you a ready token,
 Or Ile never more you see.

The ladye is gone to her owne chaumbere, 75
 Her maydens following bright:
 Syr Cauline lope from care-bed foone,
 And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
 For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that de moone did rife, 80
 He walked up and downe;
 Then a lightfome bugle heard he blowe
 Over the bents foe browne:
 Quoth hee, If cryance come till my heart,
 My life it is but gone. 85

And foone he spyde on the mores so broad,
 A furyous wight and fell;
 A ladye bright his brydle led,
 Clad in a fayre kyrtell:

And

And foe fast he called on fyr Cauline, 90

O man, I rede thee flye,
For 'but' if cryance come till thy heart,
I wene but thou mun dye.

He sayth, 'No' cryance comef till my heart,
Nor, in faith, I will not flee; 95
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
The less me dreadeth thee.

The Eldridge knight, he pricked his steed;
Syr Cauline bold abode:
Then either shooke his trustye speare, 100
And the timber these two children * bare
Soe soone in funder 'yode.'

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,
And layden on full faste,
Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde, 105
They all were well-nye brast.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
And stiffe in stower did stande,
But fyr Cauline with a 'backward' stroke,
He smote off his right-hand; 110
That soone he with paine and lacke of bloud
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up fyr Cauline lift his brande
All over his head so hye:
And here I sweare by the holy roode, 115
Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye.

Then

* i. e. knights. See Vol. I. pag. 58.

V. 102. flode. MS. Ver. 109. aukeward. MS.

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
 Faste wringing of her hande:
 For the maydens love, that most you love,
 Withold that deadlye brande.

120

For the maydens love, that most you love,
 Now fmyte no more I praye;
 And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
 He shall thy hefts obaye.

Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
 And here on this lay-land,
 That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,
 And therto plight thy hand:

125

And that thou never on Eldridge come
 To sporte, gamon, or playe:
 And that thou here give up thy armes
 Until thy dying daye.

130

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes
 With many a sorrowfulle fighe;
 And fware to obey fyr Caulines heft,
 Till the tyme that he shold dye.

135

And he then up and the Eldridge knighte
 Sett him in his faddle anone,
 And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye
 To theyr cattle are they gone.

140

Then he tooke up the bloody hand,
 That was so large of bone,
 And on it he founde five ringes of gold
 Of knightes that had be flone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
 As hard as any flint:

145

And

And he tooke off those ringes five,
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked fyr Cauline
As light as leafe on tree: 150
I-wys he neither stint ne blanne,
Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee
Before that lady gay:
O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills; 155
These tokens I bring away.

Now welcome, welcome, fyr Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto mee,
For now I perceiue thou art a true knighte,
Of valour bolde and free. 160

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
Thy hests for to obaye:
And mought I hope to winne thy love! —
Ne more his tonge colde faye.

The ladye blufhed scarlette redde, 165
And fette a gentill fighe:
Alas! fyr knight how may this bee,
For my degree's foe highe?

But fith thou haft hight, thou comely youth,
To be my batchilere, 170
Ile promife if thee I may not wedde
I will have none other fere.

Then fhee held forthe her lilly-white hand
Towards that knighte fo free:
He gave to it one gentill kiffe, 175
His heart was brought from bale to bliffe,
The teares fterte from his ee. But

But keep my counfayl , fyr Cauline ,
 Ne let no man it knowe ;
 For and ever my father fholde it ken , 180
 I wot he wolde us floe.

From that daye forthe that ladye fayre
 Lovde fyr Cauline the knyghte :
 From that daye forthe he only joyde
 Whan fhee was in his fight. 185

Yea and oftentimes they mette
 Within a fayre arboure ,
 Where they in love and sweet daliaunce
 Past manye a pleasaunt houre.

P A R T T H E S E C O N D .

E V E R Y E white will have its blacke ,
 And everye sweete its fowre :
 This founde the ladye Christabelle
 In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle as fyr Cauline 5
 Was with that ladye faire ,
 The kinge her father walked forthe
 To take the evenyng aire:

And into the arboure as he went
 To rest his wearye feet, 10
 He found his daughter and fyr Cauline
 There fette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee fterted forthe , I - wys ,
 And an angrye man was hee :
 Nowe , traytoure , thou fhalt hange or drawe , 15
 And rewe fhall thy ladie.

Then

Then forthe fyr Cauline he was ledde,
 And throwne in dungeon deepe:
 And the ladye into a towre so hye,
 There left to wayle and weepe. 20

The queene she was fyr Caulines friend,
 And to the kinge sayd shee:
 I praye you save fyr Caulines life,
 And let him banisht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor shal be sent 25
 Acrofs the salt sea fome:
 But here I will make the a band,
 If ever he come within this land,
 A foule deathe is his doome.

All woe-begone was that gentil knight 30
 To parthe from his ladye;
 And many a time he fighed fore,
 And cast a wistfulle eye:
 Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
 Farre lever had I dye. 35

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,
 Was had forthe of the towre;
 But ever shee droopeth in her minde,
 As nipt by an ungentle winde
 Doth some faire lillye flowre. 40

And ever shee doth lament and weepe
 To tint her lofer foe:
 Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,
 But I will still be true.

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke, 45
 And lords of high degree,

Did

Did sue to that faire ladye of love;
But never fhee wolde them nee.

When manye a day was past and gone,
Ne comforte fhe colde finde, 50
The kynge proclaimed a tourneament,
The cheere his daughters mind:

And there came lords, an there came knights,
Fro manye a farre countrye,
To break a spere for theyr ladyes love 55
Before that faire ladye.

And many a ladye there was sette
In purple and in palle:
But faire Christabelle foe woe-begone
Was the fayrest of them all. 60

Then manye a knyghte was mickle of might
Before his ladye gaye;
But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke, 65
His hewberke, and his fheelde,
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,
Whan they came out the feelde.

And now three days were prestlye past 70
In feates of chivalrye,
When lo upon the fourth morninge
A forrowfulle fight they see.

A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke,
All foule of limbe and lere; 75

Two goggling eyen like fire farden,
A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
That waited on his knee,
And at his backe five heads he bare, 80
All wan and pale of blee.

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted love,
Behold that hend Soldàin!
Behold these heads I beare with me!
They are kings which he hath flain. 85

The Eldridge knight is his owne cousine,
Whom a knight of thine hath fhent:
And hee is come to avenge his wrong,
And to thee, all thy knightes among,
Defiance here hath sent. 90

But yette he will appease his wrath
Thy daughters love to winne:
And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,
Thy halls and towers must brenne.

Thy head, fyr king, must goe with mee; 95
Or else thy daughter deere;
Or else within these lists foe broad
Thou must finde him a peere.

The king he turned him round aboute,
And in his heart was woe: 100
Is there never a knichte of my round tablè,
This matter will undergoe?

Is there never a knichte amongst yee all
Will fight for my daughter and mee?

Whoever

44 A N C I E N T S O N G S

Whoever will fight yon grimme foldàn, 195
 Right fair his meede fshall bee.

For hee fshall have my broad lay-lands,
 And of my crowne be heyre;
 And he fshall winne faire Christabelle
 To be his wedded fere. 110

But every knighte of his round tablè
 Did stand both still and pale;
 For whenever they lookt on the grim foldàn,
 It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladyè, 115
 When fhe sawe no helpe was nye;
 She cast her thought on her owne true-love,
 And the teares gusht from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knighte,
 Sayd, Ladye, be not affrayd: 120
 Ile fight for thee with this grimme foldàn,
 Thoughe he be unmacklye made.

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge fworde,
 That lyeth within thy bowre;
 I truſte in Chriſte for to ſlay this fiende 125
 Thoughe he be ſtiff in ſtowre.

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge fworde,
 The kinge he cryde, with ſpeede:
 Nowe heaven aſſiſt thee, courteous knighte;
 My daughter is thy meede. 130

The gyaunt he ſtepped into the liſts,
 And ſayd, Awaye, awaye:
 I ſweare, as I am the hend foldàn,
 Thou letteſt me here all daye.

Then

Then forth the stranger knight he came 135

In his blacke armour dight:

The ladye fighed a gentle fighe,

“ That this were my true knighte ! ”

And now the gyaunt and knight be mett

Within the lists foe broad ;

140

And now with swordes foe sharpe of steele ,

They gan to lay on load.

The foldan stricke the knight a stroke ,

That made him reele asyde ;

Then woe-begone was that fayre ladye ,

145

And thrice she deeply fighde.

The foldan stricke a second stroke :

That made the bloude to flowe :

All pale and wan was that ladye fayre ,

And thrice she wept for woe.

150

The foldan stricke a third fell stroke ,

Which brought the knight on his knee :

Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart ,

And she shriekt loud shriekings three.

The knight he leapt upon his feete ,

155

All recklesse of the pain :

Quoth hee , But heaven be now my speede ,

Or else I shall be flaine.

He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte ,

And spying a secrete part ,

160

He drave it into the foldan's fyde ,

And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute ,

Whan they sawe the foldan falle :

The

The ladye wept, and thanked Christ, 165
That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge with all his barons
Rose uppe from offe his seate,
And downe he stepped into the listes
That curteous knighte to greete. 170

But he for payne and lacke of bloude
Was fallen into a fwounde,
And there all walteringe in his gore,
Laye lifelesse on the grounde.

Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare, 175
Thou art a leech of skille;
Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes,
Than this good knighte fholde spille.

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladye,
To helpe him if she maye; 180
But when she did his beavere raise,
It is my life, my lord, she sayes,
And fhriekte and fwound awaye.

Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes
When he heard his ladye crye, 185
O ladye, I am thine owne true love,
For thee I wisht to dye.

Then giving her one partinge looke,
He closed his eyes in deathe,
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde, 190
Begane to drawe her breathe.

But when she found her comelye knighte
Indeed was dead and gone,

Shee

Shee layde her pale cold cheeke to his,
And thus she made her moane.

195

O staye, my deare and onely lord,
For mee thy faithfulle feere;
'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,
Who hast bought my love foe deare.

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoune,
And with a deepe-fette lighe,
That burste her gentle hearte in twayne,
Fayre Christabelle did dye.

200

V.

E D W A R D, E D W A R D,

A S C O T T I S H B A L L A D,

From a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland.

QUHY dois zour brand fae drap wi' bluid,
Edward, Edward?

Quhy dois zour brand fae drap wi' bluid?

And quhy fae sad gang zee, O?

O, I hae killed my hauke fae guid,

Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my hauke fae guid;

And I had nae mair bot hee, O.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir fae reid;

Edward, Edward.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir fae reid;

My deir son I tell thee, O.

O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,

Mither, mither:

O,

48 A N C I E N T S O N G S

O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid, 15
That erst was fae fair and frie, O.

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Edward, Edward:

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Sum other dule ze drie, O. 20

O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, mither:

O, I hae killed my fadir deir
Alas! and wae is mee, O!

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that? 25
Edward, Edward.

And quhatten penance will ze drie for that?
My deir son, now tell me, O.

Ile set mi feit in zonder boat,
Mither, mither: 30

Ile set mi feit in zonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the sea, O.

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha' 35
That were fae fair to see, O?

Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa',
Mither, mither:

Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa',
For here nevir mair maun I bee, O. 40

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Edward, Edward?

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Quhan ze gang ovir the sea, O?

The world is room, late them beg thrae life, 45
Mither, mither:

The

The warld is room, let them beg thrae life,
For thame nevir mair wul I fee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,
Edward, Edward. 50

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,
My deir son, now tell mee, O,

The curse of hell frae me fall ze beir,
Mither, mither:

The curse of hell frae me fall ze beir, 55
Sic counfeils ze gave to me, O.

VI.

K I N G E S T M E R E.

This old Romantic Legend, (which is preserved in the Editor's folio MS.) bears marks of great antiquity, and perhaps ought to have taken place of any in this volume. It should seem to have been written while a great part of Spain was in the hands of the Saracens or Moors: whose empire there was not fully extinguished before the year 1491. The Mahomethans are spoken of in v. 49. &c. just in the same terms as in all other old romances. The author of the ancient Legend of SIR BEVIS, represent his hero upon all occasions, breathing out defiance against

*"Mahound and Termagaunte *; "*

And so full of zeal for his religion, as to return the following polite message to a Paynim king's fair daughter, who had

* See at the end of this ballad, Note †††

had fallen in love with him, and sent two Saracen knights to invite him to her bower,

“ I wyll not ones stirre off this grounde,

“ To speake with an heathen hounde.

“ Unchristen houndes, I rede you fle,

“ Or I your harte bloud shall se *.”

Indeed they return the compliment by calling him elsewhere
“ A christen hounde **.”

This was conformable to the real manners of the barbarous ages: perhaps the same excuse will hardly serve our bard for the situations in which he has placed some of his royal personages: That a youthful monarch should take a journey into another kingdom to visit his mistress incog. was a piece of gallantry paralleled in our own Charles I. but that king Adland should be found lolling or leaning at his gate (v. 35.) may be thought perchance a little out of character. And yet the great painter of manners, Homer, did not think it inconsistent with decorum to represent a king of the Taphians rearing himself at the gate of Ulysses to inquire for that monarch, when he touched at Ithaca as he was taking a voyage with a ship's cargo of iron to dispose in traffic ***. So little ought we to judge of ancient manners by our own.

Before I conclude this article, I cannot help observing that the reader will see in this ballad, the character of the old minstrels, (those successors of the bards) raised much higher than

* Sign. C. ij. b.

** Sign. C. j. b.

*** Odyss. α. 105.

than he has yet observed it *: here he will see one of them represented mounted on a fine horse, accompanied with an attendant to bear his harp after him, and to sing the poems of his composing. Here he will see him mixing in the company of kings without ceremony: no mean proof of the great antiquity of this poem. The farther we carry our inquiries back, the greater respect we find paid to the professors of poetry and music among all the Celtic and Gothic nations. Their character was deemed so sacred, that under its sanction our famous king Alfred made no scruple to enter the Danish camp, and found no difficulty to gain admittance to the king's headquarters **, Our poet has suggested the same expedient to the heroes of this ballad. All the histories of the North are full of the great reverence paid to that order of men. Harold Harfax, a celebrated king of Norway, was wont to seat them at his table above all the officers of his court: and we find another Norwegian king placing five of them by his side in a day of battle, that they might be eye-witnesses of the great exploits they were to celebrate ***. — As to Estmere's riding into the hall while the kings were at table, this was usual in the ages of chivalry; and even to this day we see a relic of this custom still kept up in the champion's riding into Westminster hall during the coronation dinner.

HEarken

* See vol. 2. p. 163.

** Even so late as the time of Froissart, we find minstrels and heralds mentioned together, as those who might securely go into an enemy's country. Cap. cxi.

*** Mallet, *Introd. a l'Hist. de Dannemarc*, p. 240. Bartholini *Antiq. Dan.* p. 173.

HEarken to me, gentlemen,
 Come and you shall heare;
 Ile tell you of two of the boldest brethren,
 That ever born y-were.

The tone of them was Adler yonge,
 The tother was kyng Estmere;
 The were as bolde men in their deedes,
 As any were farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine
 Within king Estmeres halle;
 Whan will ye marry a wyfe, brothèr,
 A wyfe tho gladd us all?

Then bespake him king Estmere,
 And answered him hastilee:
 I knowe not that ladye in any lande,
 That is able * to marry with mee.

King Adland hath a daughter, brother,
 Men call her bright and fheene;
 If I were king here in your stead,
 That ladye fholde be queene.

Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
 Throughout merrye Englànd,
 Where we might find a messenger
 Betweene us two to fende.

Sayes, You shal ryde yourselfe, brothèr,
 Ile beare you companèe;
 Many throughe fals messengers are deceivde,
 And I feare lest foe fhold wee.

Thus

* He means, fit, suitable.

Thus the renisht them to ryde
Of twoe good renisht steedes, 30
And when they came to kyng Adlands halle,
Of red golde fhone their weedes.

And whan the came to kyng Adlands halle
Before the goodlye yate;
Ther they found good kyng Adlånd 35
Rearing himfelfe theratt.

Nove Christ thee fave, good kyng Adlånd;
Nowe Christ thee fave and fee.
Sayd, you be welcome, kyng Estmere,
Right hartilye unto mee. 40

You have a daughter, fayd Adler yonge,
Men call her bright and fheene,
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
Of Englande to bee queene.

Yesterdaye was at my deare daughtèr 45
Syr Bremor the kyng of Spayne;
And then fhee nicked him of naye,
I feare fhee do youe the fame.

The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynìm,
And 'leeveth on Mahound; 50
And pitye it were that fayre ladyè
Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to me, fayer kyng Estmere,
For my love I you praye,
That I may see your daughter deare 55
Before I goe hence awaye.

Althoughe itt is seven yeare and more
Syth my daughter was in halle,

Shce

Shee fhall come downe once for your sake
To glad my gueftès all.

60

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes lacede in pall,
And halfe a hondred of bolde knightes,
To bring her from bowre to hall;
And eke as manye gentle fquieres,
To waite upon them all.

65

The talents of golde, were on her head fette,
Hunge lowe downe to her knee;
And everye rynge on her fmalle fingér,
Shone of the chryftall free.

70

Sayes, Chrift you fave, my deare madàme;
Sayes, Chrift you fave and fee.
Sayes, You be welcome, kyng Eftmere,
Right welcome unto mee.

And iff you love me, as you faye,
So well and hartilèe,
All that ever you are comen about
Soone fped now itt may bee.

75

Then befpoke her father deare:
My daughter, I faye naye;
Remember well the kyng of Spayne,
What he fayd yesterdaye.

80

He wold pull downe my halles and castles,
And reave me of my lyfe:
And ever I feare that paynim kyng,
Iff I reave him of his wyfe.

85

Your castles and your towres, father,
Are stronglye built aboute;

And

And therefore of that foule paynim

Wee neede not stande in doubte.

90

Plyght me your troth, nowe, kyng Estmère,

By heaven and your righte hand,

That you will marrye me to your wyfe,

And make me queene of your land.

Then kyng Estmere he plyght his troth

95

By heaven and his righte hand,

That he wold marrye her to his wyfe,

And make her queene of his land.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,

To goe to his owne countrie,

100

To fetch him dukes and lordes and knightes,

That married the might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,

A myle forthe of the towne,

But in did come the king of Spayne,

105

With kempès many a one.

But in did come the kyng of Spaine,

With manye a grimme baròne

Tone day to marrye kyng Adlands daughter

Tother daye to carrye her home.

110

Then fhee sent after kyng Estmère

In all the spede might bee,

That he must either returne and fighte,

Or goe home and lose his ladyè.

One whyle then the page he went,

115

Another whyle he ranne;

Till he had oretaken kyng Estmere

I-wis, he never blanne.

Tydinges,

Tydinges, tydinges, kyng Eftmere!

What tydinges nowe, my boye?

120

O tydinges I can tell to you,

That will you fore annoye.

You had not ridden scant a myle,

A myle out of the towne,

But in did come the kyng of Spayne

125

With kempes many a one:

But in did come the kyng of Spayne

With manye a grimme barone,

Tone daye to marrye kyng Adlands daughter,

Tother daye to carrye her home.

130

That ladye fayre fhe greetes you well,

And ever-more well by mee:

You must either turne againe and fighte,

Or goe home and lose your ladye.

Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,

135

My reade fhall ryde † at thee,

Whiche waye we best may turne and fighte,

To save this fayre ladye.

Now hearken to me, sayes Adler yonge,

And your reade must rise † at me,

140

I quicklye will devise a waye

To sette thy ladye free.

My mother was a Westerne woman,

And learned in gramarye *,

And when I learned at the schole,

145

Something fhee taught it mee.

There groweth an hearbe within this felde,

And iff it were but knowne,

His

His color, which is whyte and redd,
Itt will make blacke and browne : 150

His color, which is browne and blacke,
Itt will make redd and whyte;
That fworde is not in all Englande,
Upon his coate will byte.

And you fhal be a harper, brother, 155
Out of the north countrée;
And Ile be your boye so faine of fighte,
To beare your harpe by your knee.

And you fhall be the best harpèr;
That ever tooke harpe in hand; 160
And I will be the best fingèr,
That ever fung in this land.

It fhal be written in our forheads
All and in gramaryè,
That we towe are the boldest men, 165
That are in all Christentyè.

And thus they renisht them to ryde,
On towe good renish steedes;
And whan they came to kyng Adlands hall,
Of redd gold fhone their weedes. 170

And whan the came to king Adlands hall
Untill the faire hall yate,
There they found a proud portèr
Rearing himfelfe theratt.

Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud portèr : 175
Sayes, Christ thee save and fee.

Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr,
Of what land soever ye bee.

We been harpers, fayd Adler yonge,
 Come out of the northe countrée; 180
 We becne come hither untill this place,
 This proud weddinge for to see.

Sayd, And your color were whyte and redd,
 As it is blake and browne,
 Ild faye king Eftmere and his brother 185
 Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
 Layd itt on the porters arme:
 And ever we will thee, proud portèr,
 Thow wilt faye us no harme. 190

Sore he looked on kyng Eftmère,
 And fore he handled the ryng,
 Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
 He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Eftmere he light oft his fteede 195
 Up att the fayre hall board;
 The frothe, that came from his brydle bitte,
 Light on kyng Bremors beard.

Sayes, Stable thou fteede, thou proud harpèr,
 Goe stable him in the ftalle; 200
 Itt doth not beseeme a proud harpèr
 To stable him in a kyngs halle.

My ladd he is fo lither, he fayd,
 Hee will do nought that's meete;
 And aye that I cold but find the man, 205
 Were able him to beate.

Thou speakst proud wordes, fayd the Paynim kyng,
 Thou harper here to mee;

There

There is a man within this halle,
That will beate thy lad and thee, 210

O lett that man come downe, he sayd,
A fight of him wolde I see;
And whan hee hath beaten well my ladd,
Then he fhall beate of mee.

Downe then came the kemperye man, 215
And looked him in the eare;
For all the golde, that was under heaven,
He durst not neigh him neare.

And how nowe, kempe, sayd the kyng of spayne,
And how what aileth thee? 220
He fayer, Itt is written in his forehead
All and in gramaryè,
That for all the gold that is under heaven,
I dare not neigh him nye.

Kyng Estmere then pulled forth his harpe, 225
And playd theron so fweete:
Upstarte the ladye from the kynge,
As hee fate at the meate.

Nowe stay thy harpe, thou proud harpèr,
Now stay thy harpe, I say; 230
For an thou playest as thou beginnest,
Thou'lt till my bride awaye.

He strucke upon his harpe agayne,
And playd both fayre and free;
The ladye was so pleasde theratt, 235
She laught loud laughters three.

Nowe sell me thy harpe, sayd the kyng of Spayne,
Thy harpe and ftryngs eche one,

And

And as many gold nobles thou shalt have,
As there be stringes thereon. 240

And what wold ye doe with my harpe, he sayd,
Iff I did sell it yee?
To playe my wiffe and me a FITT,
When abed together we bee.

Now sell me, fyr kyng, thy bryde soe gay, 245
As fhee fitts laced in pall,
And as many gold nobles I will give,
As there be rings in the hall.

And what wold ye doe with my bryde so gay,
Iff I did sell her yee? 250
More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye
To lye by mee than thee.

Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did syng,
" O ladye, this is thy owne true love; 255
" Noe harper but a kyng.

" O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
" As playnlye thou mayest see;
" And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,
" Who partes thy love and thee., 260

The ladye louked, the ladye blufhte,
And blufhte and lookt agayne,
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
And hath fir Bremor slayne.

Up then rose the kemperye men, 265
And loud they gan to crye:
Ah! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,
And therefore yee shall dye.

Kyng

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,
 And fwith he drew his brand; 270
 And Estmere he, and Adler yonge
 Right stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swordes foe fore can byte,
 Throughe help of gramaryè,
 That soone they have flayne the kemperry men, 275
 Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladye,
 And marryed her to his wyfe,
 And brought her home to merrye Englànd
 With her to leade his lyfe. 280

* * The word GRAMARYE occurs several times in the foregoing poem, and every where seems to signify Magic or some kind of supernatural science. I know not whence to derive it, unless it be from the word GRAMMAR: in those dark and ignorant ages when it was thought a high degree of learning to be able to read and write; he who had made a little farther progress in literature might well pass for a conjurer or magician.

††† TERMAGAUNT (p. 49.) is the name given in the old Romances to the God of the Saracens. Thus in the Legend of SYR GUY the Soudan (Sultan) swears,

“ So helpe me Mahowne of might,
 “ And Termagaunt my God so bright.”

Sign. P. iij. b.

This word is derived by the very learned Editor of Junius, from the Anglo-Saxon Tyn Very, and Magan Mighty. — After the times of the Crusades, both MAHOUND and TER-
 MA-

MAGAUNT made their constant appearance in the Pageants and religious Enterludes of the barbarous ages; in which they were exhibited with gestures so furious and frantic, as to become proverbial. Thus Skelton speaks of Wolsey,

“ Lyke Mahound in a play,
 “ No man dare him withsaye.”

Ed. 1736. p. 158.

And Bale in his *Acts of English Votaries*, pt. 2d. says —
 “ Grennyng like Termagauntes in a play.” — Hence we may conceive the force of Hamlet’s expression in Shakespeare, where condemning a ranting player he says, “ I could have such a
 “ fellow whipt for ore-doing TERMAGANT: it out - Herod’s
 “ Herod.” A. 3. sc. 3. By degrees the word came to be applied to any outrageous turbulent person *, and at last to a violent brawling woman only; and this the rather as, I suppose, the ancient figure of TERMAGANT was represented, after the Eastern mode, with long robes or petticoats.

VII.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

— is given from two MS. copies transmitted from Scotland. In what age the hero of this ballad lived, or when this fatal expedition happened that proved so destructive to the Scots nobles, I have not been able to discover; yet am of opinion that their catastrophe is not altogether without foundation

* So Mr. Johns. in his Dict.

*lation in history, though it has escaped my researches. In the infancy of navigation, such as used the northern seas, were very liable to shipwreck in the wintry months: hence a law was enacted in the reign of James the III, (a law which was frequently repeated afterwards) "That there be na
 "schip frauchted out of the realm with ony staple gudes, fra
 "the feast of Simons day and Jude, unto the feast of the
 "purification our Lady called Candelmess.", Jam. III. Parlt 2. Ch. 15.*

In some modern copies, instead of Patrick Spence hath been substituted the name of Sir Andrew Wood, a famous Scottish admiral who flourished in the time of our Edw. IV. but whose story hath nothing in common with this of the ballad. As Wood was the most noted warrior of Scotland, it is probable that like the Theban Hercules, he hath engrossed the renown of other heroes.

THE king sits in Dumferling toune,
 Drinking the blude-reid wine:

O quhar will I get guid failòr,
 To fail this schip of mine?

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
 Sat at the kings richt kne:

Sir Patrick Spence is the best failòr,
 That fails upon the se.

The king has written a braid lettèr,
 And fignd it wi' his hand;
 And sent it to sir Patrick Spence,
 Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
 A loud lauch lauched he:

The

The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee. 15

O quha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me;
To fend me out this time o'the zeir,
To fail upon the fe? 20

Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip fails the morne.
O say na fae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moone 25
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild fhoone; 30
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they fwam aboone.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit
Wi' thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence 35
Cum failing to the land.

O lang, lang, may the ladies stand
Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair. 40

Have owre, have ower to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip:
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.

VIII.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

The Reader has here a ballad of Robin Hood (from the Editor's folio MS.) which was never before printed, and carries marks of much greater antiquity than any of the common popular songs on this subject.

The severity of those tyrannical forest-laws, that were introduced by our Norman kings, and the great temptation of breaking them by such as lived near the royal forests, at a time when the yeomanry of this kingdom were every where trained up to the long-bow, and excelled all other nations in the art of shooting, must constantly have occasioned great numbers of outlaws, and especially of such as were the best marksmen. These naturally fled to the woods for shelter, and forming into troops, endeavoured by their numbers to protect themselves from the dreadful penalties of their delinquency. The ancient punishment for killing the king's deer, was loss of eyes and castration: a punishment far worse than death. This will easily account for the troops of banditti, which formerly lurked in the royal forests, and from their superior skill in archery and knowledge of all the recesses of those unfrequented solitudes, found it no difficult matter to resist or elude the civil power.

Among all these, none ever was more famous than the hero of this ballad: the heads of whose story, as collected by Stow, are briefly these.

*" In this time [about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.] were many robbers, and outlaws, among the
 " which Robert Hood, and Little John, renowned thieves,
 " continued in woods, dispoyleing and robbing the goods of*

“ the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them,
 “ or by resistance for their own defence.

“ The saide Robert intertained an hundred tall men and
 “ good archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon
 “ whom four hundred (were they never so strong) durst not
 “ give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, vio-
 “ lated, or otherwise molested: poore mens goods he spared,
 “ abundantlie relieving them with that, which by theft he
 “ got from abbeyes and the houses of rich carles: whom
 “ Maior (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft,
 “ but of all theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince and
 “ the most gentle theefe.” *Annals*, p. 159.

The personal courage of this celebrated outlaw, his skill in archery, his humanity, and especially his levelling principle of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, have in all ages rendered him the favourite of the common people: who not content to celebrate his memory by innumerable songs and stories, have erected him into the dignity of an earl. Indeed it is not impossible, but our hero, to gain the more respect from his followers, or they to derive the more credit to their profession, may have given rise to such a report themselves: for we find it recorded in an epitaph, which a late antiquary pretends was formerly legible on his tombstone near the nunnery of Kirk-lees in Yorkshire, where he is said to have been bled to death by a treacherous nun to whom he applied for phlebotomy.

Gear undernead dis laitl stean
 laiz robert earl of Guntington
 nea arcir ver az hie sae geud
 an pipil fauld im robin heud
 sic ut law3 as hi an iz men
 vil England niver si agen.
 obiit 24 kal. decembris 1247.

See Thoresby's *Ducat. Leod.* p. 576. *Biog. Brit.* VI. 3933.

It

*It must be confessed this epitaph is suspicious, because in the most ancient poems on Robin Hood, there is no mention or hint of this imaginary earldom. He is expressly asserted to have been a yeoman * in a very old legend in verse preserved in the archives of the public library at Cambridge ** in eight PYTTES or parts, printed in black letter quarto, thus inscribed “ C Here begynneth a lytell geste of Robyn hode
“ and hys meyne and of the proud s heryse of Nottryng:
“ ham. „ The first lines are,*

*“ Lythe and lysten, gentylmen,
“ That be of fre hore blode:
“ I shall you tell of a good YEMAN,
“ His name was Robin hode.*

*“ Robyn was a proude out lawe,
“ Whiles he walked on grounde;
“ So curteyse an outlawe as he was one,
“ Was never none yfounde. „ &c.*

*The printer's colophon is “ C Explicit Kinge Edward
“ and Robyn hode and lytell Johan. Enprented at London in
“ Fletestrete at [the sygne of the sone by Wynkyn de Worde. „
— In Mr. Garrick's Collection *** is a different edition of the same poem “ C Imprinted at London upon the thre Crane
“ wharfe by Wylliam Copland, „ containing a little dramatic piece on the subject of Robin Hood and the Friar, not found in the former copy called “ A newe play for to be
“ played in Maye games very plesaunte and full of pas
“ syme. C (. .) D. „*

E 2

WHAN

* See also the following ballad, v. 147. ** Num. D. 5. 2.

*** Old Plays 4to. K. vol. 10.

WHAN fhales beene fheene, and fhraddes full fayre,
 And leaves both large and longe,
 Itt's merrie walkyng in the fayre forrèst
 To heare the small birdes fonge.

The woodweete fang, and wold not ceafe, 5
 Sitting upon the fpraye,
 Soe lowde he wakend Robin Hood,
 In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by faye, fayd jollye Robìn,
 A fweaven I had this night: 10
 I dreamt me of tow wighty yemen,
 That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did me beate and binde,
 And tooke my bowe me froe;
 Iff I be Robin alive in this lande, 15
 Ile be wroken on them towe.

Sweavens are swift, fayd little John,
 As the wind blowes over the hill;
 For iff itt be never so loude this night,
 To morrow it may be ftill. 20

Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
 And John fhall goe with mee,
 For Ile goe feeke yond wighty yeomen,
 In greenwood where they bee.

Then they caft on theyr gownes of grene, 25
 And tooke theyr bowes ech one;
 And they away to the greene forrèst
 A fhooting forth are gone;

Untill

Untill they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest to bee, 30
There they were ware of a wight yeoman,
That leaned agaynst a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Of manye a man the bane,
And he was clad in his capull hyde 35
Topp and tayll and mayne.

Stand still, master, quoth litle John,
Under this tree so grene,
And I will go to yond wight yeoman
To know what he doth meane. 40

Ah! John, by me thou fettest noe store,
And that I farley finde:
How often send I my men before,
And tarry my selfe behinde?

It is no cunning a knave to ken, 45
And a man but heare him speake;
And it were not for bursting of my bowe,
John, I thy head wold breake.

As often wordes they breeden bale,
So they parted Robin and John; 50
And John is gone to Barnefdale:
The gates * he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barnefdale,
Great heavineffe there hee hadd,
For he found tow of his owne fellows 55
Were flaine both in a flade.

E 3

And

* i. e. passes, paths, ridings.

And Scarlette he was flyinge a-foote
 Fast over stocke and stone,
 For the proud sheriffe with seven score men
 Fast after him is gone. 60

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,
 With Christ his might and mayne;
 Ile make yond sheriffe that wends soe fast,
 To stopp he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe, 65
 And fetteled him to shoote;
 The bow was made of tender boughes,
 And fell downe at his foote.

Woe worth, woe worth thee: wicked wood,
 That ever thou grew on a tree; 70
 For now this day thou art my bale,
 My boote when thou shold bee.

His shoote it was but loofely shott,
 Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine,
 For itt mett one of the sherriffes men, 75
 And William a Trent was flaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
 To have bene abed with sorrowe,
 Than to be that day in the green wood flade
 To meet with Little Johns arrowe. 80

But as it is said, when men be mett
 Fyve can doe more than three,
 The sheriffe hath taken little John,
 And bound him fast to a tree.

Thou shalt be drawn by dale and downe, 85
 And hanged hie on a hill.

But

But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose, quoth John,
If it be Christ his will.

Lett us leave talking of little John,
And thinke of Robin Hood, 90
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, sayd Robin so fayre,
"Good morrowe, good fellow quo' hee:,"
Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy hande 95
A good archere thou sholdst bee.

I am wilfulle of my waye, quo' the yeman.
And of my morning tyde.
Ile lead thee throug the wood, sayd Robin;
Good fellow, Ile be thy guide. 100

I seeke an outlawe, the straunger sayd.
Men call him Robin Hood;
Rather Ild meet with that proud outlawe
Than fortye pound foe good.

Now come with me, thou wighty yeman, 105
And Robin thou soone shalt see:
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some masterye make
Among the woods so even, 110
We may chance to meete with Rohin Hood
Here at some unfett steven.

They cutt them down two summer fhroggs,
That grew both under a breere,
And sett them threescore rood in twaine 115
To shoote the prickes y-fere.

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,
Leade on, I do bidd thee.

Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,
My leader thou fhalt bee. 120

The first time Robin fhot at the pricke,
He mist but an inch it fro:

The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he cold never do foe.

The second fhoote had the wightye yeman, 125
He fhot within the garlând:

But Robin he fhott far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke wande.

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd;
Good fellowe, thy fhooting is goode; 130

For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better than Robin Hoode.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,
Under the leaves of lyne.

Nay by my faith, quoth bolde Robìn 135
Till thou have told me thine.

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,
And Robin to take Ime fworne,

And when I am called by my right name
I am Guy of good Gifbòrne. 140

My dwelling is in this wood, sayes Robin,
By thee I fet right nought:

I am Robin Hood of Barnèsdale,
Whom thou so long hast fought.

He that had neyther beene kithe nor kin, 145
Might have seen a full fayre fight,

To

To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both browne and bright.

To see how these yeomen together they fought.
Two howres of a summers day : 150
Yett neither Robin Hood nor fir Guy
Them fettled to flye away.

Robin was reachles on a roote ,
And stumbled at that tyde ;
And Guy was quicke and nimble with - all , 155
And hitt him upon the fyde.

Ah deere Ladye , sayd Robin Hoode tho ,
That art but mother and may' ,
I think it was never mans destinye
To dye before his day. 160

Robin thought on our ladye deere ,
And foone leapt up againe ,
And strait he came with a 'backward' stroke ,
And he fir Guy hath flayne.

He tooke fir Guys head by the hayre , 165
And stucke it upon his bowes end :
Thou hast beene a traytor all thy life ,
Which thing must have an end.

Robin pulled forth an Irish knife ,
And nicked fir Guy in the face , 170
That he was never on woman born ,
Cold know whose head it was.

Sayes , Lye there , lye there , now fir Guye ,
And with me be not wrothe ;

E 5

11f

Iff thou have had the worst strokes at my hand, 175
Thou shalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
And on Sir Guy did throwe,
And hee put on that capull hyde,
That cladd him topp to toe. 180

Thy bowe, thy arrowes, and litle horne,
Now with me I will beare;
For I will away to Barnesdale,
To see how my men doe fare.

Robin Hood fett Guyes horne to his mouth, 185
And a loud blast in it did blow.
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.

Hearken, hearken, sayd the sheriffe,
I heare nowe tydings good, 190
For yonder I heare fir Guyes horne blow,
And he hath flaine Robin Hoode.

Yonder I heare fir Guyes horne blowe,
Itt blowes foe well in tyde,
And yonder comes that wightye yeoman, 195
Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good fir Guy,
Aske what thou wilt of mee.
O I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,
Nor I will none of thy fee: 200

But now I have flaine the master, he sayes,
Let me goe strike the knave,
For this is all the meede I aske,
None other rewarde I'll have.

Thou

Thou art a madman, sayd the fheriffe, 205

Thou fholdst have had a knightes fee:

But seeing thy asking hath beene foe bad,

Well granted it shal bee.

When Little John heard his master speake,

Well knewe he it was his steven: 210

Now shal I be loofet, quoth Little John,

With Christ his might in heaven.

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,

He thought to loose himm blive;

The fheriffe and all his companye 215

Fast after him can drive.

Stand abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin;

Why draw you mee so neere?

Itt was never the use in our countrye,

Ones shrift another shold heere, 220

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh knife,

And losed John hand and foote,

And gave him fir Guyes bowe into his hand,

And bade it be his boote.

Then John he tooke Guyes bowe in his hand, 225

His boltes and arrowes eche one:

When the fheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,

He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne,

He fled full fast away; 230

And foe did all the companye;

Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne foe fast,

Nor away foe fast cold ryde,

But

But Little John with an arrowe foe broad, 235
He fhott him into the 'backe'-fyde.

* * The Title of SIR was not formerly peculiar to Knights, it was given to Priests, and sometimes to very inferior personages.

IX.

THE TOWER OF DOCTRINE.

The Reader has here a specimen of the descriptive powers of STEPHEN HAWES, a celebrated poet in the reign of Hen. VII. tho' now little known. It is extracted from an allegorical poem of his (written in 1505.) intituled, "*The Hist. of Graunde Amoure & La Belle Pucel, called the Palace of Pleasure, &c.*", 4to. 1555. See more of Hawes in *Ath. Ox.* v. 1. p. 6. and *Warton's Observ.* v. 2. p. 105.

The following Stanzas are taken from Chap. III. "*How Fame departed from Graunde Amour and left him with Governauce and Grace, and how he went to the Tower of Doctrine.*" — As we are able to give no small lyric piece of Hawes's, the Reader will excuse the insertion of this extract.

I Loked about and sawe a craggy roche,
Farre in the west neare to the element,
And as I dyd then unto it approche,
Upon the toppe I sawe refulgent
The royall tower of MORALL DOCUMENT, 5
Made of fine copper with turrets faire and hye,
Which against Phebus shone so marveylously,

That

That for the very perfect brightenefs
What of the tower, and of the cleare funne,
I could nothyng behold the goodlinefs 10
Of that palaice, whereas Doctrine did wonne:
Till at the laſt, with myſtie wyndes donne,
The radiant brightnefs of golden Phebus
Auſter gan cover with clowde tenebrous.

Then to the tower I drew nere and nere, 15
And often muſed of the great hyghnes
Of the craggy roche, which quadrant did appere:
But the fayre tower, (ſo much of ryches
Was all about,) ſexangled doubtelefs;
Gargeyld with grayhounds, and with many lyons, 20
Made of fyne golde, with divers fundry dragons.

The little turrett with ymages of golde
About was ſet, which with the wynde aye moved
With proper vices, that I did well beholde
About the towre: in fundry wyfe they hoved 25
With goodly pypes, in their mouthes ituned,
That with the winde they pyped a daunce
Iclipped *Amour de la hault plesauce*.

The toure was great of marveyulous wydnes,
To which ther was no way to paſſe but one, 30
Into the toure for to have an intres:
A grece ther was ychyſeled all of ſtone
Out of the rocke, on whyche men did gone
Up to the toure, and in lykewyfe did I
Wyth both the Grayhoundes in my company *: 35

Till

* This alludes to a former part of the Poem.

Till that I came unto a ryall gate,
 Wher I sawe stondynge the goodly Portres,
 Whych exed me from whence I came alate;
 To whom I gan in every thinge expresse
 All myne adventure, chaunce, and businesse, 40
 And eke my name; I tolde her every dell:
 When she hard this she lyked me full well.

Her name, she sayd, was called COUNTENAUNCE;
 Into the base courte she did me then lede,
 Where was a fountayne depured of pleasaunce; 45
 A noble sprynge, a riall conduyte hede,
 Made of fyne golde enameled with reed;
 And on the toppe four dragons blewe and stoute
 The dulcet water in four parts dyd spoute.

O whyche ther flowed foure ryvers ryght clere, 50
 Sweter than Nylus,* or Ganges was ther odoure;
 Tygres or Eufrates unto them no pere:
 I did than taste th' aromatyke licoure
 Fragrant of fume, and swete as any floure,
 And in my mouthe it had a marveylous scent 55
 Of divers spyces, I knewe not what it ment.

And after thys further forth me brought
 Dame Countenaunce into a goodlye Hall,
 Of jasper stones it was wonderly wrought:
 The wyndowes clere depured all of crystall, 60
 And in the rouse on hie over all
 Of gold was made a ryght crafty vyne,
 Insteede of grapes the rubies there did fhyne.

The

* *Nysus* PC.

The flore was paved with berall clarified,
 With pillars made of stons pretious, 65
 Like a place of pleasure so gayely glorined,
 It might be called a palace glorious,
 So much delectable and folacious:
 The hall was hanged hye and circuler
 With clothe of arras in the richest manner. 70

That treated well of a ful noble story
 Of the doutye waye to the Tower Perillous; *
 Howe a noble knyghte fould winne the victory
 Of many a serpent foule and odious.

* * * * *

X.

THE CHILD OF ELLE.

— is given from a fragment in the Editor's folio MS: which tho' extremely defective and mutilated, appeared to have so much merit, that it excited a strong desire to attempt a completion of the story. The Reader will easily discover the supplemental stanzas by their inferiority, and at the same time be inclined to pardon it, when he considers how difficult it must be to imitate the affecting simplicity and artless beauties of the original.

CHILD was a title sometimes given to a knight. See Gloss.

ON yonder hill a castle standes,
 With walles and towres bedight,
 And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
 A young and comely knight.

The

* The Story of the Poem.

The Child of Elle to his garden wente, 5
 And stood at his garden pale.
 Whan, lo! he beheld fair Emmelines page
 Come trippinge downe the dale.

The Childe of Elle he hyed him thence,
 Y-wis he stoode not stille, 10
 And foone he mette faire Emmelines page
 Come climbing up the hille.

Nowe Christe thee save, thou little foot-page,
 Now Christe thee save and see!
 Oh telle me how does thy ladye gaye, 15
 And what may thy tydinges bee?

My lady fhee is all woe-begone,
 And the teares they falle from her eyne;
 And aye fhee laments the deadlye feude
 Betweene her house and thine. 20

And here fhee sends thee a filken scarfe
 Bedewde with many a teare,
 And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her,
 Who loved thee so deare.

And here fhee sends thee a ring of golde 25
 The last boone thou mayst have,
 And biddes thee weare it for her sake,
 Whan she is layde in grave.

For ah! her gentle heart is broke,
 And in grave soone must fhee bee, 30
 Sith her father hath chose her a new new love,
 And forbidde her to thinke of thee.

Her fathir hath brought her a carlish knight,
 Sir John of the north countraye,

And

And within three dayes fhee must him wedde , 35
Or he vowes he will her flaye.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy ladye from mee,
And telle her that I her owne true love
Will dye, or fette her free. 40

Now hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair ladye know
This night will I bee at her bowre-windowe,
Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne, 45
He neither stint ne stayd
Untill he came to faire Emmelines bowre,
Whan kneeling downe he sayd,

O ladye, Ive been with thy own true love,
And he greets thee well by mee; 50
This night will he bee at thy bowre-windowe,
And dye or fette thee free.

Nowe daye was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleepe,
All save the ladye Emmeline, 55
Who sate in her bowre to weepe :

And soone fhee heard her true loves voice
Lowe whispering at the walle,
Awake, awake, my deare ladye,
Tis I thy true love call. 60

Awake, awake, my ladye deare,
Come, mount this faire palfraye :
This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,
Ile carrye thee hence awaye.

Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight, 65
 Now nay, this may not bee;
 For aye fshould I tint my mayden fame,
 If alone I fshould wend with thee.

O ladye, thou with a knighte fo true
 Mayft safelye wend alone, 70
 To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,
 Where marriage fshall make us one.

“ My father he is a baron bolde,
 Of lynage proude and hye;
 And what would he faye if his daughtèr 75
 Awaye with a knight fshould fly?

Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,
 Nor his meate fshould doe him no goode,
 Till he had flayne thee, Child of Elle,
 And feene thy deare hearts bloode. „ 80

O ladye, wert thou in thy faddle fette,
 And a little fpace him fro,
 I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
 Nor the worft that he could doe.

O ladye wert thou in thy faddle fette, 85
 And once without this walle,
 I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
 Nor the worft that might befalle.

Faire Emmeline fighde, fair Emmeline wept,
 And aye her heart was woe: 90
 At length he feizde her lilly-white hand,
 And downe the ladder hee drewe:

And thrice he claspde her to his breste,
 And kist her tenderlie:

The teares that fell from her fair eyes,
Ranne like the fountayne free. 95

Hee mounted himfelfe on his fteede fo talle,
And her on a faire palfraye,
And flung his bugle about his necke,
And roundlye they rode awaye. 100

All this beheard her owne damfèlle,
In her bed whereas fhee ley,
Quoth fhee, My lord fhall knowe of this,
Soe I fhall have golde and fee.

Awake, awake, thou baron bolde! 105
Awake, my noble dame!
Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle,
To doe the deede of fhame.

The baron he woke, the baron he rofe,
And callde his merrye men all: 110
“ And come thou forth, Sir John the knighte,
Thy ladye is carried to thrall. ”

Fair Emmeline fcant had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the towne,
When fhe was aware of her fathers men 115
Come galloping over the downe:

And foremost came the carlifh knight,
Sir John of the north countraye:
“ Nowe ftop, nowe ftop, thou false traitoure,
Nor carry that ladye awaye. 120

For fhe is come of hye lynàge,
And was of a ladye borne,
And ill it befeems thee a false churles fonne
To carrye her hence to fcorne. ”

Nowe loud thou lyeft, Sir John the knight, 125
 Nowe thou doeft lye of mee;
 A knight mee gott, and a ladye me bore,
 Soe never did none by thee.

But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,
 Light downe, and hold my fteed, 130
 While I and this difcourteous knight
 Doe trye this arduous deede.

But light now downe my deare ladye,
 Light downe, and hold my horfe,
 While I and this difcourteous knight 135
 Doe trye our valours force.

Fair Emmeline fighde, fair Emmeline wept,
 And aye her heart was woe,
 While twixt her love, and the carlifh knight
 Paff many a baleful blowe. 140

The Child of Elle hee fought foe well,
 As his weapon he wavde amaine,
 That foone he had flaine the carlifh knight,
 And layde him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron, and all his men 145
 Full faft approached nye:
 Ah! what may ladye Emmeline doe?
 Twere nowe no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
 And blew both loud and fhrill, 150
 And foone he faw his owne merry men
 Come ryding over the hill.

Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold baron,
 I pray thee, hold thy hand,

Nor

Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts,
Fast knit in true loves band. 155

Thy daughter I have dearly lovde
Full long and many a day,
But with such love as holy kirke
Hath freelye sayd wee may. 160

O give consent, fhee may be mine,
And blesse a faithfulle paire:
My lands and livings are not small,
My house and lynage faire:

My mother fhe was an erles daughter, 165
A noble knyght my fire —
The baron he frownde, and turnde away
With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline fighde, faire Emmeline wept,
And did all tremblinge stand: 170
At lengthe fhe sprange upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

Pardon, my lorde and father deare,
This faire yong knyght and mee:
Trust me, but for the carlish knyght, 175
I ne'er had fled from thee.

Oft have you callde your Emmeline
Your darling and your joye;
O let not then your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroye. 180

The baron he stroakt his dark-brown cheeke,
And turnde his heade asyde
To whipe awaye the starting teare,
He prodly strave to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he stoode, 185

And musde a little space;

Then raifde faire Emmeline from the grounde,

With many a fond embrace.

Here take her, child of Elle, he fayd,

And gave her lillye hand, 190

Here take my deare and only child,

And with her half my land:

Thy father once mine honour wrongde

In dayes of youthful pride;

Do thou the injurye repayre 195

In fondnesse for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,

Heaven prosper thee and thine:

And nowe my blessing wend wi' thee,

My lovelye Emmeline. 200

XI.

EDOM O' GORDON,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

— was printed at Glasgaw, by Robert and Andrew Foulis, MDCCLV. 8vo. 12 pages. — We are indebted for its publication (with many other valuable things in these volumes) to Sir David Dalrymple Bart. who gave it as it was preserved in the memory of a lady, that is now dead.

The reader will here find it improved, and enlarged with several fine stanzas, recovered from a fragment of the same ballad,

ballad, in the Editor's folio MS. It is remarkable that the latter is intituled CAPTAIN ADAM CARRE, and is in the English idiom. But whether the author was English or Scotch, the difference originally was not great. The English Ballads are generally of the north of England, the Scottish are of the South of Scotland, and of consequence the country of Ballad-singers was sometimes subject to one crown, and sometimes to the other, and most frequently to neither. Most of the finest old Scotch songs have the scene laid within 20 miles of England; which is indeed all poetic ground, green hills, remains of woods, clear brooks. The pastoral scenes remain: Of the rude chivalry of former ages happily nothing remains but the ruins of the castles, where the more daring and successful robbers resided. The Castle of the Rhodes is fixed by tradition in the neighbourhood of Dunse in Berwickshire. The Gordons were anciently seated in the same county. Whether this ballad hath any foundation in fact, we have not been able to discover. It contains however but too just a picture of the violences practised in the feudal times all over Europe.

From the different titles of this ballad, it should seem that the old strolling bards or minstrels (who gained a livelihood by reciting these poems) made no scruple of changing the names of the personages they introduced, to humour their hearers. For instance, if a Gordon's conduct was blameworthy in the opinion of that age, the obsequious minstrel would, when among Gordons, change the name to Car, whose clan or sept lay further west, and vice versa. In another volume the reader will find a similar instance. See the song of GIL MORRIS, the hero of which had different names given him, probably from the same cause.

It may be proper to mention, that in the English copy, instead of the "Castle of the Rhodes," it is the "Castle of

„Bittons-borrow” (or “*Diaclours-borrow*,” for it is very obscurely written) and “*Capt. Adam Carre*” is called the “*Lord of Westerton-town*.” Uniformity required that the additional stanzas supplied from that copy should be clothed in the Scottish orthography and idiom: this has therefore been attempted, though perhaps imperfectly.

IT fell about the Martinmas,
 Quhen the wind blew fchril an cauld,
 Said Edom o’ Gordon to his men,
 We maun draw to a hauld.

And quhat a hauld fall we draw to, 5
 My mirry men and me?
 We wul gae to the house o’ the Rhodes,
 To see that fair ladie.

The lady stude on hir castle wa’,
 Beheld baith dale and down: 10
 There she was ware of a host of men
 Cum ryding towards the toun.

O see ze nat my myrry men a’?
 O see ze nat quhat I see?
 Methinks I see a host of men: 15
 I mervail quha they be

She weend it had been hir lovely lord,
 As he cam ryding hame;
 It was the traitor Edom o’ Gordon,
 Quha reckt nae fin nor shame. 20

She had nae sooner buskit hirsel,
 And putten on hir gown,

Till

Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the toun.

They had nae fooner supper fett,
Nae fooner said the grace,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men,
Were light about the place.

The lady ran up to hir towir head,
Sa fast as she could drie,
To see if by hir fair speechès
She could wi' him agree.

But quhan he see this lady faif,
And hir yates all locked fast,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his hart was all agahst.

Cum doun to me, ze lady gay,
Cum doun, cum doun to me:
This night fall ye lig within mine armes,
To morrow my bride fall be.

I winnae cum doun, ze fals Gordòn,
I winnae cum doun to thee;
I winnae forsake my ain dear lord,
That is fae far frae me.

Give owre zour house, ze lady fair,
Give owre zour house to me,
Or I fall brenn yoursel therein,
Bot and zour babies three.

I winnae give owre, ze false Gordòn,
To nae sik traitor as zee;
And if ze brenn my ain dear babes,
My lord fall make ze drie.

But reach my pistol, Glaud, my man,
 And charge ze weil my gun:
 For, but if I pierce that bluidy butcher, 55
 My babes we been undone.

She stude upon hir castle wa,
 And let twa bullets flee:
 She mist that bluidy butchers hart,
 And only raz'd his knee. 60

Set fire to the house, quo' fals Gordòn,
 All wood wi' dule and ire:
 Fals lady, ze fall rue this deid,
 As ze brenn in the fire.

Wae worth, wae worth ze, Jock my man, 65
 I paid ze weil zour fee;
 Quhy pow ze out the ground - wa stane,
 Lets in the reek to me?

And ein wae worth ze, Jock my man,
 I paid ze weil zour hire; 70
 Quhy pow ze out the ground - wa stane,
 To me lets in the fire?

Ze paid me weil my hire, lady;
 Ze paid me weil my fee:
 But now Ime Edom o' Gordons man, 75
 Maun either doe or die.

O than bespaik hir little son,
 Sate on the nourice' knee:
 Sayes, Mither dear, gi owre this house,
 For the reek it smithers me. 80

I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe,
 Sae wad I a' my fee,

For

For ane blast o' the westlin wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee.

O then beshpaik hir dochter dear,
She was baith jimp and sma:
O row me in a pair o' fheits,
And tow me owre the wa.

85

They rowd hir in a pair o' fheits,
And towd hir owre the wa:
But on the point of Gordons spear,
She gat a deadly fa.

90

O bonnie bonnie was hir mouth,
And cherry wer hir cheiks,
And clear clear was hir zellow hair:
Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

95

Then wi' his spear he turnd hir owre.
O gin hir face was wan!
He sayd, Ze are the first that eir
I wifht alive again.

100

He turnd hir owre and owre again,
O gin hir fkin was whyte!
I might ha spared that bonnie face
To hae been fum mans delyte.

Busk and boun, my merry men a',
For ill dooms I do guesfs;
I cannae luik in that bonnie face,
As it lyes on the grafs.

105

Thame

V. 98, 102. O gin, &c. a Scottish idiom to express great admiration.

Thame, luke to freits, my master deir,
Then freits wil follow thame: 110

Let it neir be faid brave Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame.

But quhen the ladye see the fire
Cum flaming owre hir head,
She wept and kist hir children twain, 115
Sayd, Bairns, we been but dead.

The Gordon then his bougill blew,
And faid, Awa', awa';
This house o' the Rhodes is a' in flame,
I hauld it time to ga'. 120

O then bespyed hir ain dear lord,
As hee cam owre the lee;
He fied his castle all in blaze
Sa far as he could see.

Then fair, O fair his mind misgave, 125
And all his hart was wae:
Put on, put on, my wighty men,
Sa fast as ze can gae.

Put on, put on, my wighty men,
So fast as ze can drie; 130
For he that is hindmost of the thrang,
Sall neir get guid o' me.

Than sum they rade, and sum they rin,
Fou fast out-owre the bent;

But

V. 109, 110. Thame, &c. i. e. *Them that look after omens of ill luck, will follow.*

But eir the foremost could get up , 135
Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands , he rent his hair ,
And wept in teenefu' muid :
O traitors , for this cruel deid
Ze fall weip teirs o' bluid. 140

And after the Gordon he is gane ,
Sa fast as he micht drie ;
And soon i' the Gordon's foul hartis bluid ,
He's wroken his dear ladie.

XII.

A N E L E G Y

ON HENRY FOURTH EARL OF NORTH-
HUMBERLAND.

As it was proposed to give specimens of the composition of most of our ancient poets , the reader has here an ELEGY of SKELTON'S: yet as this is some little deviation from our plan , we chuse to throw it tho the end of the FIRST BOOK, though evidently written before some of the preceding.

The subject of this poem is the death of HENRY PERCY , fourth earl of Northumberland, who fell a victim to the avarice of Henry VII. In 1489 the parliament had granted the king a subsidy for carryng on the war in Bretagne. This tax was found so heavy in the North , that the whole country was in a flame. The E. of Northumberland , then lord lieutenant for Yorkshire , wrote to inform the king of the discontent , and praying an abatement. But nothing is so unrelenting

lenting as avarice: the king wrote back that not a penny should be abated. This message being delivered by the earl with too little caution, the populace rose, and supposing him to be the promoter of their calamity, broke into his house and murdered him with several of his attendants: who yet are charged by Skelton with being backward in their duty on this occasion. This melancholy event happened at the earl's seat at Cocklodge, near Thirske, in Yorkshire, April 28. 1489. See Lord Bacon, &c.

If the reader does not find much poetical merit in this old poem (which yet is one of Skelton's best) he will see a striking picture of the state and magnificence kept up by our ancient nobility during the feudal times. This great earl is described here as having among his menial servants, KNIGHTS, SQUIRES, and even BARONS see v. 32. 183. &c. Which however different from modern manners, was not unusual with our greater barons, whose castles had all the splendour and offices of a royal court, before the Laws against Retainers abridged and limited the number of their attendants.

JOHN SKELTON, who comonly styled himself Poet Laureat, died June 21. 1529. The following poem, which appears to have been written soon after the event, is printed from an ancient edition of his poems in bl. let. 12mo. 1568. — It is addressed to Henry fifth earl of Northumberland, and is prefaced, &c. in the following manner:

Poeta Skelton Laureatus libellum suum metricè
alloquitur.

Ad dominum properato meum mea pagina Percy,
Qui Northumbrorum jura paterna gerit.
Ad nutum celebris tu prona repone leonis,
Quæque suo patri tristia iusta * * *

Aft

Ast ubi perlegit, dubiam sub mente volutet
 Fortunam, cuncta quæ male fida rotat.
 Qui leo fit felix, & Nestoris occupet annos,
 Ad libitum cuius ipse paratus ero.

SKELTON LAUREAT UPON THE DOLOURS DETHE AND
 MUCH LAMENTABLE CHAUNCE OF THE
 MOST HONORABLE ERLE OF
 NORTHUMBERLANDE.

I Wayle, I wepe, I fobbe, I figh ful sore
 The dedely fate, the dolefulle desteny
 Of him that is gone, alas! without restore,
 Of the bloud * royal descending nobelly;
 Whose lordshyp doutles, was flaine lamentably 5
 Thorow trefon again him compassed and wrought,
 Trew to his prince, in word, in dede, and thought.
 Of heavenly poems, O Clyo calde by name
 In the colege of musis goddes hystoriall,
 Adres the to me, whiche am both halt I lame 10
 In elect uteraunce to make memoryall:
 To the for souccour, to the for helpe I call
 Mine homely rudnes and dryghnes to expell
 With the frefhe waters of Elyconys well.
 Of noble actes aunciently enrolde, 15
 Of famous pryncis and lordes of astate,
 By thy report ar wont to be extold,

Rege-

* Henry, first E. of Northumberland, was begotten of Mary daughter to Henry E. of Lancaster, second son of K. Henry III.—He was also lineally descended from Godfrey Duke of Brabant, son of the Emperour Charlemagne, by Gerberga niece to Lothar K. of France. See Camden Brit.

Regeſtringe trewly every formaré date;
 Of thy bountie after the uſuall rate,
 Kyndell in me ſuche plenty of thy noblès, 20
 Theſe ſorrowfulle ditès that I may ſhew expreſs.

In ſeſons paſt who hath herde or ſene .
 Of formar writyng by any preſidente
 That vilane haſtardis in their furious tene,
 Fulfylled with malice of froward entente, 25
 Confetered togeder of common concente
 Falſly to flee theyr moſt ſinguler good lord?
 It may be regiſtrede of ſhamefull recorde.

So noble a man, ſo valiaunt lord and hnyght,
 Fulfilled with honor, as all the world doth ken; 30
 At his commaundement, which had both day and nyght
 Knyghtes and ſquyers, at every ſeaſon when
 He calde upon them, as meniall houſhold men:
 Were not theſe commons uncurteis karlis of kind
 To flo their own lord? God was not in their mynd. 35

And were not they to blame, I ſay alſo,
 That were aboute him his owne ſervants of truſt,
 To ſuffre him ſlain of his mortall fo?
 Fled away from hym, let hym ly in the duſt:
 They bode not till the rekenyng were diſcuſt. 40
 What ſhuld I flatter? what ſhuld I gloſe or paint?
 Fy, fy for ſhame, their hartes were to faint.

In England and Fraunce, which gretly was redouted;
 Of whom both Flaunders and Scotland ſtode in drede;
 To whom great eſtates obeyed and lowted; 45
 A mayny of rude villayns made hym for to blede:
 Unkindly they ſlew him, that help them oft at nede:
 He

He was their bulwark, their paves, and their wall,
Yet shamefully they flew hym; that shame mot them befall.

I say, ye comoners, why wer ye so stark mad? 50

What frantik frensy fyll in your brayne?

Where was your wit and reson, ye should have had?

What wilful folly made yow to ryse againe

Your natural lord? alas! I can not fayne.

Ye armed you with will, and left your wit behynd; 55

Well may you be called comones most unkynd.

He was your chefteyne, your shelde, your chef defence,

Redy to assist you in every time of nede:

Your worshyp depended of his excellence:

Alas! ye mad men to far ye did excede: 60

Your hap was unhappy, to ill was your spede:

What moved you againe him to war or to fyght?

What aylde you to fle your lord agayn all ryght?

The ground of his quarel was for his soverain lord,

The well concerning of all the hole lande, 65

Demanding suche duties as nedes most acord

To the right of his prince which should not be withstand;

For whose cause ye flew him with your owne hand:

But had his noble men done wel that day

Ye had not been able to have sayd hym nay. 70

But ther was fals packing, or els I am begylde;

How be it the mater was evydent and playne,

For if they had occupied their spere and their shilde,

This noble man doutles had not bene slayne.

But men say they wer lynked with a double chaine, 75

And held with the comones under a cloke,

Which kindeled the wild fyr that made al this smoke.

The commons renyed ther taxes to pay
 Of them demaunded and asked by the kynge;
 With one voice importune, they plainly sayd nay: 80
 They buskt them on a bushment themselfe in baile to bring:
 Agayne the kyngs plesure to wrestle or to wring,
 Bluntly as bestis with bofte and with crye
 They sayd, they forsed not, nor carede not to dy.

The nobelnes of the north this valiant lord and knight, 85
 As man that was innocent of trechery or traine,
 Prefed forth boldly to withstand the myght,
 And, like marciall Hector, he faught them agayne,
 Vygorously upon them with might and with maine,
 Trustyng in noble men that were with him there: 90
 But al they fled from hym for falfhode or fere.

Barones, knyghtes, squiers and all,
 Together with fervauntes of his famuly,
 Turned their backe, and let their master fal,
 Of whome they counted not a flye; 95
 Take up whose wold for them, they let him ly.
 Alas! his gold, his fee, his annual rent
 Upon suche a fort was ille bestowd and spent.

He was enviroind aboute on every syde
 With his enemyes, that were starke mad and wode; 100
 Yet while he stode he gave them woundes wyde:
 Alas for ruth! what thoughe his mynd were gode,
 His corage manly, yet ther he shed his blode!
 Al left alone, alas! he foughte in vayne;
 For cruelly among them ther he was flayne. 105

Alas for pite! that Percy thus was spylt
 The famous erle of Northumberland:
 Of knyghtly prowès the sword pomel and hylt,

The

The myghty lyon doutted by fe and lande!
 O dolorous chaunce of fortunes froward hande! 110
 What man remembryng howe fhamfully he was flaine,
 From bitter weping himself can restrain?

O cruell Mars, thou dedly god of war!
 O dolorous tewisday, dedicate to thy name,
 When thou fhoke thy fworde so noble a man to mar! 115
 O ground ungracious, unhappy be thy fame,
 Which wert endyed with rede bloud of the fame!
 Most noble erle! O foule myfuryd ground
 Where on he gat his finall dedely wounde!

O Atropos, of the fatall fyfters thre 120
 Goddes most cruel unto the lyfe of man,
 All merciles in the is no pitè!
 O homicide, which fleest all that thou can,
 So forcibly upon this erle thou ran,
 That with thy fword enharpit of mortall drede, 125
 Thou kit afonder his perfight vitall threde!

My wordes unpullyfht be nakide and playne,
 Of aureat poems they want ellumynyng;
 But by them to knowlege ye may attayne
 Of this lordes dethe and of his murdryng. 130
 Which whils he lyved had fuyson of every thing,
 Of knights, of squyers, chyf lord of toure and towne
 Tyl fykkell fortune began on hym to frowne.

Paregall to dukes, with kynges he might compare,
 Surmountinge in honor all erles he did excede, 135
 To all countries aboute hym reporte me I dare.
 Lyke to Eneas benigne in worde and dede,
 Valiant as Hector in every marciall nede,

Prudent, discrete, circumspect and wyfe,
Tyll the chaunce ran agayne hym of fortunes duple dyse.

What nedeth me for to extoll his fame
With my rude pen enkankered all with rust?
Whose noble actes shew worshiply his name,
Transfendyng 'far' myne homely muse, that muste
Yet somewhat wright supprised with herty lust, 145
Truly reportyng his right noble estate,
Immortally whiche is immaculate.

His noble blode never destayned was,
Trew to his prince for to defend his ryght,
Dobleness hatyng, fals maters to compas. 150
Treytory and trefon he banisht out of fyght,
With truth to medle was all his holl delyght,
As all his countrey can testyfy the fame:
To fle suche a lorde, alas, it was great shame.

If the hole quere of the musis nyne 155
In me all onely wer set and comprysed,
Enbrethed with the blast of influence devyne,
As perfytyly as could be thought or devised;
To me also all though it were promised
Of laureat Phebus holy the eloquence, 160
All were to lytell for his magnificence.

O yonge lyon, but tender yet of age,
Grow and encrease, remembre thyn estate,
God the assyst unto thyn herytage,
And geve the grace to be more fortunate, 165
Agayn rebellyones arme to make debate,
And, as the lyone, whiche is of bestes kynge,
Unto thy subjectes be curteis and benynge.

I pray

I pray God fende the prosperous lyfe and long,
 Stable thy mynde constant to be and fast, 170
 Ryght to mayntayn, and to refyft all wronge,
 All flatteryng faytors abhor and from the caft,
 Of foule detraction God kepe the from the blaft,
 Let double delyng in the have no place,
 And be not lyght of credence in no cafe. 175

With hevy chere, with dolorous hart and mynd,
 Eche man may forow in his inward thought,
 This lords death, whose pere is hard to fynd
 Al gife England and Fraunce were thorow faught.
 Al kynges, all princes, al dukes, well they ought 180
 Both temporall and spiritual for to complayne
 This noble man, that crewelly was flayne.

More specially barons, and those knyghtes bold,
 And all other gentilmen with him enterteyned
 In fee, as menyall men of his houfold; 185
 Whom he as lord worfhyfly mainteyned:
 To forowful weping they ought to be constreined,
 As oft as they call to theyr remembraunce,
 Of ther good lord the fate and dedely chaunce.

Perlese prince of heven emperyall, 190
 That with one worde formed al thing of noughte;
 Heven, hell, and erthe obey unto thy call;
 Which to thy refemblance wonderfly haft wrought
 All mankynd, whom thou full dere haft bought,
 With thy bloud precious our finaunce thou did pay 195
 And us redemed, from the fendys pray:

To the pray we, as prince incomparable,
 As thou art of mercy and pyte the well,
 Thou bring unto thy joye eterminable

The soull of this lorde from all daunger of hell, 200
 In endles blys with the to byde and dwell
 In thy palace above the orient,
 Where thou art lord, and God omnipotent.

O quene of mercy, O lady full of grace,
 Mayden most pure, and goddes moder dere, 205
 To sorowful hartes chef comfort an folace,
 Of all women O flowre without pere,
 Pray to thy son above the sterres clere,
 He to vouchesaf by thy mediacion
 To pardon thy fervant, and bringe to salvacion. 210

In joy triumphaunt the heavenly yerarchy,
 With all the hole sorte of that glorious place,
 His soull mot receyve into theyr company
 Thorow bounty of hym that formed all folace:
 Wel of pite, of mercy, and of grace, 215
 The father, the sonn, and the holy ghoft
 In Triniteate one God of myghts mozte.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



ANCIENT
SONGS AND BALLADS,
&c.

SERIES THE FIRST.
BOOK II.

BALLADS THAT ILLUSTRATE SHAKESPEARE.

Our great dramatic poet having occasionally quoted many ancient ballads, and even taken the plot of one, if not more, of his plays from among them, it was judged proper to preserve as many of these as could be recovered, and that they might be the more easily found, to exhibit them in one collective view. This SECOND BOOK is therefore set apart

for the reception of such ballads as are quoted by SHAKESPEARE, or contribute in any degree to illustrate his writings: this being the principal point in view, the candid reader will pardon the admission of some pieces, that have no other kind of merit.

*The design of this BOOK being of a Dramatic tendency, it may not be improperly introduced with a few observations ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE, and ON THE CONDUCT OF OUR FIRST DRAMATIC POETS: a subject, which though not unsuccessfully handled by several good writers already *, will yet perhaps admit of some farther illustration.*

ON
THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE,
&c.

It is well known that dramatic poetry in this and most other nations of Europe owes its origin, or at least its revival, to those religious shows, which in the dark ages were usually exhibited on the more solemn festivals. At those times they were wont to represent in the churches the lives and miracles of the saints, or some of the more important stories of scripture. And as the most mysterious subjects were frequently chosen, such as the Incarnation, Passion, and Resurrection of Christ, &c. these exhibitions acquired the general name of MYSTERIES. At first they were probably
a kind

* Bp. Warburton's *Shakesp.* vol. 5. p. 338. — Pref. to *Dodsley's Old Plays.* — *Riccoboni's Acct. of Theat, of Europe.*

a kind of dumb shewes, intermingled, it may be, with a few short speeches; at length they grew into a regular series of connected dialogues, formally divided into acts and scenes. Specimens of these in their most improved state (being at best but poor artless compositions) may be seen among Dod-sley's OLD PLAYS and in Osborne's HARLEYAN MISCEL. How they were exhibited in their most simple form, we may learn from an ancient novel (often quoted by our old dramatic poets*) intitled a merye Jest of a man that was called Howleglas**, &c. being a translation from the Dutch language, in which he is named Ulenspiegle. Howleglas, whose waggish tricks are the subject of this book, after many adventures comes to live with a priest, who makes him his parish-clark. This priest is described as keeping a LEMAN or concubine, who had but one eye, to whom Howleglas owed a grudge for revealing his rogueries to his master. The story thus proceeds, " And than
 " in the meane season, while Howleglas was paryshe clarke,
 " at Easter they should play the resurrection of our lorde:
 " and for because than the men wer not learned, nor could
 " not read, the priest toke his leman, and put her in the
 " grave for an Aungell: and this seing Howleglas, toke to
 " hym iij of the symplest persons that were in the towne,
 " that played the iij Maries: and the Person (i. e. Parson
 " or Rectör) played Christe, with a baner in his hand.
 " Than saide Howleglas to the simple persons, Whan the
 " Aungel asketh you, whome you seke, you may saye, The par-
 G 5 sons

* See Ben Jonsons Poetaster, Act. 3. sc. 4. and his Masque of the Fortunate Isles.

** Howleglas is said in the Preface to have died in M.CCCC.L. At the end of the book, in M.CCC.L.

“ sons leman with one iye. Than it fortunéd that the tyme
 “ was come that they must playe, and the Angel asked them
 “ whom they sought, and than sayd they, as Howleglas
 “ had shewéd and lerned them afore, and than answered
 “ they, We seke the priest leman with one iye. And than
 “ the prieste might heare that he was mocked. And whan
 “ the priestes leman herd that, she arose out of the grave,
 “ and would have smyten with her fist Howleglas upon the
 “ cheke, but she missed him and smote one of the simple
 “ persons that played one of the thre Maries; and he gave
 “ her another; and than toke she him by the heare [hair];
 “ and that seing his wyfe, came running hastely to smite
 “ the priestes leaman; and than the priest seeing this, caste
 “ down hys baner and went to helpe his woman, so that the
 “ one gave the other sore strokes, and made great noyse in
 “ the churche. And than Howleglas seyng them lyinge to-
 “ gether by the eares in the bodi of the churche, went his
 “ way out of the village, and came no more there *. ”

As the old *Mysteries* frequently required the representa-
 tion of some allegorical personage, such as Death, Sin,
 Charity, Faith, and the like, by degrees the rude poets of
 those unlettered ages began to form compleat dramatic pieces
 consisting intirely of such personifications. These they intit-
 led MORAL PLAYS, or MORALITIES. The *Mysteries*
 were very inartificial, representing the scripture stories simply
 according to the letter. But the *Moralities* are not devoid
 of invention; they exhibit outlines of the dramatic art; they
 contain

* C. Imprinted . . . by Wylliam Copland: without
 date, in 4to. bl. Let. among Mr. Garrick's Old Plays.
 K. vol. 10.

contain something of a fable or plot, and even attempt to delineate characters and manners. I have now before me two that were printed early in the reign of Henry VIII; in which I think one may plainly discover the seeds of Tragedy and Comedy: for which reason I shall give a short analysis of them both.

One of them is intitl'd *Every Man* *. The subject of this piece is the summoning of man out of the world by death; and its moral, that nothing will then avail him but a well-spent life and the comforts of religion. This subject and moral are opened in a monologue spoken by the MESSENGER (for that was the name generally given by our ancestors to the prologue on their rude stage:) then GOD ** is represented, who after some general complaints on the degeneracy of mankind, calls for DETH and orders him to bring before his tribunal EVERY-MAN, for so is called the personage who represents the human race. EVERY-MAN appears, and receives the summons with all the marks of confusion and terror. When Death is withdrawn, Every-man applies for relief in this distress to FELLOWSHIP, KIN-DRED, GOODS or Riches, but they successively renounce and forsake him. In this disconsolate state he betakes himself to GOOD-DEDES, who after upbraiding him with his long neglect of her ***, introduces him to her sister KNOWLEDGE, and she leads him to the "holy man CONFESSION,"
who

* See a farther account of this play in Vol. 2. p. 104. 105. where instead of "*Wynkyn de Worde*" read *Rycharde Pynson*.

** The second person of the Trinity seems to be meant.

*** Those above-mentioned are male characters.

who appoints him penance : this he inflicts upon himself on the stage , and then withdraws to receive the sacraments of the priest. On his return he begins to wax faint , and after **STRENGTH, BEAUTY, DISCRETION** and **FIVE WITS** * have all taken their final leave of him , gradually expires on the stage ; Good - dedes still accompanying him to the last. Then an **AUNGELL** descends to sing his requiem : and the epilogue is spoken by a person , called **DOCTOR** , who recapitulates the whole and delivers the moral ,

“ **C.** This memoriall men may have in mynde ,
 “ Ye herers , take it of worth old and yonge ,
 “ And forsake pryde , for he disceyveth you in thende ,
 “ And remembre Beautè, Five Witts , Strength and Discrecion,
 “ They all at last do Every - man forsake ,
 “ Save his Good Dedes there dothe he take :
 “ But beware , for and they be small ,
 “ Before God he hath no helpe at all. ” &c.

From this short analysis it may be observed that **Every Man** is a grave solemn piece , not without some rude attempts to excite terror and pity , and therefore may not improperly be referred tho the class of tragedy. It is remarkable that in this old simple drama the fable is conducted upon the strictest model of the Greek tragedy. The action is simply one , the time of action is that of the performance , the scene is never changed , nor the stage ever empty. **EVERY-MAN** the hero of the piece after his first appearance never
 with-

* i. e. the Five Senses, These are frequently exhibited upon the Spanish stage : (see Riccoboni p. 98.) but our moralist has represented them all by one personage.

withdraws, except when he goes out to receive the sacraments, which could not well be exhibited in public; and during his absence KNOWLEDGE discants on the excellence and power of the priesthood, somewhat after the manner of the Greek chorus. And indeed except in the circumstance of Everyman's expiring on the stage the Sampson Agon. of Milton is hardly formed on a severer plan.

The other play is intituled *Sick-Scorner* * and bears no distant resemblance to comedy: its chief aim seems to be to exhibit characters and manners, its plot being much less regular than the foregoing. The prologue is spoken by PITY represented under the character of an aged pilgrim, he is joyned by CONTEMPLACYON and PERSEVERANCE two holy men who after lamenting the degeneracy of the age, declare their resolution of stemming the torrent. Pity then is left upon the stage, and presently found by FREWYLL, representing a lewd debauchee, who with his dissolute companion IMAGINACION, relate their manner of life, and not without humour describe the stews and other places of base resort. They are presently joined by HICK-SCORNER, who is drawn as a libertine returned from travel, and agreeably to his name scoffs at religion. These three are described as extremely vicious, who glory in every act of wickedness: at length two of them quarrel, and PITY endeavours to part the fray: on this they fall upon him, put him in the stocks, and there leave him. Pity then discants in a kind of lyric measure on the profligacy of the age, and in this situation is found by Perseverance and Contemplacion, who
set

* Emprynted by me Wynkyn de Worde no date; in 4to, bl. Let.

set him at liberty, and advise him to go in search of the delinquents. As soon as he is gone Frewill appears again; and, after relating in a very comic manner some of his rogueries and escapes from justice, is rebuked by the two holy men, who, after a long altercation, at length convert him and his libertine-companion Imaginacion from their vicious course of life: and then the play ends with a few verses from Perseverance by way of epilogue. This and every Morality I have seen conclude with a solemn prayer. They are all of them in rhyme; in a kind of loose stanza, intermixed with distichs.

It would be needles to point out the absurdities in the plan and conduct of the foregoing play: they are evidently great. It is sufficient to observe, that, bating the moral and religious reflections of Pity, &c. the piece is of a comic cast, and contains a humorous display of some of the vices of the age. Indeed the author has generally been so little attentive to the allegory, that we need only substitute other names to his personages, and we have real characters and living manners.

We see then that the writers of these Moralities were upon the very threshold of real Tragedy and Comedy; and therefore we are not to wonder that Tragedies and Comedies in form soon after took place, especially as the revival of learning about this time brought them acquainted with the Roman and Grecian models.

At what period of time the Mysteries and Moralities had their rise it is difficult to discover. Holy plays representing the miracles and sufferings of the saints appear to have been no novelty in the reign of Henry II. and a lighter sort of
Inter-

*Interludes were not then unknown *. In Chaucer's Time " Plays of Miracles,, were the common resort of idle gossips **. Towards the latter end of Henry the VIIth's reign Moralities were so common, that John Rastel, brother-in-law to Sir Thomas More, conceived a design of making them the vehicle of science and natural philosophy. With this view he published*

*C. A. new interlude and a mery of the nature of the iiij elements declarynge many proper points of philosophy naturall, and of dyvers straunge landys, ***
 &c.*

* See Fitz-stephens's description of London, preserved by Stow, *Londonia pro spectaculis theatralibus, pro ludis scenicis, ludos habet sanctiores, representationes miraculorum, &c.* He is thought to have written in the R. of Hen. II. and tho have died in that of Rich. I. It is true at the end of his book we find mentioned *Henricum regem tertium*; but as it comes in between the names of the Empress Maud and Thomas Becket, it is probably a mistake of some transcriber for *Henricum regem ij.* as it might be written in MS. From a passage in his Chap. De Religione, it should seem that the body of St. Thomas Becket was just then a new acquisition to the Church of Canterbury.

** See Prologue to *Wife of Bath's Tale*, v. 558. Urry's Ed.

*** Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy, *Old Plays* i. vol. 3. The *Dramatis Personæ* are, "C. The Messengere (or Prologue) Nature naturate. Humanyte. Studyous Desire. Sensuall Appetyte. The Taverner. Experyence. Ygnorance. (Also yf ye lyst ye may brynge in a dysgyfyng.)" Afterwards follows a table of the matters handled in the interlude. Among which are "C. Of certeyn conclusions prouvyng yt the yerthe must nedes be rounde, and that it hengyth in myddes of the fyrmament, &c. C. Of certeyne points of cosmography
 " pby

Ec. It is observable that the poet speaks of the discovery of America as then recent;

— “ Within this xx yere
 “ Westwarde be founde new landes
 “ That we never hürde tell of before this,” Ec.

The west Indies were discovered by Columbus in 1492, which fixes the writing of this play to about 1510. The play of *Sick-Scorner* was probably somewhat more ancient, as he still more imperfectly alludes to the American discoveries, under the name of “the Newe founde Ilande,” sign. A. vij.

It appears from the prologue of the play of *The Four Elements*, that interludes were then very common: The profession of *PLAYER* was no less common; for in an old satire intituled *Cocke Lovelles Bore* * the author enumerates all the most common trades or callings, as “Carpenters, Coopers, Joyners, Ec. and among others, *PLAYERS*, tho’ it must be acknowledged he has placed them in no very reputable company,

“ *PLAYERS*, purse-cutters, money batterers,
 “ Golde-washers, tomblerers, jogelers,
 “ Pardoners, Ec.” Sign. B. vj.

It

“ phy and of dyvers straunge egyons, and
 “ of the new founde landys and the maner of the pe-
 “ ople.” This part is extremely curious, as it shows what notions were entertained of the new American discoveries.

* Pr. at the Sun in Fleet st. by W. de worde. no date. bl. L. 4to.

It is observable that in the old *Moralities of Hick Scorer*, *Every-man &c.* there is no kind of stage direction for the exits and entrances of the personages, no division of acts and scenes. But in the moral interlude of *Lusty Juventus* *, written under *Edw. VI.* the exits and entrances begin to be noted in the margin : at length in *Q. Elizabeth's* reign *Moralities* appeared formally divided into acts and scenes, with a regular prologue, &c. One of these is reprinted by *Dodsley*.

In the thime of *Hen. VIII.* one or two dramatic pieces had been published under the classical names of *Comedy* and *Tragedy* **, but they appear not to have been intended for popular use : it was not till the religious ferments had subsided that the public had leisure to attend to dramatic poetry. In the reign of *Eliz.* *Tragedies* and *Comedies* began to appear in form, and could the poets have persevered, the first models were good. *Gorboduc*, a regular tragedy, was acted

* Described in vol. 2. pag. 104. The *Dramatis Personæ* of this piece are, *C. Messenger*. *Lusty Juventus*. *Good Counsaill*. *Knowledge*. *Sathan the devyll*. *Hypocrisie*. *Fellowship*. *Abominable-lyving*, [an *Harlot*.] *Gods merciful promises*. ”

** *Bp. Bale* had applied the name of *Tragedy* to his *Mystery of Gods Promises*, in 1538. In 1540 *John Palsgrave*, *B. D.* hadre-published a *Latin comedy* called *Ucolastus*, with an *English version*. *Holingshed* even tells us, that so early as 1520, the king had “ a goodlie comedie of *Plautus* plaied,, before him at *Greenwich* : but he does not say in what language. See vol. 3. p. 850.

acted in 1561. [See Ames p. 316.] and Gascoigne, in 1566, exhibited *Jocasta*, a translation from Euripides, as also *The Supposes*, a regular comedy, from Ariosto: near thirty years before any of Shakespeare's were printed.

The people however still retained a relish for their old *Mysteries* and *Moralities* *, and the popular dramatic poets seem to have made them their models. The graver sort of *Moralities* appear to have given birth to our modern TRAGEDY; as our COMEDY evidently took its rise from the lighter interludes of that kind. And as most of these pieces contain an absurd mixture of religion and buffoonery, an eminent critic ** has well deduced from thence the origin of our unnatural TRAGICOMEDIES. Even after the people had been accustomed to Tragedies and Comedies, *Moralities* still kept their ground: one of them intituled *The New Custom* *** was printed so late as 1573: at length they assumed the name of MASQUES ****, and with some classical improvements, became in the two following reigns the favourite entertainments of the court.

As

* The general reception the old *Moralities* had upon the stage will account for the fondness of all our first poets for allegory. Subjects of this kind were familiar to every body.

** Bp. Warburt. *Shakesp. V.* 5.

*** In Dods. *Old Plays, V.* 1.

**** In some of these appeared characters full as extraordinary as in any of the old *Moralities*. In Ben. Jonson's masque of Christmas 1616, one of the personages is MINCED PYE.

As for the old *Mysteries*, which ceased to be acted after the reformation, they seem to have given rise to a third species of stage exhibition, which, though now confounded with Tragedy or Comedy, were by our first dramatic writers considered as quite distinct from them both: these were *Historical Plays*, or *HISTORIES*, a species of dramatic writing, which resembled the old *Mysteries* in representing a series of historical events simply in the order of time in which they happened, without any regard to the three great unities. These pieces seem to differ from Tragedy, just as much as *Historical poems* do from *Epic*: as the *Pharsalia* does from the *Æneid*. What might contribute to make dramatic poetry take this turn was, that soon after the *Mysteries* ceased to be exhibited, there was published a large collection of poetical narratives, called *The Mirrour for Magistrates* *, wherein a great number of the most eminent characters in English history are drawn relating their own misfortunes. This book was popular and of a dramatic cast, and therefore, as an elegant writer ** has well observed, might have its influence in producing *Historic Plays*. These narratives probably furnished the subjects, and the ancient *Mysteries* suggested the plan.

That our old writers considered *Historical Plays* as some what distinct from Tragedy and Comedy, appears from numberless passages of their works. “Of late days, says Stow, “instead of those stage-plays *** have been used Comedies,

H 2

“Trage-

* The first part of which was printed in 1559.

** *Catal. of Royal and Noble authors*, vol. I. p. 166, 7.

*** *The Creation of the world*, acted at *Skinners-well*, in 1409.

“ *Tragedies, Enterludes, and HISTORIES both true and
 “ fained.* „ *Survey of London* *. — Beaumont and Flet-
 cher, in the prologue to *The Captain*, say,

“ *This is nor Comedy, nor Tragedy,*

“ *Nor HISTORY.* „ —

Polonius in *Hamlet* commends the actors, as the best in
 the world “ *either for Tragedie, Comedie, HISTORIE,*
 “ *Pastorall,* „ *&c.* And Shakespeare’s friends, Heminge
 and Condell, in the first folio edit. of his plays, in 1623,
 have not only intitled their book “ *Mr. William Shakespea-
 “ re’s Comedies, HISTORIES, and Tragedies:* „ but in
 their Table of Contents have arranged them under those three
 several heads: placing in the class of HISTORIES, “ *K.*
 “ *John, Richard II. Henry IV. 2 pts. Henry V. Henry*
 “ *VI. 3 pts. Richard III. and Henry VIII.* „

This distinction deserves the attention of the critics: for
 if it be the first canon of sound criticism to examine any
 work by those rules the author prescribed for his observance,
 then we ought not to try Shakespeare’s HISTORIES by the
 general laws of Tragedy or Comedy. Whether the rule it-
 self be vicious or not, is another inquiry: but certainly we
 ought to examine a work only by those principles according
 to which it was composed. This would save a deal of im-
 pertinent criticism.

We have now brought the inquiry as low as was inten-
 ded, but cannot quit it without remarking the great fondness
 of

* See Mr. Warton’s *Observations*, vol. 2. pag. 109.

of our forefathers for dramatic entertainments : not fewer than NINETEEN play-houses had been opened before the year 1633 , when Prynne published his *Histrionastix* *. From this writer we learn that " tobacco , wine , and beer ** , were in those days the usual accomodations in the theatre , as now at Sadlers Wells. With regard to the ancient prices of admission ; That play-house called the HOPE had five different priced seats from six - pence to half - a - crown ***. Some Houses had PENNY benches ****. The " two - penny gallery , is mentioned in the Prol. to Beaum. and Fletcher's *Woman Hater* : And seats of threepence and a groat in the passage of Prynne last referred to. But the general price of what is now called the PYT seems to have been a shilling *****. The time of exhibition was early in the afternoon , their plays being generally acted by day - light *****. All female parts were performed by men , no actress being ever seen on the public stage before the civil wars. And as for the play-house furniture and ornaments , " they had no " other scenes nor decorations of the stage , but only old tapestry ,

H 3

* He speaks in p. 492 , of the play-houses in Bishopsgate - Street , and on Ludgate - Hill , which are not among the SEVENTEEN enumerated in Pref. to Dodsley's *Old Plays*.

** P. 322. *** Induct. to Jonson's *Bartholomew-Fair*.

**** So a MS. of Oldys , from Tom Nasb , an old pamphlet - writer.

***** Shakesp. Prol. to *Hen. viij.* — Beaum. and Fletch. Prol. to the *Captain* , and to the *Mad-lover*. The PIT probably had its name from one of the Play-houses having been a Cock-pit.

***** Biogr. Brit. I. 117. n. — Overbury's *Charact. of an actor.* — Even in the reign of Cha. II. plays began at 3 in the afternoon.

"pestry, and the stage strewn with rushes, with habits
 "accordingly * :,, as we are assured in *A Short Discourse*
on the English Stage, subjoined to *Flecknoe's LOVE'S-*
KINGDOM, 1674. 12mo.

I.

ADAM BELL, CLYM OF THE CLOUGH,
 AND WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLEY,

— were three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of residence was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle, (called in the ballad *Englishwood*, which is probably the true etymology.) When they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on "THE PEDIGREE, EDUCATION, AND MARRIAGE OF ROBIN HOOD," makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honour of beating them. This seems to prove that they were generally thought to have lived before the popular hero of Sherwood.

Our northern archers were not unknown to their southern countrymen, their excellence at the long-bow is often alluded

* Puttenham tells us they used *Vizards* in his time,
 "partly to supply the want of players, when there were
 "more parts than there were persons, or that it was not
 "thought meet to trouble . . . princes chambers with
 "too many folkes." [*Art of Eng. Poes.* 1589. p. 26.]
 From the last clause, it should seem that they were
 chiefly used in the *MASQUES* at Court.

ded to by our ancient poets. Shakespeare, in his comedy of "MUCH adoe about nothing," Act 1, makes Benedicke confirm his resolves of not yielding to love, by this protestation, "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat *," and "shoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder and called ADAM:" meaning ADAM BELL, as Theobald rightly observes, who refers to one or two other passages in our old poets wherein he is mentioned. The Oxford editor has also well conjectured that "Abraham Cupid," in Romeo and Juliet, A. 2. Sc. 1, should be "ADAM Cupid," in allusion to our archer. Ben Jonson has mentioned CLYM O' THE CLOUGH in his Alchemist, Act. 1. Sc. 2. And Sir William Davenant, in a mock-poem of his, called "THE long vacation in London," describes the Atorneys and Proctors, as making matches to meet in Finsbury fields,

"With loynes in canvas bow-case tyde;
 "Where arrowes stick with mickle pride;
 "... Like ghosts of ADAM BELL and CLYMME,
 "Sol sets for fear they'l shoot at him."

Works, p. 291. fol. 1673.

The following stanzas will be judged from the stile, orthography, and numbers, to be very ancient: they are given from an old black-letter quarto, Imprinted at London in Lothburye by Wylliam Copland (no date): corrected

H 4 in

* Bottles formerly were of leather; though perhaps a wooden bottle might be here meant. It is still a diversion in Scotland to hang up a cat in a small cask or firkin, half filled with soot: and then a parcel of clowns on horseback try to beat out the ends of it, in order to shew their dexterity in escaping before the contents fall upon them.

in some places by another copy in the editor's folio MS. In that volume this ballad is followed by another, intitl'd YOUNGE CLOUDESLEE, being a continuation of the present story, and reciting the adventures of William of Cloudesly's son: but greatly inferior to this, both in merit and antiquity.

P A R T T H E F I R S T.

MERY it was in grene forèst
 Amonge the levès grene,
 Wheras men hunt east and west
 Wyth bowes and arrowes kene;
 To ryse the dere out of theyr denne; 5
 Suche fightes hath ofte bene fene;
 As by thre yemen of the north countreÿ,
 By them it is I meane.

The one of them hight Adam Bel,
 The other Clym of the Clough, 10
 The thyrd was William of Cloudefly,
 An archer good ynough,
 They were outlawed for venyson,
 These yemen everychone;
 They swore them brethren upon a day, 15
 To Englyshe wood for to gone.

Now lith and lysten, gentylmen,
 That of myrthe loveth to here:
 Two of them were fingele men,
 The third had a wedded fere. 20

Wyllyam

Wyllyam was the wedded man,
 Muche more than was hys care:
 He sayde to hys brethren upon a day,
 To Carleil he wold fare;

For to speke with fayre Alyce his wife, 25
 And with hys chyldren thre.

By my trouth, sayde Adam Bel,
 Not by the counfell of me:

For if ye go to Carleil, brother,
 And from thys wylde wode wende, 30

If the justice may you take,
 Your lyfe were at an ende,

If that I come not to-morowe, brother,

By pryme to you agayne,
 Truste not els, but that I am take, 35
 Or else that I am flayne.

He toke hys leave of his brethren two,

And to Carleil he is gon:

There he knocked at his owne windowe

Shortlye and anone. 40

Wher be you, fayre Alyce my wyfe,

And my chyldren thre?

Lyghtly let in thyne own hufbànde

Wyllyam of Cloudeffè.

Alas! then sayde fayre Alyce, 45

And fyghed wonderous fore,

Thys place hath ben besette for you

Thys halfe yere and more.

H 5

Now

Now am I here, sayde Cloudeffle,
I wold that in I were: 50

Now fetche us meate and drynke ynoughe,
And let us make good chere.

She fetched hym meate and drynke plentyè;
Lyke a true wedded wyfe;
And pleased hym with that she had, 55
Whome she loved as her lyfe.

There lay an old wyfe in that place,
A lytle besyde the fyre,
Whych Wylliam had found of charytyè 60
More than seven yere.

Up she rose, and forth she goes,
Evel mote she spede therefoore;
For she had not set no fote on ground
In seven yere before.

She went unto the justice hall,
As fast as she could hye: 65
Thys nyght is come unto thys town
Wylliam of Cloudefflye.

Thereof the justice was full fayne,
And so was the shirife also: 70
Thou shalt not trauaill hether, dame, for nought,
Thy meed thou shalt have or thou go.

They gave to her a ryght good gounne
Of scarlate, and of graine:
She toke the gyft, and home she wente, 75
And couched her doune agayne.

They

They ryfed the towne of mery Carleile
 In all the hafte they can;
 And came thronging to Wyllyames houfe,
 As faft as they might gone. 80

There they befette that good yemàn
 About on every fyde:
 Wyllyam hearde great noyfe of folkes,
 That theyther-ward they hyed.

Alyce opened a back wyndòw,
 And loked all aboute,
 She was ware of the iuftice and fhirife bothe
 Wyth a full great route. 85

Alas! treafon, cryed Alyce,
 Ever wo may thou be!
 Goe into my chamber, husband, fhe fayd,
 Swete Wyllyam of Cloudeflè. 90

He toke hys fweard and hys bucler,
 Hys bow and hys chyldren thre,
 And wente into hys ftrongeft chamber,
 Where he thought fureft to be. 95

Fayre Alyce, like a lover true,
 Took a pollaxe in her hande:
 He fhall be deade that here commeth in
 Thys dore, while I may ftand. 100

Cloudefle bente a wel-good bowe,
 That was of trufte tre',
 He fmot the iuftife on the brest,
 That hys arowe brest in three.

A

A curse on his harte, faide William, 105
 Thys day thy cote dyd on!
 If it had ben no better then myne,
 It had gone nere thy bone.

Yeld the Cloudelessè, sayd the justife,
 Thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro. 110
 A curse on hys hart, sayd fair Alyce,
 That my husband councelleth fo.

Set fyre on the house, faide the fherife,
 Syth it wyll no better be,
 And brenne we therin William, he faide, 115
 Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.

They fyred the house in many a place,
 The fyre flew up on hys:
 Alas! than cryed fayre Alice,
 I fe we here shall dy. 120

William openyd a backe wyndow,
 That was in hys chamber hie,
 And wyth fhetes let downe his wyfe,
 And eke hys chyldren thre.

Have here my treasure, sayde William, 125
 My wyfe and my chyldren thre:
 For Christès love do them no harme,
 But wreke you all on me.

Wyllyam shot so wonderous well,
 Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe, 130
 And the fyre so fast upon hym fell;
 That hys bowstryng brent in two.

The sparkles brent and fell upon
Good Wylliam of Cloudeſle:
Than was he a wofull man, and ſayde, 135
Thys is a cowardes death to me.

Lever had I, ſayde Wylliam,
With my ſworde in the route to renne,
Then here among myne enemyes wode
Thus cruelly to bren. 140

He toke hys ſweard and hys buckler,
And among them all he ran,
Where the people were moſt in prece,
He ſmot downe many a man.

There myght no man abyde hys ſtroke, 145
So ferfly on them he ran:
Then they threw wyndowes, and dores on him,
And ſo toke that good yeman.

There they hym bounde both hand and fote,
And in depe dongeon caſt: 150
Now Cloudeſle, ſayd the hye juſtice,
Thou ſhalt be hanged in haſt.

A payre of new gallowes, ſayd the ſherife,
Now ſhal I for the make,
And the gates of Carleil ſhal be ſhutte: 155
No man ſhal come in therat.

Then ſhall not helpe Clym of the Cloughe,
Nor yet ſhal Adam Bell,
Though they came with a thouſand mo,
Nor all the devels in hell. 160

Early in the mornynge the iustice uprofe,
 To the gates fast gan he gon,
 And commaundeth to be shut full close
 Lightilè everychone.

Then went he to the markett place, 165
 As fast as he coude hye;
 A payre of new gallous there he fet up
 Befyde the pyllorye.

A lytle boy amonge them asked,
 "What meaneth that gallow-tre?" 170
 They fayde to hange a good yeaman,
 Called Wyllyam of Cloudeffè.

That lytle boye was the towne fwyne-heard,
 And kept fayre Alyces fwyne;
 Oft he had seene Cloudeffe in the wodde, 175
 And geuend hym there to dyne.

He went out att a crevis in the wall,
 And lightly to the woode dyd gone,
 There met he with these wightye yemen
 Shortly and anone. 180

Alas! then fayde that lytle boye,
 Ye tary here! all to longe;
 Cloudeffe is taken, and dampned to death,
 All readye for to honge.

Alas! then fayd good Adam Bell, 185
 That ever we see thys daye!
 He had better with us have taryed,
 So ofte as we dyd hym praye.

He

He myght have dwellyd in grene foreste,
 Onder the fhadowes grene, 190
 And have kepte both hym and us in reſte,
 Out of trouble and teene.

Adam bent a ryght good bow,
 A great hart ſone had he flayne:
 Take that, chylde, he ſayde, to thy dynner, 195
 And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.

Now go we hence, ſayed theſe wightye yeomen,
 Tary we no lenger here;
 We ſhall hym borowe by God his grace,
 Though we bye it full dere. 200

To Caerleil wente theſe good yemen,
 In a mery mornyng of maye.
 Here is a FYT * of Cloudeſlye,
 And another is for to ſaye.

P A R T T H E S E C O N D.

AN D when they came to mery Carleil,
 All in the mornyng tyde,
 They founde the gates ſhut them untill
 About on every fyde.

Alas!

Ver. 190. fhadowes ſheene. *P. C.*

Ver. 197. wight yong men. *P. C.*

* See *Gloß.*

Alas! than sayd good Adam Bell, 5
 That ever we were made men!
 These gates be fhut fo wonderous wel,
 We may not come here in.

Then bespake 'him' Clym of the Clough, 10
 Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng,
 Let us saye we be messengers,
 Streight come nowe from our king.

Adam said, I have a letter written,
 Now let us wyfely werke,
 We wyl saye we have the kynges seales: 15
 I holde the porter no clerke.

Then Adam Bell bete on the gate
 With strokes great and strong:
 The porter herde fuche noyse therat,
 And to the gate he throng. 20

Who is there nowe, sayde the porter,
 That maketh all thys dinne?
 We be tow messengers, sayde Clim of the Clough,
 Be come ryght from our kyng.

We have a letter, sayde Adam Bel, 25
 To the justice we must it bryng;
 Let us in our message to do,
 That we were agayne to the kyng.

Here commeth none in, sayd the porter,
 Be hym that dyed on a tre, 30
 Tyll a false thefe be hanged up,
 Called Wyllyam of Cloudestle.

Then

Then spake the good yeman Clym of the Clough,
And swore by Mary fre,
And if that we stande long wythout, 35
Lyk a thefe honge thou fhalt be.

Lo! here we have the kyngès seale:
What, Lurden, art thou wode?
The porter went * it had ben so,
And lyghtly dyd off hys hode. 40

Welcome be my lordes seale, he saide;
For that ye fhall come in.
He opened the gate full fhortlye;
An euyl openyng for him.

Now are we in, sayde Adam Bell, 45
Therof we are full faine;
But Christ he knowes, that harowed hell,
How we fhall com out agayne.

Had we the keys, said Clim of the Clough,
Ryght wel then shoulde we spede, 50
Then might we come out wel ynough
When we se tyme and nede.

They called the porter to counsell,
And wrange hys necke in two,
And cast hym in a depe dongeon, 55
And toke hys keys hym fro,

Now

Ver. 38. Lordeyne. P. C.

* *i. e. weened.*

VOL. III.

Now am I porter, fayd Adam Bel,
 Se brother the keys are here,
 The worst porter to merry Carleile
 The have had thys hundred yere.

60

And now wyll we our bowes bend,
 Into the towne will we go,
 For to delyuer our dere brothèr,
 That lyeth in care and wo.

Then they bent theyr good ewe bowes,
 And lokèd theyr stringes were round *,
 The markett place in mery Carleile
 They beset that stound.

65

And, as they lokèd them besyde,
 A paire of new galowes thei see,
 And the justice with a quest of squyers,
 Had judgèd theyr fere to de.

70

And Cloudeflè hymfelfe lay in a carte,
 Fast bound both fote and hand;
 And a stronge rop about hys necke,
 All ready for to hange.

75

The justice called to him a ladde,
 Cloudeflès clothes should he have
 To take the measure of that yemàn,
 Therafter to make hys grave,

80

I

* So Ascham says, "The stringe must be rounde."
 (Toxoph. p. 149. Ed. 1761.) A precept not very in-
 telligible now.

I have fene as great mervaille, said Cloudeflè,
 As betweyne thys and pryme,
 He that maketh thys grave for me
 Hymfelfe may lye therin.

Thou fpeakeft proudli, said the iustice, 85
 I fhall the hange with my hande.
 Full wel herd this his brethren two,
 There styll as they dyd ftande.

Then Cloudeflè caſt his eyen aſyde,
 And ſaw hys brethren twaine 90
 At a corner of the market place,
 Redy the iustice for to flaine.

I ſe comfort, ſayd Cloudeflè,
 Yet hope I well to fare,
 If I might have my handes at wyll 95
 Ryght lytle wolde I care.

Then beſpake good Adam Bell
 To Clym of the Clough ſo free,
 Brother, ſe ye marke the juſtyce wel,
 Lo! yonder ye may him ſe. 100

And at the ſhyriſe ſhote I wyll
 Strongly wyth arrowe kene,
 A better ſhote in mery Carleile
 Thys ſeven yere was not ſene.

They loofed their arrowes both at once, 105
 Of no man had the dread;
 The one hyt the iustice, the other the ſheryſe,
 That both theyr ſides gan blede.

I 2

All

All men voyded, that them stode nye,
 When the justice fell to the grounde, 110
 And the sherife fell hym by;
 Eyther had his deathes wounde.

All the citezens fast gan flye,
 They durst no lenger abyde;
 There lyghtly they loosed Cloudesle, 115
 Where he with ropes lay tyde.

Wyllyam sterte to an officer of the town,
 Hys axe fro hys hand he wronge,
 On eche syde he smote them downe,
 Hym thought he taryed to long. 120

Wyllyam sayde to hys brethren two,
 Thys daye let us lyve and de,
 If ever you have nede, as I have now,
 The same shall you finde by me.

They shot so well in that tyde, 125
 Theyr stringes were of filke ful sure,
 That they kept the stretes on every side;
 That batayle did long endure.

The fought together as brethren tru,
 Lyke hardy men and bolde, 130
 Many a man to the ground they thrue,
 And many a herte made colde.

Bnt when their arrowes were al gon,
 Men precd to them full fast,
 They drew theyr swordes then anone, 135
 And theyr bowes from them cast.

They

They wenten lyghtlye on theyr way ,
Wyth fwordes and bucklers round ,
By that it was myd of the day ,
They made mani a wound. 140

There was many an out horne in Carliel blowen ,
And the belles bacwàrd dyd ryng ,
Many a woman fayde , Alas !
And many theyr handes dyd wryng .

The mayre of Carleile forth was com , 145
Wyth hym a ful great route :
These yemen dred hym full fore ,
Of theyr lyves they stode in doute .

The mayre came armed a full great pace ,
With a pollaxe in hys hande ; 150
Many a strong man wyth him was ,
There in that stowre to stande .

The mayre smot at Cloudeflè with his bil ,
Hys bucler he braft in two ,
Full many a yeman with great evyll , 155
Alas ! they cryed for wo .
Kepe we the gates fast , they bad ,
That these traytours therout not go .

But al for nought was that the wrought ,
For so fast they downe were layde , 160
Tyll they all thre , that so manfulli fought ,
Were gotten without , abraide .

Have here your keys , sayd Adam Bel ,
Myne office I here forsake ,

And yf you do by my counsell 165
A new porter do ye make.

He threw theyr keys at theyr heads,
And bad them well to thryve,
And all that letteth any good yeman
To come and comfort his wyfe. 170

Thus be these good yemen gon to the wod,
And lyghtly, as lefe on lynde,
The lough and be mery in theyr mode,
Theyr foes were ferr behynd.

And when they came to Englyshe wode, 175
Under the trusty tre,
There they found bowes full good,
And arrowes full great plentye.

So God me help, sayd Adam Bell,
And Clym of the Clough so fre, 180
I would we were in mery Carleile,
Before that fayre meynè.

They set them downe, and made good chere,
And eate and dranke full well.
A second FYR of the wightye yeomen. 185
Another I wyll you tell.

Ver. 175. merry green wood. P. C.

PART THE THIRD.

AS they sat in Englyfhe wood,
Under the green-wode tre,
They thought they herd a woman wepe,
But her they mought not fe.

Sore then fyghed the fayre Alyce :
That ever I fawe thys day!
For nowe is my dere husband flayne :
Alas ! and wel-a-way !

Myght I have spoke with hys dere brethren ,
Or with eyther of them twayne ,
To fhew to them what him befell,
My hart were out of payne.

Cloudeflè walked a lytle befide ,
Lookt under the grene wood linde,
He was ware of his wife , and chyldren three ,
Full wo in harte and mynde.

Welcome , wyfe , then fayde Wyllyam ,
Under this trusti tre :
I wende yesterday , by fwete faynt John ,
Thou fhulde me never have fe.

“ Now well is me that ye be here ,
My harte is out of wo. ,
Dame , he fayde , be mery and glad ,
And thanke my brethren two.

I 4

Herof

Ver. 19. I had wende. P. C.

Ver. 20. never had fe. P. C.

Herof to speake, said Adam Bell, 25
I - wis it is no bote :

The meate, that we must sup withall,
It runneth yet fast on fote.

Then went they downe into a launde, 30
These noble archares thre;
Eche of them flew a hart of greece,
The best that they cold fe.

Have here the best, Alyce my wyfe,
Sayde Wylliam of Cloudeflye;
By cause ye so bouldly stode by me 35
When I was flayne full nye.

Then went they to suppere
Wyth fuche meate as they had,
And thanked God of ther fortune :
They were both mery and glad. 40

And when they had supped well,
Certayne wythouten lease,
Cloudeflè sayd, we wyll to our kyng,
To get us a charter of peace.

Alyce shal be at our sojournyng 45
In a nunery here besyde,
My tow sonnes shal wyth her go,
And there they shal abyde.

Myne eldest son shal go wyth me,
For hym have I no care: 50
And he shal breng you worde agayn,
How that we do fare.

Thus

Thus be these yemen to London gone,
 As fast as they myght he,
 Tyll they came to the kyng's pallace, 55
 Where they woulde nedes be.

And whan they came to the kyng's courte,
 Unto the pallace gate,
 Of no man wold they afke no leave,
 But boldly went in therat. 60

They preceed prestly into the hall,
 Of no man had they dreade:
 The porter came after, and dyd them call,
 And with them gan to chyde.

The usher sayde, Yemen, what would ye have? 65
 I pray you tell to me:
 You myght thus make offycers fhent:
 Good fyrs, of whence be ye?

Syr, we be out-lawes of the forest
 Certayne withouten leafe, 70
 And hether we be come to our kyng
 To get us a charter of peace.

And whan they came before the kyng,
 As it was the lawe of the lande,
 The kneled dawne without lettyng, 75
 And eche held up his hand.

The sayed, Lord, we besече the here,
 That ye wyll graunt us grace,
 For we have flayne your fat falow dere
 In many a fondry place. 80

What be your nams, then said our king,
Anone that you tell me?

They sayd, Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudeflè.

Be ye those thieves, then sayd our kyng, 85
That men have tolde of to me?

Here to God I make an avowe,
Ye shal be hanged all thre.

Ye shal be dead withoute mercy,
As I am kynge of this lande. 90

He commandeth his officers every one,
Fast on them to lay hand.

There they toke these good yemen,
And arested them all thre.

So may I thryve, sayd Adam Bell, 95
Thys game lyketh not me.

Bud, good lorde, we besече yow now,
That yee graunt us grace,

Infomuche as frelè to you we comen,
As frelè fro you to passe. 100

With such weapons, as we have here,

Tyll we be out of your place;

And yf we lyve this hundreth yere,

We wyll aske you no grace.

Ye speake proudly, sayd the kyng; 105

Ye shall be hanged all thre.

That were great pitye, then sayd the quene,

If any grace myght be.

My lorde, whan I came fyrst into this lande
To be your wedded wyfe, 110
The fyrst boone that I wold afke,
Ye would graunt it me belyfe:

And I never asked none tyll now;
Then, good lorde, graunt it me.
Nowe afke it, madam, sayd the kynge, 115
And graunted it shal be.

Then, good my lord, I you besече,
These gemen graunt ye me.
Madame, ye myght have asked a boone,
That shuld have been worth them all three. 120

Ye myght have asked towres, and townes,
Parkes and forestes plentè.
But none soe pleasant to my pay, shee sayd,
Nor none so lefe to me.

Madame, fith it is your desyre, 125
Your askyng graunted shal be,
But I had lever have geven you
Good market townes thre.

The quene was a glad woman
And fayde, Lord, gramarcyè: 130
I dare undertake for them,
That true men they shal be.

But

Ver. 111. 119. bowne. P. C.

Ver. 130. God a mercye. MS.

But good my lord, speke som mery word,
That comfort they may fe.

I graunt you grace, then sayd our king, 135
Wafhe, felos, and to meate go ye.

They had not fetten but a whyle
Certayne without lefyng, 140
There came messengers out of the north
With letters to our kyng.

And whan the came before the kyng,
They knelt downe on theyr kne;
Sayd, Lord, your officers grete you well,
Of Carleile in the north cuntrè.

How fareth my justice, sayd the kyng, 145
And my fherife also?
Syr, they be flayne without leasyng,
And many an officer mo.

Who hath them flayne, sayd the kyng;
Anone thou tell to me? 150
Adam Bell, and Clime of the Clough:
And Wyllyam of Cloudele.

Alas for rewth! then sayd our kyng;
My hart is wonderous fore;
I had lever than a thousande pounce, 155
I had knowne of thys before:

For I have graunted them grace,
And that forthynketh me:
But had I knowne all thys before,
They had been hanged all thre. 160

The

The kyng hee opened the letter anone,
Himselfe he red it tho,
And founde how these outlawes had flain
Thre hundred men and mo:

Fyrst the justice, and the sheryfe, 165
And the mayre of Carleile towne;
Of all the constables and catchipolles
Alyve were scant left one:

The baylyes, and the bedyls both,
And the fergeaunte of the law, 170
And forty fosters of the fe,
These outlawes had yflaw:

And broke his parks, and flayne his dere;
Of all they chose the best;
So perelous out-lawes, as they were, 175
Walked not by easte nor west.

When the kynge this letter had red,
In harte he fyghed fore:
Take up the tables anone he bad,
For I may eate no more. 180

The kyng called hys best archars
To the buttes with hym to go;
I wyll se these felowes fhote, he sayd,
In the north have wrought this wo.

The kynges bowmen busket them blyve, 185
And the quenes archers also:

So

So dyd these thre wyghtye yemen,
With them they thought to go.

There twyfe, or thryfe they fhote about
For to assay theyr hande; 190
There was no fhote these yemen fhot;
That any prycke * myght stand.

Then spake Wylliam of Cloudefle,
By hym that for me dyed,
I hold hym never no good archar, 195
That fhoteth at buttes so wyde.

At what a butte now wold ye fhote,
I pray thee tell to me?
At fuche a but, fyr, he sayd,
As men use in my countrè. 200

Wylliam wente into a fyeld,
With his two brethèrene:
There they fet up two hafell roddes
Full twenty score betwene.

I hold him an archar, said Cloudefle, 205
That yonder wande cleveth in two.
Here is none fuche, sayd the kyng.
Nor none that can so do.

I shall assaye, fyr, sayd Cloudefle,
Or that I farther go. 210

Cloudefly

* *i. e. mark.* Ver. 202, 203, 212, 10. P. C. Ver.
204. Twenty score paces. P. C. *i. e.* 400 yards.

Cloudefly with a bearyng arow
Clave the wand in two.

Thou art the best archer, then said the king,
For sothe that ever I se.

And yet for your love, sayd Wylliam, 215
I wyll do more maystry.

I have a sonne is seven yere olde,
He is to me full deare;
I wyll hym tye to a stake;
All shall se, that be here; 220

And lay an apple upon hys head,
And go fyxe score hym fro,
And I my selfe with a brode aròw
Shall cleve the apple in two.

Now haste the, then sayd the kyng, 225
By hym that dyed on a tre,
But yf thou do not, as thou heft sayde,
Hanged shalt thou be.

And thou touche his head or gowne.
In fyght that men may se, 230
By all the sayntes that be in heaven,
I shall hange you all thre.

That I have promised, said William,
That wyll I never forsake.
And there even before the kynge 235
In the earth he drove a stake:

And

And bound therto his eldest sonne,
 And bad hym stand styll thereat;
 And turned the childe's face him fro,
 Because he should not sterte. 240

An apple upon his head he set,
 And then his bowe he bent:
 Syxe score paces they were out mete,
 And thether Cloudeflè went.

There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe, 245
 Hys bowe was great and longe,
 He set that arrowe in his bowe,
 That was both styffe and stronge.

He prayed the people, that wer there,
 That they still wold stand, 250
 For he shote for such a wager,
 Behoveth a stedfast hand.

Muche people prayed for Cloudeflè,
 That his lyfe saved myght be,
 And whan he made hym redy to shote, 255
 There was many weping ee.

But Cloudeflè cleft the apple in twaine,
 His sonne he did not see.
 Over Gods forbode, sayde the kinge,
 That thou shold shote at me. 260

I geve thee eightene pence a day,
 And my bowe shalt thou bere,

And

And over all the north countre
I make the chyfe rydère.

And I thyrtene pence a day, said the quene, 265
By God, and by my fay;
Come feche thy payment when thou wylt
No man fhall fay the nay.

Wyllyam, I make the a gentelman
Of clothyng, and of fe: 270
And thy two brethren, yemen of my chambre,
For they are so femely to fe.

Your sonne, for he is tendre of age,
Of my wyne-feller he shal be;
And whan he commeth to mans estate, 275
Shal better avaunced be.

And, Wyllyam, bring to me your wife,
Me longeth her fore to fe:
She shall be my chefe gentelwoman
To governe my nurferye. 280

The yemen thanketh them curteously.
To some byshop wyl we wend,
Of all the fynnes, that we have done,
To be affoyld at his hand.

So forth be gone these good yemen, 285
As fast as they might he,
And after came and dwelled with the kynge,
And dyed good men all thre.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen;
God fend them eternall blyffe, 290
And all, that with a hand-bowe shoteth,
That of heven they never mysse. Amen.

II.

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH LOVE.

The Grave-digger's song in HAMLET, A. 5. is taken from three stanzas of the following poem, though somewhat altered and disguised, probably as the same were corrupted by the ballad-singers of Shakespeare's time. The original is preserved among Surrey's Poems, 1559, and is attributed to Lord VAUX, by Geo. Gascoigne, who tells us, it "was thought by some to be made upon his death-bed;," a popular error which he laughs at. (See his Epist. to Yong Gent. prefixed to his Posies 1575. 4to.) Lord Vaux was remarkable for his skill in drawing feigned manners, &c. for so I understand an ancient writer. "The Lord Vaux his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his meetre, and the aptnesse of his descriptions such as he taketh upon him to make, namely in sundry of his Songs, wherein he shoveth the COUNTERFAIT ACTION very lively and pleasantly.," Arte of Eng. Poesie, 1589. p. 51. See also Vol. 2. p. 45.

I Lothe that I did love,
 In youth that I thought swete:
 As tyme requires for my behove,
 Me thinkes they are not mete.

My lustes they do me leave,
 My fancies all be fled,
 And tract of time begins to weave
 Gray heares upon my hed.

For

For age with stealing steps,
 Hath clawed me with his crowch, 10
 And lusty life away she leapes,
 As there had ben none such.

My muse doth not delight
 Me as she did before,
 My hand and pen are not in plight, 15
 As they have ben of yore.

For reason me denyes,
 This youthly ydle rime
 And day by day to me she cryes,
 Leave off these toyes in tyme. 20

The wrinkles in my brow,
 The furrowes in my face
 Say, limping age will lodge him now,
 Where youth must geve him place.

The harbinger of death, 25
 To me I see him ride,
 The cough, the colde, the gasping breath,
 Doth bid me to provyde.

A pikeax and a spade,
 And eke a shrowding shete, 30
 A howse of clay for to be made,
 For such a guest most mete.

Me thinkes I heare the clarke,
 That knowles the carefull knell,
 And bids me leave my woful warke, 35
 Ere nature me compell.

My keepers knit the knot,
 That youth did laugh to skorne,
 Of me that clene shal be forgot,
 As I had not been borne. 40

Thus must I youth geve up,
 Whose badge I long did weare,
 To them I yield the wanton cup
 That better may it beare.

Lo here the bar-hed skull, 45
 By whose balde signe I know,
 That stouping age away shall pull,
 Which youthful yeres did sow.

For beauty with her band,
 These croked cares hath wrought, 50
 And shipped me into the lande,
 From whence I first was brought.

And ye that byde behinde,
 Have ye none other trust:
 As ye of clay wer cast by kinde, 55
 So shall ye waft to dust.

III.

A SONG TO THE LUTE IN MUSICKE.

Shakespeare has made this sonnet the subject of some pleasant ridicule in his ROMEO AND JULIET. A. IV. Sc. 5. where he introduces Peter putting this Question to the Musicians.

“PETER

" PETER. . . . why " Silver Sound" ? why " Musicke
" with her silver sound" ? what say you, Simon Catling ?

" 1. MUS. Marry sir, because silver hath a sweet
" sound.

" PET. Pretty ! what say you, Hugh Rebecke ?

" 2. MUS. I say, silver sound, because Musicians
" sound for silver.

" PET. Pretty too ! what say you, James Sound-post.

" 3. MUS. Faith, I know not what to say.

" PET. . . . I will say for you: It is " Musicke with
" her silver sound," because Musicians have no gold for
sounding.

This ridicule is not so much levelled at the song itself
(which for the time it was written is not inelegant) as at
those forced and unnatural explanations often given by us
painful editors and expositors of ancient authors.

This copy is printed from the old quarto MS. in the Cot-
ton Library, [Vesp. A. 25.] entitled " Divers things of
" Hen. viij's time," with some corrections from The Pa-
radise of dainty devises, 1596.

WHERE gripinge grefes the hart would wounde,

And dolefulle dumps the mynde oppresse,
There musicke with her silver sound

With spede is wont to send redresse:

Of trobled mynds, in every fore,

Swete musicke hathe a salve in store.

In joye yt maks our mirth abounde,
 In woe yt cheres our hevy sprites;
 Be-strawghted heads relyef hath founde,
 By musickes pleasaunt swete delightes:
 Our senses all, what shall I say more?
 Are subiecte unto musicks lore.

The Gods by musicke have their prayse,
 The lyfe, the soule therein doth joye;
 For, as the Romaine poet sayes;
 In seas, whom pyratts would destroy,
 A dolphin saved from death most sharpe
 Arion playing on hys harpe.

O heavenly gyft, that rules the mynd,
 Even as the sterne dothe rule the shippe!
 O musicke, whom the gods affinde
 To comforte manne, whom cares would nippe!
 Sense thow both man and beste doest move,
 What beste ys he, wyll the disprove?

IV.

KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID,

— is a story often alluded to by our old Dramatic Writers.
 Shakespear in his ROMEO AND JULIET, [A. II. Sc. 1.
 makes Mercutio say,

— “ Her [Venus's] purblind son and heir,
 “ Young Adam * Cupid, he that shot so true,
 “ When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid.”

As

* See above p. 130.

As the 13th Line of the following ballad seems here particularly alluded to, it is not improbable but Shakespeare wrote it SHOT SO TRIM, which the players or printers, not perceiving the allusion, might alter to TRUE. The former, as being the more humorous expression, seems most likely to have come from the mouth of Mercurtio.

IN the 2d Part of HEN. IV. A. 5. Sc. 3. Falstaff is introduced affectedly saying to Pistoll,

“ O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news? ”

“ Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof. ”

These lines Bp. Warburton thinks were taken from an old bombast play of KING COPHETUA. No such play is, I believe, now to be found: but it does not therefore follow that it never existed. Many dramatic pieces are referred to by old writers *, which are not now extant; or even mentioned in any List. In the infancy of the stage, plays were often exhibited that were never printed.

It is probably in allusion to the same play that Ben Jonson says in his Comedy of EVERY MAN in his humour, A. 3. Sc. 4.

“ I have not the heart to devour thee, an’ I might be
“ made as RICH as King Cophetua. ”

At least there is no mention of King Cophetua’s RICHES in the present ballad, which is the oldest I have met with on the subject.

It is printed from Rich. Johnson’s “ Crown Garland of
“ Goulden Roses. ” 1612. 12mo. (where it is intituled simply,
A SONG OF A BEGGAR AND A KING:) corrected by
another copy.

K 4

I

* See Meres’s Wits Treas. f. 283, Arte of Eng. Poes. 1589. p. 51, 111, 243, 169.

I Read that once in Affrica
 A princely wight did raine,
 Who had to name Cophetua,
 As poets they did faine:
 From natures lawes he did decline,
 For fure he was not of my mind,
 He cared not for women-kinde,
 But did them all difdaine,
 But, marke, what hapned on a day.
 As he out of his window lay,
 He faw a beggar all in gray,
 The which did caufe his paine.

The blinded boy, that fhootes fo trim,
 From heaven downe did hie;
 He drew a dart and fhoot at him,
 In place where he did lye:

Which foone did pierfe him to the quicke,
 And when he felt the arrow pricke,
 Which in his tender heart did fticke,
 He looketh as he would dye.

What fudden chance is this, quoth he,
 That I to love muft fubject be,
 Which never thereto would agree,
 But ftill did it defie?

Then from the window he did come,
 And laid him on his bed,

A thoufand heapes of care did runne
 Within his troubled head:

For now he meanes to crave her love,
 And now he feeke which way to proove

How he his fancie might remoove,

And not this beggar wed.

But

But Cupid had him so in snare,
That this poore begger must prepare
A salve to cure him of his care,
Or els he would be dead. 35

And, as he musing thus did lye,
He thought for to devise
How he might have her companie,
That so did 'maze his eyes. 40

In thee, quoth he, doth rest my life,
For surely thou shalt be my wife;
Or else this hand with bloody knife
The Gods shall fure suffice. 45

Then from his bed he soon arose,
And to his pallace gate he goes;
Full little then this begger knowes
When she the king espies. 50

The gods preserve your majesty
The beggers all gan cry:
Vouchsafe to give your charity
Our childrens food to buy. 55

The king to them his purffe did cast,
And they to part it made great haste,
The silly woman was the last
That after them did hye. 60

The king he cal'd her back againe,
And unto her he gave his chaine,
And said, With us you shal remaine
Till such time as we dye: 65

For thou, quoth he, shalt be my wife,
And honoured for my queene;
With thee I meane to lead my life,
As shortly shall be seene: 70

Our wedding fhall appointed be, 65
And every³ thing in its degree:

Come on, quoth he, and follow me,

Thou fhalt go fhift thee cleane.

What is thy name, faire maid, quoth he?

Penelophon, O king, quoth fhe: 70

With that fhe made a lowe courtfey,

A trim one as I weene.

Thus hand in hand along they walke

Unto the king's pallace:

The king with courteous comly talke 75

This begger doth imbrace:

The begger blufheth scarlet red,

And ftraight againe as pale as lead,

But not a word at all fhe faid,

She was in fuch amaze. 80

At laft fhe fpake with trembling voyce

And faid, O king, I doe rejoyce

That you wil take me for your choyce,

And my degree's fo bafe.

And when the wedding day was come, 85

The king commanded ftrait

The noblemen both all and fome

Upon the queene to wait.

And fhe behavde herfelf that day,

As if fhe had never walkt the way; 90

She had forgot her gowne of gray,

Which fhe did weare of late.

The proverbe old is come to paffe,

The prieff, when he begins his maffe,

Forgets that ever clerke he was, 95

He knowth not his eftate.

Here

Here you may read, Cophetua,
 Though long time fancie-fed,
 Compelled by the blinded boy
 The begger for to wed, 100
 He that did lovers lookes disdaine,
 To do the same was glad and faine,
 Or else he would himselfe have flaine,
 In storie, as we read.

Disdaine no whit, O lady deere, 105
 But pittie now thy servant heere,
 Least that it hap to thee this yeare,
 As to that king it did.

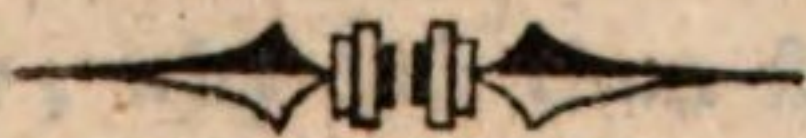
And thus they led a quiet life
 During their princely raine; 110
 And in a tombe were buried both,
 As writers sheweth plaine.

The lords they tooke it grievously,
 The ladies tooke it heavily,
 The commons cryed pitionfly, 115
 Their death to them was paine.

Their fame did sound so passingly,
 That it did pierce the starry sky,
 And throughout all the world did flye
 To every princes realme. 120

V. 105. Here the Poet addressees himself to his mistress.

V. 112. Sheweth was anciently the plur. numb.



V.

TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE,

— is supposed to have been originally a Scottish Ballad. The reader has here an ancient copy in the English idiom, with an additional Stanza (the 2d.) never before printed. This curiosity is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. but not without corruptions, which are here removed by the assistance of the Scottish Edit. Shakespear in his OTHELLO, A. 2. has quoted one stanza, with some variations, which are here adopted: The old MS. readings are however given in the margin.

THIS winters weather waxeth cold,
 And frost doth freeze on every hill,
 And Boreas blowes his blasts foe bold,
 That all our cattell are like to spill;
 Bell my wife, who loves no strife,
 She sayd unto me quietlie,
 Rise up, and save cow Crumbockes life,
 Man, put thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte 'and scorne'?
 Thou kenst my cloak is very thin:
 It is so bare and overworne,
 A cricke * he thereon cannot renn:
 Then Ile noe longer borrow nor lend,
 'For once Ile new appareld bee,
 To - morrow Ile to towne and spend,
 For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

* Perhaps ticke.

SHE.

Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,
 Shee has been alwayes true to the payle,
 Still has helpt us to butter and cheefe, I trow;
 And other things she will not fayle; 20
 I wold be loth to see her pine,
 Good husband, counsell take of mee,
 It is not for us to goe foe fine,
 Then take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

My cloake it was a very good cloake, 25
 Itt hath been alwayes true to the weare,
 But now it is not worth a groat;
 I have had it four ant forty yeare:
 Sometime it was of cloth in graine,
 'Tis now but a figh-clout as you may see, 30
 'It will neither hold out winde nor raine;
 Ill have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

It is four and fortye yeeres agoe
 Since th' one of us the other did ken,
 And wee have had betwixt us towe 35
 Of children either nine or ten;
 Wee have brought them up to women and men;
 In the feare of God I trow they bee;
 And why wilt thou thyself misken?
 Man, take thine old cloake about thee. 40

HE.

O Bell my wife, why dost thou floute!
 Now is nowe, and then was then:

Seeke

Secke now all the world throughout,
 Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen.
 They are clad in blacke, greene, yellowe, or 'gray,' 45
 Soe farr above their owne degree:
 Once in my liffe Ile 'doe as they,'
 For ill have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
 His breeches cost him but a crowne, 50
 He held them fixpence all too deere;
 Therefore he calld the taylor Lowne.
 He was a wight of high renowne,
 And thouse but of a low degree:
 Itt's pride that putts the countrie downe, 55
 Then take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

'Bell my wife fhe loves not strife,
 Yet fhe will lead me if fhe can,
 And oft, to live a quiet life,
 I am forced to yield, though Ime good-man': 60
 Itt's not for a man with a woman to threape,
 Unlesse he first give oer the plea:
 Where I began I now mun leave,
 And take mine old cloake about mee.

Ver. 49. King Harry. MS. Ver. 50. I trow his hose. MS.
Ver. 51. 12 pence. MS. Ver. 52. clowne. MS.

VI.

WILLOW, WILLOW, WILLOW.

It is from the following stanzas that Shakespeare has taken his song of the WILLOW, in his OTHELLO, A. 4. s. 3. though somewhat varied and applied by him to a female character. He makes Desdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner,

- “ *My mother had a maid call'd Barbarie :*
 “ *She was in love ; and he , she lov'd , forsook her ,*
 “ *And she prov'd mad. She had a Song of WILLOW.*
 “ *An old thing 'twas , but it express'd her fortune ;*
 “ *And she dyed singind it. ,*

This is given from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection thus intituled , “ A Lovers complaint , beind forsaken of his love. To a pleasant tune. ,”

A Poore soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree,
 O willow, willow, willow !

With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee ;

O willow, willow, willow !

O willow, willow, willow !

Sing, O the greene willow I shall be my garland.

He sigh'd in his sighing, and after each grone,

Come willow, &c.

I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone ;

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

My

My love she is turned ; untrue she doth prove :

O willow , &c.

She renders me nothing but hate for my love.

O willow , &c.

15

Sing, O the greene willow , &c.

O pittie me (cried he) ye lovers, each one:

O willow , &c.

Her heart's hard as marble; she rues not my mone.

O willow , &c.

20

Sing, O the greene willow , &c.

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace,

O willow , &c.

The salt tears fell from him , which drowned his face :

O willow , &c.

25

Sing, O the greene willow , &c.

The muthe birds fate by him , made tame by his mones :

O willow , &c.

The salt tears fell from him , which softned the stones.

O willow , &c.

30

Sing, O the greene willow , shall be my garland !

Let nobody blame me , her scornes I do prove ;

O willow , &c.

She was borne to be fair ; I, to die for her love.

O willow , &c.

35

Sing, O the greene willow , &c.

O that beauty should harbour a heart, that's so hard !

Sing willow , &c.

My true love rejecting without all regard,

O willow , &c.

40

Sing, O the green willow , &c.

Let

Let Love no more boast him in palace, or bower;
O willow, &c.

For women are trothles, and fote in an houre.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

But what helps complaining? In vaine I complaine:

O willow, &c.

I must patiently suffer her scorne, and disdaine.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Come, all you forsaken, and fet down by me,

O willow, &c.

He that 'plaines of his false love, mine's falser than she.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The willow wreath weare I, since my love did fleet;

O willow, &c.

A Garland for lovers forsaken most meete.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

THE SECOND PART.

LOWE lay'd by my sorrow, begot by disdaine,
O willow, willow, willow!

Against her too cruell, still still I complaine,

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow:

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

O love too injurious, to wound my poore heart;

O willow, &c.

To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart:

O willow, &c. 10

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O willow, willow, willow! the willow garland,

O willow, &c.

A sign of her falsenesse before me doth stand:

O willow, &c. 15

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As here it doth bid to despair and to dye,

O willow, &c.

So hang it, friends, ore mee in grave where I lye:

O willow, &c. 20

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view

O willow, &c.

Of all that doe knowe her, to blaze her untrue.

O willow, &c. 25

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,

O willow, &c.

“Here lyes one, drank poyson for potion most sweet.,

O willow, &c. 30

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Though she thus unkindly hath scorned my love,

O willow, &c.

And carelesly smiles at the sorrowes, I prove;

O willow, &c. 35

Sing, O the green willow, &c.

I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,

O willow, &c.

Cause once well I loved her, and honoured her name:

O willow, &c.

40

Sing, O the green willow, shall be my garland.

The name of her founded so sweete in mine eare;

O willow, &c.

It rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare;

O willow, &c.

45

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my griefe;

O willow, &c.

It now brings me anguish, then brought me reliefe.

O willow, &c.

50

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Farewell, faire false hearted: plaints end with my breath!

O willow, &c.

Thou dost loath me, I love thee, though cause of my
death.

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

55

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

VII.

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.

This ballad is quoted in Shakespeare's second Part of HENRY IV. A. 2. sc. 4. The subject of it is taken from the ancient romance of K. arthur (commonly called MORTE ARTHUR) being a poetical translation of Chap. cviii, cix,

cx, in Pt. 1st. as they stand in Ed. 1634. 4to. In the older Editions the Chapters are differently numbered. — This song is given from a printed copy, corrected in part by the folio MS.

In the same play of 2 Hen. IV. SILENCE hums a scrap of one of the old ballads of Robin Hood. Is is taken from the following stanza of ROBIN HOOD AND THE PINDAR OF WAKEFIELD.

All this beheard three wighty yeomen,
 Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John :
 With that they espy'd the jolly Pindar
 As he fate under a thorne.

That ballad may be found on every stall, and therefore is not here reprinted.

WHEN Arthur first in court began,
 And was approved king,
 By force of armes great victoryes wanne,
 And conquest home did bring.

Then into England straight he came
 With fifty good and able
 Knights, that resorted unto him,
 And were of his round table.

And many justs and turnaments,
 Wherto were many prest,
 Wherein some knights did then excell
 And far surmount the rest.

But

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
 Who was approved well,
 He for his deeds and feates of armes, 15
 All others did excell.

When he had rested him a while,
 In play, and game, and sportt,
 He said he wold goe prove himselfe
 In some adventurous fort. 20

He armed rode in forrest wide,
 And med a damfell faire,
 Who told him of adventures great,
 Whereeto he gave good eare.

Such wold I find, quoth Lancelott: 25
 For that cause came I hither.
 Thou seemst, quoth she, a knight full good,
 And I will bring thee thither.

Wheras a mighty knight doth dwell,
 That now is of great fame: 30
 Therefore tell me what wight thou art,
 And what may be thy name.

"My name is Lancelot du Lake."
 Quoth she, it likes me than:
 Here dwelles a knight who never was 35
 Yet matcht with any man:

Who has in prison threescore knights
 And four, that he did wound;
 Knights of king Arthurs court they be,
 And of his table round. 40

She brought him to a river fide,
 And also to a tree,
 Whereon a copper bason hung,
 And many shields to see.

He struck foe hard, the bason broke; 45
 And Tarquin soon he spied:
 Who drove a horse before him fast,
 Whereon a knight lay tyed.

Sir knight, then sayd Sir Lancelott,
 Bring me that horse-load hither, 50
 And lay him downe, and let him rest;
 Weel try our force together.

For, as I understand, thou hast,
 Soe far as thou art able,
 Done great despite and shame unto 55
 The knights of the Round Table.

If thou be of the Table Round,
 Quoth Tarquin speedilye,
 Both thee and all thy fellowship
 I utterly defye. 60

That's over much, quoth Lancelott;
 Defend thee by and by.
 They sett their speares unto their steeds,
 And each att other flye.

They coucht their speares, (their horses ran 65
 As though there had been thunder)
 And strucke them each amidst their shields,
 Wherewith they broke in funder.

Their

Their horfes backes brake under them,
 The knights were both aftound: 70
 To avoyd their horfes they made hafte
 And light upon the ground.

They tooke them to their fhields full faft,
 Their fwords they drew out than,
 With mighty ftrokes moft eagerlye 75
 Eache at the other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full fore,
 For breath they both did ftand,
 And leaning on their swordes awhile,
 Quoth Tarquine, Hold thy hand, 80

And tell to me what I fhall afke.
 Say on, quoth Lancelot tho.
 Thou art, quoth Tarquine, the beft knight
 That ever I did know;

And like a knight, that I did hate: 85
 Soe that thou be not hee,
 I will deliver all the reft,
 And eke accord with thee.

That is well fayd, quoth Lancelott;
 But fith it muft be foe, 90
 What knight is that thou hateft thus?
 I pray thee to me fhow.

His name is Lancelot du Lake,
 He flew my brother deere;
 Him I fufpect of all the reft: 95
 I would I had him here.

Thy wifh thou haft, but yet unknowne,
 I am Lancelot du Lake,
 Now knight of Arthurs Table Round;
 King Hauds fon of Schuwake; 100

And I defire thee do thy worft.
 Ho, ho, quoth Tarquin tho,
 One of us two fhall end our lives
 Before that we do go.

If thou be Lancelot du Lake, 105
 Then welcome fhalt thou bee:
 Wherefore fee thou thyfelf defend,
 For now defye I thee.

They buckled then together fo,
 Like unto wild boares rufhing, 110
 And with their fwords and fhields they ran
 At one another flafhing:

The ground befprinkled was with blood:
 Tarquin began to yield,
 For he gave backe for wearineffe, 115
 And lowe did beare his fhield.

This foone Sir Lancelot efpyde,
 He leapt upon him then,
 He pull'd him downe upon his knee,
 And rufhing off his helm, 120

Forthwith he ftrucke his necke in two,
 And, when he had foe done,
 From prifon threefcore knights and four
 Delivered everye one.

VIII.

CORYDON'S FAREWELL TO PHILLIS

— is an attempt to paint [a lover's irresolution, but so poorly executed, that it would not have been admitted into this collection, if it had not been quoted in Shakespear's TWELFTH-NIGHT, A. 2. sc. 3. — It is found in a little ancient miscellany intituled, "The golden Garland of princely delights.", 12mo. bl. let.

In the same scene of the Twelfth Night, SIR TOBY sings a scrap of an old ballad, which is preserved in the Pepys Collection [Vol. 1. p. 33. 496.] but is so poor a performance, that it will be sufficient here to give the first stanza :

THE BALLAD OF CONSTANT SUSANNA.

There dwelt a man in Babylon
Of reputation great by fame,
He took to wife a faire woman,
Sufanna she was callde by name;
A woman fair and vertuous;

Lady, lady:
Why should we not of her learn thus
To live godly?

If this song of CORYDON, &c. has not more merit, it is at least an evil of less magnitude.

FAREWELL, dear love; since thou wilt needs begone,
Mine eyes do shew, my life is almost done.

Nay I will never die, so long as I can spie
There be many mo, thought that she doe goe.

There be many mo, I fear not:

Why then let her goe, I care not.

L 5

Farewell,

Farewell, farewell; since this I find is true,
 I will not spend more time in wooing you:
 But I will seek elsewhere, if I may find love there:
 Shall I bid her goe? what and if I doe? 10
 Shall I bid her goe and spare not?
 O no, no, no, I dare not.

Ten thousand times farewell; — yet stay a while: —
 Sweet, kiss me once; sweet kisses time beguile:
 I have no power to move. How now am I in love? 15
 Wilt thou needs be gone? Go then, all is one.
 Wilt thou needs be gone? Oh, hie thee!
 Nay stay, and do no more deny me.

Once more adieu, I see loath to depart
 Bids oft adieu to her, that holds my heart. 20
 But seeing I must lose thy love, which I did choose,
 Go thy way for me, since that may not be.
 Go thy ways for me. But whither?
 Go, oh, but where I may come thither.

What shall I do? my love is now departed. 25
 She is as fair, as she is cruel-hearted.
 She would not be intreated, with prayers oft repeated.
 If she come no more, shall I die therefore?
 If she come no more, what care I?
 Faith, let her goe, or come, or tarry. 30

IX.

GERNUTUS THE JEW OF VENICE.

In the "LIFE OF POPE SIXTUS V. translated from the Italian of Greg. LETI, by the Rev. Mr. Farnsworth, folio, is a remarkable passage to the following effect,

" IT was reported in Rome, that Drake had taken and
 " plundered St. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an
 " immense booty. This account came in a private letter to
 " Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city,
 " who had large concerns in those parts, which he had in-
 " sured. Upon receiving this news, he sent for the insurer
 " Sampson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it.
 " The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report
 " thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly
 " be true, and at last worked himself into such a passion,
 " that he said, I'll lay you a pound of my flesh it is a lye.
 " Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, I'll lay
 " you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh that
 " it is true. The Jew accepted the wager, and articles
 " were immediately executed betwixt them, That if Secchi
 " won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife
 " from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased. The
 " truth of the account was soon confirmed; and the Jew was
 " almost distracted, when he was informed, that Secchi had
 " solemnly sworn he would compel him to an exact perfor-
 " mance of his contract. A report of this transaction was
 " brought to the Pope, who sent for the parties, and being
 " informed of the whole affair, said, When contracts are
 " made, it is but just they should be fulfilled, as this shall.
 " Take a knife therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh
 " from any part you please of the Jew's body. We advise
 " you,

“ you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a
 “ scruple more or less than your due, you shall certainly be
 “ hanged. „

The Editor of that book is of opinion, That the scene between Shylock and Antonio in the *MERCHANT OF VENICE* is taken from this incident. But Mr. Warton in his “*Observations on the Faerie queen* * „, has, with more probability, referred it to the following ballad, which should seem to have taken its rise from some such story. Mr. Warton thinks this ballad was written before Shakespeare’s play, as being not so circumstantial, and having more of the nakedness of an original. Besides it differs from the play in many circumstances, which a meer copyist, such as we may suppose the ballad-maker to be, would hardly have given himself the trouble to alter. Indeed he expressly informs us, that he had his story from the Italian writers. See the *CONNOISSEUR*. Vol. I. No. 16.

After all, one would be glad to know what authority LETI ** had for the foregoing fact, or at least for connecting it with the taking of St. Domingo by Drake: for this expedition did not happen till 1585. and it is very certain that a play of the *JEW*, “ representing the greediness of
 “ worldly chusers, and bloody minds of usurers, „ had been exhibited at the playhouse called *THE BULL*, before the year 1579, being mentioned in Steph. Gosson’s *SCHOOLE OF ABUSE* ***, which was printed in that year.

As for Shakespeare’s *MERCHANT OF VENICE*, the earliest edition known of it is in quarto 1600; though it had
 been

* Vol. I. pag. 128. &c.

** He wrote in the time of Charles II.

*** Warton, ubi supra.

been exhibited before the year 1598, being mentioned together with eleven other of his plays in Meres's WITS TREASURY &c. 1598. 12mo. fol. 282.

The following is printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection *, intitled, "A new Song, shewing the crueltie of GERNUTUS, a JEWE, who lending to a merchant an hundred crownes, would have a pound of his fleshe, because he could not pay him at the time appointed. To the tune of Black and yellow."

THE FIRST PART.

IN Venice towne not long agoe

A cruel Jew did dwell,

Which lived all on usurie,

As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,

Which never thought to dye,

Nor never yed did any good

To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogge,

That liveth many a day,

Yet never once doth any good,

Until men will him flay.

Or like a filthy heap of dung,

That lyeth in a whoard;

Which never can do any good,

Till it be spread abroad.

So

* Compared with the Ashmole Copy.

So fares it with the usurer,
 He cannot sleep in rest,
 For feare the thiefe will him pursue
 To plucke him from his nest. 20

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,
 How to deceive the poore;
 His mouth is almost ful of mucke,
 Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend an fhilling, 25
 For every weeke a penny,
 Yet bring a pledge, that is double worth,
 If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day,
 Or else you loose it all: 30
 This was the living of the wife,
 Her cow she did it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time
 A marchant of great fame,
 Which being distressed in his need, 35
 Unto Gernutus came:

Desiring

Ver. 32. Her Cow, &c. seems to have suggested to Shakespeare SHYLOK's argument for usury taken from Jacob's management of Laban's sheep, Act. I. to which ANTONIO replies,

" Was this inserted to make interest good?

" Or are your gold and silver EWES and rams?

" SHY. I cannot tell, I make it BREED AS FAST.,,"

Ver. 35. Shakespear has finely improved this, by making the merchant's motive for borrowing to be not on account of his own necessities, but for the service of his friend. Which at the same time that it raises his character, becomes conducive to the generalplot. See the Connoisseur. ubi supra.

Desiring him to stand his freind
For twelve month and a day,
To lend to him an hundred crownes:
And he for it would pay.

40

Whatsoever he would demand of him,
And pledges he should have.
No, (quoth the Jew with flearing lookes)
Sir, aske what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it
For one yeare you shall pay;
You may doe me as good a turne,
Before my dying day.

45

But we will have a merry jeast,
For to be talked long:
You shall make me a bond, quoth he,
That shall be large and strong:

50

And this shall be the forfeiture;
Of your owne fleshe a pound.
If you agree, make you the bond,
And here is a hundred crownes.

55

With right good will! the marchant says:
And so the bond was made.
When twelve month and a day drew on
That backe it should be payd.

60

The marchants ships were all at sea,
And money came not in;
Which way to take, or what to doe
To thinke he doth begin:

And

And to Gernutus strait he comes 65
 With cap and bended knee,
 And sayde to him, Of curtesie
 I pray you beare with mee.

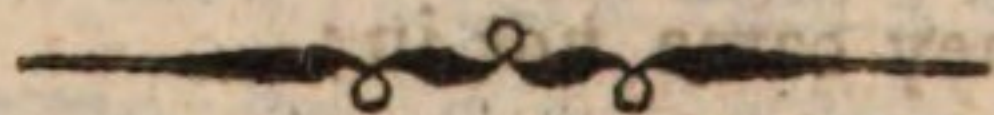
My day is come, and I have not
 The money for to pay : 70
 And little good the forfeiture
 Will doe you, I dare say.

With all my heart, Gernutus sayd,
 Commaund it to your minde:
 In thinges of bigger waight then this 75
 You shall me ready finde.

He goes his way; the day once past
 Gernutus doth not slacke
 To get a fergiant presently;
 And clapt him on the backe: 80

And layd him into prison strong,
 And fued his bond withall;
 And when the judgement day was come,
 For judgement he did call.

The marchants friends came thither fast, 85
 With many a weeping eye,
 For other means they could not find,
 But he that day must dye.



THE SECOND PART.

*“ Of the Jews crueltie ; setting foorth the mercifulnesse
“ of the Judge towards the Marchant. To the tune of Bla-
“ cke and yellow. ”*

SOME offered for his hundred crownes
Five hundred for to pay ;
And some a thousand, two or three,
Yet still he did denay.

And at the last ten thousand crownes 5
They offered , him to save.
Gernutus sayd , I will no gold,
My forfeite I will have.

A pound off fleshe is my demand,
And that shall be my hire, 10
Then sayd the judge , Yet good my friend,
Let me of you desire.

To take the flesh from such a place,
As yet you let him live:
Do so , and lo ! an hundred crownes 15
To thee here will I give.

No : no : quoth he , no : judgment here :
For this it shall be tride ,
For I will have my pound of fleshe
From under his right side. 20

It grieved all the companie
His crueltie to see,
For neither friend nor foe could helpe
But he must spoyled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
 With whetted blade in hand,
 To spoyle the bloud of innocent,
 By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike
 In him the deadly blow:
 Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie;
 I charge thee to do so.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,
 Which is of flesh a pound:
 See that thou shed no drop of bloud,
 Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murderer,
 Thou here shalt hanged be:
 Likewise of flesh see that thou cut
 No more than longes to thee:

For if thou take either more or lesse
 To the value of a mite,
 Thou shalt be hanged presently
 As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt franticke mad,
 And wotes not what to say;
 Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crownes,
 I will that he shall pay;

And so I graunt to set him free.
 The judge doth answere make;
 You shall not have a penny given;
 Your forfeiture now take.

At the last he doth demaund
But for to have his owne.
No, quoth the judge, doe as you list, 55
Thy judgement shall be showne.

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,
Or cancell me your bond.
O cruell judge, then quoth the Jew,
That doth against me stand! 60

And so with griping grieved mind
He biddeth them fare - well.
'Then' all the people pray s'd the Lord,
That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song, 65
For trueth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as hee
Doth live now at this day;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
Of many a wealthy man, 70
And for to trap the innocent
Deviseeth what they can.

From whome the Lord deliver me,
And every Christian too,
And send to them like sentence, eke 75
That meaneth so to do.

Ver. 61. griped. Ashmol copy.

X.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

This beautiful sonnet is quoted in the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, A. 3. sc. 1. and is ascribed (together with the REPLY) to Shakespeare himself by all the modern editors of his smaller poems. In Lintot's COLLECTION of them, 12mo (no date) is a copy of this sonnet containing only four stanzas (the 4th. and 6th. being wanting), accompanied with the first stanza of the Answer. This edition has some appearance of exactness, and is affirmed to be reprinted from an ancient copy, containing "THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME, and SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSICKE, by Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. LOND. printed for W. JAGGARD. 1599." — If this may be relied on, then was this sonnet, &c. published, as Shakespeare's in his Life time.

*And yet there is good reason to believe that (not Shakespeare, but) CHRISTOPHER MARLOW, wrote the song, and Sir WALTER RALEGH the "Nymph's reply:," For so we are positively assured by Isaac Walton, a writer of some credit, who has inserted them both in his COMPLEAT ANGLER *, under the character of "that smooth song, which was made by Kit. Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and . . . an Answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleig in his younger days. . . . Old-fashioned poetry but choicely good." — It also passed for Marlow's in the opinion of his contemporaries, for the editor of the "Muses Library," has reprinted a poem from ENGLAND'S*

* First printed in the year 1653, but probably written some time before.

GLAND'S HELICON, 1600, subscribed Ignoto, and thus intituled, "*In imitation of C. Marlow*," beginning thus.

" COME live with me and be my dear,

" And we will revel all the year,

" In plains and groves, &c.,

Upon the whole I am inclined to attribute them to MARLOW, and RALEIG; notwithstanding the authority of Shakespeare's Book of Sonnets. For it is well known that as he took no care of his own compositions, so was he utterly regardless what spurious things were fathered upon him. Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE, PERICLES, and the LONDON PRODIGAL, were printed with his name at full length in the title-pages, while he was living, which yet were afterwards rejected by his first editors HEMINGE and CONDELL, who were his intimate friends *, and therefore no doubt had good authority for setting them aside.

The following sonnet appears to have been (as it deserved) a great favourite with our earlier poets: for besides the imitation above-mentioned, another is to be found among DONNE'S poems, intituled "*The Bait*," beginning thus,

" COME live with me, and be my love,

" And we will some new pleasures prove

" Of golden sands, &c.,

As for CHR. MARLOW, who was in high repute for his Dramatic writings, he lost his life by a stab received in a brothel, before the year 1593. See A. Wood, I. 138.

M 3

LIVE

* He mentions them both in his will.

LIVE with me, and be my love,
 And we wil all the pleasures prove
 That hils and vallies, dale and field,
 And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we fit upon the rocks, 5
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
 With a thousand fragrant posies, 10
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Imbrodered all with leaves of mirtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
 Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold, 15
 With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivie buds,
 With coral clasps, and amber studs:
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Then live with me, and be my love. 20

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delight each May morning:
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.



THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

IF that the World and Love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tounge,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
 When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
 And Philomel becometh dumb,
 And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
 To wayward winter reckoning yield:
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is fancies spring, but sorrows fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivie buds,
 Thy coral clasps, and amber studs:
 All these in me no means can move
 To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
 Had joyes no date, nor age no need;
 Then those delights my mind might move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.



XI.

TITUS ANDRONICUS'S COMPLAINT.

The reader has here an ancient ballad on the same subject with the play of TITUS ANDRONICUS, and there is no doubt, but the one was borrowed from the other: which of them was the original it is not easy to decide. And yet, if the arguments offered above in p. 190 for the priority of the ballad of the JEW OF VENICE be admitted as conclusive, somewhat of the same kind may be urged here; for this ballad differs from the play in several particulars, which a simple Ballad-writer would be less likely to alter than an inventive Tragedian. Thus in the ballad is no mention of the contest for the empire between the two brothers, the composing of which makes the ungrateful treatment of TITUS afterwards the more flagrant: neither is there any notice taken of his sacrificing one of Tamora's sons, which the tragic poet has assigned as the original cause of all her cruelties. In the play Titus loses twenty-one of his sons in war, and kills another for assisting Bassianus to carry off Lavinia: the reader will find it different in the ballad. In the latter she is betrothed to the Emperor's Son: in the play to his Brother. In the tragedy only Two of his sons fall into the pit, and the Third being banished returns to Rome with a victorious army, to avenge the wrongs of his house: in the ballad all Three are entrapped and suffer death. In the scene the Emperor kills Titus, and is in return stabbed by Titus's surviving son. Here Titus kills the Emperor, and afterwards himself.

Let the Reader weigh these circumstances and some others wherein he will find them unlike, and then pronounce for himself. — After all, there is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakspeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally writ by him, for not to mention that

that the stile is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the Induction to Ben Johnson's BARTHOLOMEW-FAIR, in 1614, as one that had then been exhibited "five and twenty, or thirty" years:,, which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakespeare was but 25: an earlier date, than can be found for any other of his pieces *: and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shews at least it was a first attempt.

The following is given from a copy in "The Golden Garland,, intitled as above; compared with three others, two of them in black letter in the Pepys Collection, intitled "The Lamentable and Tragical History of Titus Andronicus, " &c. — To the tune of Fortune.,, — Unluckily none of these have any dates.

YOU noble minds, and famous martiall wights,
That in defence of native country fights,
Give eare to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,
Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home.

In Rome I lived in fame fulle threescore yeeres, 5
My name beloved was of all my peeres;
Full five and twenty valiant sonnes I had,
Whose forward vertues made their father glad.

M 5

For

* The earliest known, is KING JOHN in two parts 1591. 4to. bl. let. This play he afterwards intirely new wrote, as we now have it.

For when Romes foes their warlike forces bent,
 Against them stille my sonnes and I were sent; 10
 Against the Goths full ten yeeres weary warre
 We spent, receiving many a bloudy scarre.

Just two and twenty of my sonnes were flaine
 Before we did returne to Rome againe:
 Of five and twenty sonnes, I brought but three 15
 Alive, the stately towers of Rome to see.

When wars were done, I conquest home did bring,
 And did present my prisoners to the king,
 The queene of Goths, her sons, and eke a moore,
 Which did such murders, like was nere before. 20

The emperour did make this queene his wife,
 Which bred in Rome debate and deadlie strife,
 The moore, with her two sonnes did growe foe proud,
 That none like them in Rome might bee allowd.

The moore foe pleas'd this new-made emprefs' eie, 25
 That she consented to him secretly
 For to abuse her husbands marriage bed,
 And foe in time a blackamore she bred.

Then she, whose thoughts to murder were inclinde,
 Consented with the moore of bloody minde 30
 Against myselfe, my kin, and all my friendes,
 In cruell fort to bring them to their ends.

Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,
 Both care and grieve began then to increase:
 Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter bright, 35
 Which joy'd, and pleased best my aged sight:

My

My deare Lavinia was betrothed than
To Cefars sonne, a young and noble man:
Who in a hunting by the emperours wife,
And her two sonnes, bereaved was of life. 40

He being slaine, was cast in cruel wife,
Into a darksome den from light of skies:
The cruell moore did come that way as then
With my three sonnes, who fell into the den.

The moore then fetcht the emperour with speed, 45
For to accuse them of that murderous deed;
And when my sonnes within the den were found,
In wrongfull prision they were cast and bound.

But nowe, behold! what wounded most my mind,
The empressees two sonnes of favage kind 50
My daughter ravished without remorse,
And tooke away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had tasted of foe sweete a flowre,
Fearing this sweete fhould fhortly turne to fowre,
They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell 55
How that dishonoure unto her befell.

Then both her hands they basely cutt off quite
Whereby their wickednesse she could not write,
Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe
The bloudye workers of her direfull woe 60

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,
Staining the grasse ground with purple bloud,
That trickled from her stumpes, and bloundlesse armes:
Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

But

But when I sawe her in that woefull case, 65
 With teares of bloud I wet mine aged face:
 For my Lavinia I lamented more,
 Then for my two and twenty sonnes before.

When as I sawe she could not write nor speake,
 With grieve mine aged heart began to breake; 70
 We spred an heape of sand upon the ground,
 Whereby those bloudy tyrants out we found.

For with a staffe without the helpe of hand,
 She writt these wordes upon the plat of sand:
 " The lustfull sonnes of the proud emperesse 75
 " Are doers of this hateful wickednesse. „

I tore the milk-white hairs from off mine head,
 I curst the houre, wherein I first was bred,
 I wisht this hand, that fought for countrie's fame,
 In cradle rockt, had first been stroken lame. 80

The moore delighting still in villainy,
 Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free
 I should unto the king my right hand give,
 And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

The moore I caus'd to strike it off with speede, 85
 Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,
 But for my sonnes would willingly impart,
 And for their ranfome fend my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,
 They sent to me my bootlesse hand againe, 90
 And therewithal the heades of my three sonnes,
 Which filld my dying heart with fresher moanes.

Then

Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe ,
 And with my tears writ in the dust my woe :
 I shot my arrowes * towards heaven hie , 95
 And for revenge to hell did often crye.

The empresse then, thinking that I was mad ,
 Like furies she and both her sonnes were clad ,
 (She nam'd Revenge , and Rape and Murder they)
 To undermine and heare what I would say. 100

I fed their foolish veines ** a certaine space ,
 Untill my friendes did find a secrett place ,
 Where bot her sonnes unto a post were bound ,
 And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan 105
 Betwixt her stumpes, wherein the bloud it ran :
 And then I ground their bones to powder small ,
 And made a paste for pyes streight therewithall.

Then with their fleshe I made two mighty pyes ,
 And at a banquet servde in stately wise : 110
 Before the empresse set this loathsome meat ;
 So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

Myselfe bereav'd my daughter then of live ,
 The empresse then I flewe with bloody knife ,
And

* If the ballad was written before the play, I should suppose this to be only a metaphorical expression, taken from that in the Psalms, "They shoot out their arrowes, even bitter words.", Ps. 64. 3.

** i. e. encouraged them in their foolish humours, or fancies.

And stabb'd the emperour immediatelie, 115
And then myself: even foe did Titus die.

Then this revenge against the Moore was found
Alive they sett him halfe into the ground,
Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd:
And foe God send all murderers may be serv'd. 120

XII.

TAKE TOSE LIPS AWAY.

*The first stanza of this little sonnet, which an eminent critic * justly admires for its extreme sweetneß, is found in Shakespeare's MEASURE FOR MEASURE, A. 4. sc. 1. Both the stanzas are preserved in Beaum. and Fletcher's BLOODY BROTHER, A. 5. sc. 2. Sewel and Gildon have printed it among Shakespeare's smaller Poems, but they have done the same by twenty other pieces that were never writ by him; their book being a wretched heap of inaccuracies and mistakes. It is not found in Jaggard's old edition of Shakespear's SONNETS reprinted by Lintot.*

TAKE, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetlye were forsworne;
And those eyes, the breake of day,
Lights, that do misleade the morne:
But my kisses bring againe,
Seales of love, hut seal'd in vaine.

Hide,

* Bp. Warb. in his Shakesp.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snowe,
 Which they frozen bosom beares,
 On whose tops the pinkes that growe,
 Are of those that April wears:
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

XIII.

KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

*The Reader has here an ancient ballad on the Subject of KING LEAR, which (as a sensible female critic has well observed *) bears so exact an analogy to the argument of Shakespeare's play, that his having copied it could not be doubted, if it were certain, that it was written before the tragedy. Here is found the hint of Lear's madness, which the old chronicles ** do not mention, as also the extravagant cruelty exercised on him by his daughters: In the death of Lear they likewise very exactly coincide. — The misfortune is that there is nothing to assist us in ascertaining the date of the ballad but what little evidence arises from within, this the Reader must weigh and judge for himself. — After all, 'tis possible that Shakespeare and the author of this ballad might both of them be indebted to a more ancient dramatic Writer. For that an older play of KING LEIR had been exhibited before Shakespeare wrote, and is even still extant in print,*

* *Shakespear illustrated, Vol. 3. p. 302.*

** *See Jeffery of Monmouth, Holingshed, &c. who relate Leir's history in many respects the same as the ballad.*

print, I am assured upon undoubted authority, tho' I have not been so lucky as to obtain a sight of it.

This ballad is given from an ancient copy in the "Golden Garland," bl. let. intitled, "A lamentable song of the Death of King Leir, and his three daughters. To the Tune of When flying fame."

KING Leir once ruled in this land,
With princely power and peace,
And had all things with hearts content,
That might his joys increase:
Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A question thus to move, 10
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could shew the dearest love:
For to my age you bring content,
Quoth he, then let me hear
Which of you three in plighted troth, 15
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began,
Dear father, mind, quoth she,
Before your face, to do you good,
My blood shall render'd be:
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain.

And

And so will I, the second said:

25

Dear father, for your sake,
The worst of all extremities

I'll gently undertake;

And serve your highness night and day

With diligence and love;

30

That sweet content and quietness

Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,

The aged king reply'd;

But what sayst thou, my youngest girl,

35

How is thy love ally'd?

My love (quoth young Cordelia then)

Which to your grace I owe,

Shall be the duty of a child,

And that is all I'll shew.

40

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he,

Than doth thy duty bind?

I well perceive thy love is small,

When as no more I find:

Henceforth I banish thee my court,

45

Thou art no child of mine;

Nor any part of this my realm

By favour shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters loves are more

Than well I can demand,

50

To whom I equally bestow

My kingdome and my land:

My pompal state and all my goods,

That lovingly I may

With those thy sisters be maintain'd

55

Until my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown,

By these two sisters here :

The third had causeless banishment,

Yet was her love more dear :

60

For poor Cordelia patiently

Went wandring up and down,

Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,

Through many an English town :

Untill at last in famous France

65

She gentler fortunes found ;

Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd

The fairest on the ground :

Where when the king her virtues heard,

And this fair lady seen,

70

With full consent of all his court

He made his wife and queen.

Her father 'old' king Lear this while

With his two daughters staid,

Forgetful of their promis'd loves,

75

Full soon the same decay'd,

And living in queen Ragan's court,

The eldest of the twain,

She took from him his chiefest means,

And most of all his train.

80

For whereas twenty men were wont

To wait with bended knee :

She gave allowance but to ten,

And after scarce to three :

Nay, one she thought too much for him,

85

So took she all away,

In hope that in her court, good king,

He would no longer stay.

Am

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
 In giving all I have 90
 Unto my children, and to beg
 For what I lately gave?
 I'll go unto my Gonorell;
 My second child, I know,
 Will be more kind and pitiful, 95
 And will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court;
 Where when she heard his moan
 Return'd him answer, That she griev'd,
 That all his means were gone: 100
 But no way could relieve his wants;
 Yet if that he would stay
 Within her kitchen, he should have
 What scullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter tears, 105
 He made his answer then;
 In what I did let me be made
 Example to all men.
 I will return again, quoth he,
 Unto my Ragan's court; 110
 She will not use me thus, I hope,
 But in a kinder sort.

Where when he came, she gave command
 To drive him thence away:
 When he was well within her court 115
 (She said) he would not stay.
 Then back again to Gonorell,
 The woeful king did lie,
 That in her kitchen he might have
 What scullion boys set by. 120

But there of that he was deny'd,

Which she had promis'd late:

For once refusing, he should not

Come after to her gate.

Thus twixt his daughters, for relief

125

He wandred up and down;

Being glad to feed on beggars food,

That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then

His youngest daughters words,

130

That said the duty of a child

Was all that love affords:

But doubting to repair to her,

Whom he had banish'd so,

Grew frantick mad; for in his mind

135

He bore the wounds of woe:

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,

And tresses from his head,

And all with blood bestain his cheeks,

With age and honour spread:

140

To hills and woods and watry founts,

He made his hourly moan,

Till hills and woods, and senseless things,

Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possess'd with discontents,

145

He pass'd o're to France,

In hopes from fair Cordelia there,

To find some gentler chance.

Most virtuous dame! which when she heard

Of this her father's grief,

150

As duty bound, she quickly sent

Him comfort and relief:

And

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant fort,
She gave in charge he should be brought 155

To Aganippus' court;
Whose royal king, with noble mind
So freely gave consent,
To muster up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent. 160

And so to England came with speed,
To repofse king Leir,
And drive his daughters from their thrones
By his Cordelia dear:
Where she, true-hearted noble queen, 165
Was in the battel slain:
Yet he good king, in his old days,
Posselt his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who died indeed for love 170
Of her dear father, in whose cause
She did this battel move;
He swooning fell upon her breast,
From whence he never parted:
But on her bosom left his life, 175
That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw
The end of these events,
The other sisters unto death
They doomed by consents: 180
And being dead, their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin:
Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
And disobedient fin.

XIV.

Y O U T H A N D A G E ,

— is found in the little collection of Shakespeare's Sonnets, intituled the PASSIONATE PILGRIME *, the greatest part of which seem to relate to the amours of Venus and Adonis, being little effusions of fancy, probably written, while he was composing his larger Poem on that subject. The following seems intended for the mouth of Venus, weighing the comparative merits of youthful Adonis and aged Vulcan. In the "Garland of good will," it is reprinted, with the addition of IV. more such stanzas, but evidently written by a meaner pen.

C R A B B E D A g e a n d Y o u t h

Cannot live together ;

Youth is full of pleafance,

Age is full of care:

Youth like fummer morn ,

Age like winter weather,

Youth like fummer brave ,

Age like winter bare:

Youth is full of fport,

Ages breath is fhort;

Youth is nimble, Age is lame :

Youth is hot and bold,

Age is weak and cold ;

Youth is wild , and Age is tame.

Age,

* See above , page 199.

Age, I do abhor thee, 15
 Youth, I do adore thee,
 O, my love, my love is young:
 Age, I do defie thee;
 Oh sweet shepheard, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stays too long. 20

XV.

THE FROLICKSOME DUKE, OR THE TINKER'S
GOOD FORTUNE.

The following ballad is upon the same subject, with the INDUCTION to Shakespeare's TAMING OF THE SHREW: whether it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the Dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine.

*The story is told * of PHILIP the GOOD, Duke of Burgundy; and is thus related by an old English writer.*
 “ The said Duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the
 “ king of Portugall at Bruges in Flanders, which was so-
 “ lemnised in the deepe of winter, when as by reason of un-
 “ seasonable weather he could neither hawke nor hunt, and
 “ was now tired with cards, dice, &c. and such other do-
 “ mestick sports, or to see ladies dance; with some of his
 “ courtiers, he would in the evening walke disguised all about
 “ the towne. It so fortun'd, as he was walking late
 “ one night, he found a countrey fellow dead drunke, snor-
 “ ting

N 4

* By Ludov. Vives in Epist & Pont. Heut. Rerum Burgund. lib. 4.

“ting on a bulke; he caused his followers to bring him to
 “his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and
 “attyring him after the court fashion, when he wakened,
 “he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency,
 “and persuade him that he was some great Duke. The poor
 “fellow admiring how he came there, was served in state
 “all day long: after supper he saw them dance, heard mu-
 “sicke, and all the rest of those court-like pleasures: but
 “late at night, when he was well tipled, and again fast
 “asleepe, they put on his old robes, and so conveyed him to
 “the place, where they first found him. Now the fellow
 “had not made them so good sport the day before, as he did
 “now, when he returned to himselfe: all the jest was to see
 “how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little
 “admiration, the poore man told his friends he had seen a
 “vision; constantly beleevved it; would not otherwise be
 “persuaded, and so the jest ended. „ *Burton's Anatomy*
of melancholy. Pt. 2. sect. 2. Memb. 4. 2d. Ed. 1624. fol.

*This ballad is given from a black letter in the Pepys Col-
 lection, which is intituled as above, “To the tune of, Fond
 “boy. „*

NOW as fame does report, a young duke keeps a court,
 One that pleases his fancy with frolicksome sport:
 But amongst all the rest, here is one I protest,
 Which will make you to smile when you hear the true jest:
 A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground, §
 As secure in a sleep as if laid in a fwound.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard, and Ben,
 Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then.
 O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd
 To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrai'd:

10

Then.

Then they stirpt off his cloaths, both his fhirt, fhoes and hofe,
And they put him to bed for to take his repofe.

Having pull'd off his fhirt, which was all over durt,
They did give him clean holland, this was no great hurt:
On a bed of foft down, like a lord of renown, 15
They did lay him to fleep the drink out of his crown:
In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
For to fee the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay fomething late, in his rich bed of ftate,
Till at laft knights and fquires they on him did wait: 20
And the chamberling bare, then did likewise declare,
He defir'd to know what apparel he'd ware:
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
And admired how he to this honour was rais'd.

Tho' he feem'd fomething mute, yet he chofe a rich fuit,
Which he ftraitways put on without longer difpute; 26
With a ftar on his fide, which the tinker oft ey'd,
And it feem'd for to fwell him 'no' little with pride;
For he faid to himfelf, Where is Joan my fweet wife?
Sure fhe never did fee me fo fine in her life. 30

From a convenient place, the right duke his good grace,
Did obferve his behaviour in every cafe.
To a garden of ftate, on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets founding before him: thought he this is great:
Where an hour or two, pleafant walks he did view, 35
With commanders and fquires in fcarlet and blew.

A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his guefts,
He was plac'd at the table above all the reft,

In a rich chair 'or bed,' lin'd with fine crimfon red,
 With a rich golden canopy over his head: 40
 As he fat at his meat, the mufick play'd fweet,
 With the choicest of finging his joys to compleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
 Rich canary with fherry and tent superfine.
 Like a right honeft foul, faith, he took off his bowl 45
 Till at laft he began for to tumble and reel
 From his chair to the floor, where he fleeping did fnore,
 Being feven times drunker then ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they fhould ftrip him amain,
 And reftore him his old leather garments again: 50
 'Twas a point next the worft, yet perform it they muft,
 And they carry'd him ftrait where they found him at firft;
 Then he fleep't all the night, as indeed well he might,
 But when he did waken his joys took their flight.

For his glory 'to him' fo pleafant did feem, 55
 That he thought it to be but a meer golden dream;
 Till at lenght being brought to the duke, where he fought
 For a pardon as fearing he had fet him at nought;
 But his highnefs he faid, Thou'rt a jolly bold blade,
 Such a frolick before I think never was plaid. 60

Then his highnefs befpoke him a new fuit and cloak,
 Which he gave for the fake of this frolickfome joak:
 Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground,
 Thou fhalt never, faid he, range the counteries round,
 Crying old brafs to mend, for I'll be thy good friend, 65
 Nay, and Joan thy fweet wife fhall my duchefs attend.

Then

Then the tinker reply'd, What! must Joan my sweet bride
Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to ride?
Must we have gold and land e'ry day at command?
Then I shall be a squire I well understand: 70
Well I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace,
I was never before in so happy a case.

XVI.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

Dispersed thro' Shakespeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the intire copies of which, could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together and from them into a little TALE, which is here submitted to the Reader's candour.

One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher.

IT was a friar of orders gray,
Walkt forth to tell his beades;
And he met with a lady faire,
Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar, 5
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see.

And

And how should I know your true love,
From many another one? 10

O by his cockle hat, and staff,
And by his sandal shoon *.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd, 15
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turfe,
And at his heels a stone. 20

Within these holy cloysters long
He languisht, and he dyed,
Lamenting of a ladyes love,
And 'playning of her pride.

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier 25
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And

* These are the distinguishing marks of a pilgrim. The chief places of devotion being beyond sea, the pilgrims were wont to put cockle shells in their hats to denote the intention or performance of their pilgrimage. Warb. Shakesp. Vol. 8. p. 224.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!

And art thou dead and gone!

30

And didst thou dye for love of me!

Break, cruel heart of stone!

O weep not, lady, weep not foe;

Some ghostly comfort seek:

Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,

35

Ne teares bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,

My sorrow now reprove;

For I have lost the sweetest youth,

That e'er wan ladies love.

40

And now, alas! for thy sad losse,

I'll evermore weep and sigh;

For thee I only wisht to live,

For thee I wish to dye.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,

45

Thy sorrowe is in vaine:

For, violets pluckt the sweetest flowers

Will ne'er make grow againe.

Our joys as winged dreams doe flye,

Why then should sorrow last?

50

Since grief but aggravates thy losse,

Grieve not for what is past.

O say not foe, thou holy friar;
 I pray thee, say not foe:
 For since my true-love dyed for mee, 55
 'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he ne'er come again?
 Will he ne'er come again?
 Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
 For ever to remain. 60

His cheek was redder than the rose,
 The comliest youth was he: —
 But he is dead and laid in his grave:
 Alas, and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more, 65
 Men were deceivers ever:
 One foot on sea and one on land,
 To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
 And left thee sad and heavy; 70
 For young men ever were fickle found,
 Since summer trees were leafy.

Now say not so, thou holy friar,
 I pray thee say not foe:
 My love he had the truest heart: 75
 O he was ever true!

And

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,
And didst thou dye for mee?
Then farewell home; for, ever-more
A pilgrim I will bee.

80

But first upon my true-loves grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,
That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair lady; rest awhile
Beneath this cloister wall:
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.

85

O stay me not, thou holy friar;
O stay me not I pray:
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away.

90

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see beneath this gown of gray
Thy owne true - love appears.

95

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I fought;
And here amid these lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

100

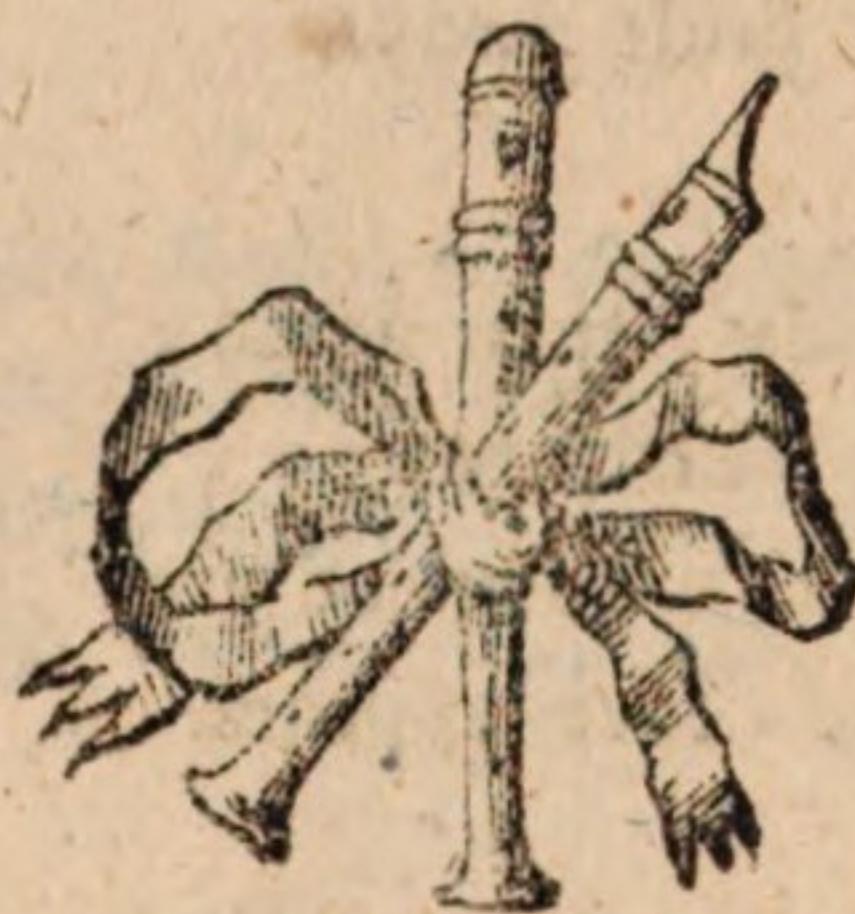
But

But haply for my year of grace *
 Is not yet past away,
 Might I still hope to win thy love,
 No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy 105
 Once more unto my heart:
 For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
 We never more will part.

* *The year of probation, or noviciate.*

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.





ANCIENT
SONGS AND BALLADS,
&c.

SERIES THE FIRST.
BOOK III.

I.
THE MORE MODERN BALLAD OF
CHEVY CHACE.

At the beginning of this volume we gave the old original Song of CHEVY CHACE. The reader has here the more improved edition of that fine Heroic ballad. It will afford an agreeable entertainment to the curious to compare them together,

VOL. III.

O

ther,

I

ther, and to see how far the latter bard has excelled his predecessor, and where he has fallen short of him. For tho' he has every where improved the versification, and generally the sentiment and diction: yet some few passages retain more dignity in the ancient copy; at least the absoleteness of the stile serves as a veil to hide whatever might appear to familiar or vulgar in them. Thus, for instance, the catastrophe of the gallant *Witherington* is in the modern copy exprest in terms which never fail at present to excite ridicule: whereas in the original it is related in a plain and pathetic simplicity, that is liable to no such unlucky effect: See the stanza in pag. 14. which in modern orthography, &c. would run thus,

“ For *Witherington* my heart is woe,

“ That ever he slain should be:

“ For when his legs were hewn in two,

“ He knelt and fought upon his knee.”

So again the stanza which describes the fall of *Montgomery* is somewhat more elevated in the ancient copy,

“ The dint it was both sad and sore,

“ He on *Montgomery* set:

“ The swan-feathers his arrow bore

“ With his hearts blood were wet.”

p. 13.

We might also add, that the circumstances of the battle are more clearly conceived, and the several incidents more distinctly marked in the old original, than in the improved copy. It is well known that the ancient English weapon was the long bow, and that this nation excelled all others in archery; while the Scottish warriors chiefly depended on the use of the spear: this characteristic difference never escapes our ancient bard, whose description of the first onset, (p. 9.) is to the following effect.

“ The

“ The proposal of the two gallant earls to determine the dispute by single combat being over-ruled : the English, says he, who stood with their bows ready bent, gave a general discharge of their arrows, which slew seven score spearmen of the enemy : but notwithstanding so severe a loss, Douglas like a brave captain kept his ground. He had divided his forces into three columns, who as soon as the English had discharged the first volley, bore down upon them with their spears, and breaking through their ranks reduced them to close fighting. The archers upon this dropt their bows and had recourse to their swords, and there followed so sharp a conflict, that multitudes on both sides lost their lives. In the midst of this general engagement, at length the two great earls meet, and after a spirited rencounter agree to breathe ; upon which a parley ensues, that would do honour to Homer himself.

Nothing can be more pleasingly distinct and circumstantial than this : whereas the modern copy, tho’ in general it has great merit, is here unluckily both confused and obscure. Indeed the original words seem here to have been totally misunderstood. “ Yet bydys the yerl Douglas upon the BENT, ” evidently signifies, “ yet the earl Douglas abides in the FIELD : ” Whereas the more modern bard seems to have understood by BENT, the inclination of his mind, and accordingly runs quite off from the subject,

“ To drive the deer with hound and horn

“ Earl Douglas had the bent. ”

Æ. 109.

ONE may also observe a generous impartiality in the old original bard, when in the conclusion of his tale he represents both nations as quitting the field without any reproachful reflection on either : tho’ he gives to his own countrymen the credit of being the smaller number.

" Of fifteen hundred archers of England
 " Went away but fifty and three ,
 " Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland ,
 " But even five and fifty. „

p. 14.

He attributes FLIGHT to neither party, as hath been done in the modern copies of this ballad, as well Scotch as English. For, to be even with our latter bard, who makes the Scots to FLEE; some reviser of North Britain has turned his own arms against him, and printed an Edition at Glasgow, in which the lines are thus transposed,

" Of fifteen hundred Scottish spears
 " Went hame but fifty three :
 " Of twenty hundred Englishmen
 " Scarce fifty five did flee. „

And to countenance this change he has suppressed the two stanzas between ver. 241. and ver. 249. — From this Edition I have reformed the Scottish names in pag. 244. which in the modern English ballad appeared to be corrupted.

When I call the present admired ballad modern, I only mean that it is comparatively so, for that it could not be writ much later than the time of Q. Elizabeth, I think may be made appear, nor yet does it seem to be older than the latter end of her reign. Sir Philip Sidney when he complains of the antiquated phrase of CHEVY CHACE, could never have seen this improved copy, the language of which is not more ancient than that he himself used. It is probable that the encomiums of so admired a writer excited some bard to revise the ballad, and to free it from those faults he had objected to it. That it could not be much later than that time appears from the phrase DOLEFUL DUMPS: which in that age carried no ill sound with it, but to the next generation became ridiculous. We have seen it pass uncensured

in

in a sonnet that was at that time in request, and where it could not fail to have been taken notice of, had it been in the least exceptionable: see above p. 164, 5: Yet in about half a century after, it was become burlesque. See Hudibras, Pt. 1. c. 3. v. 95.

THIS much premised, the reader that would see the general beauties of this ballad set in a just and striking light may consult the excellent criticism of Mr. Addison. * With regard to its subject: it has already been considered in page 3d. The conjectures there offered will receive confirmation from a passage in the Memoirs of Cary Earl of Monmouth, 8vo. 1759. p. 165. Whence we learn that it was an ancient custom with the borderers of the two kingdoms when they were at peace, to send to the Lord Wardens of the opposite Marches for leave to hunt within their districts. If leave was granted, then towards the end of summer they would come and hunt for several days together "with their GREY-HOUNDS FOR DEER:", but if they took this liberty unpermitted, then the Lord Warden of the border so invaded, would not fail to interrupt their sport and chastise their boldness. He mentions a remarkable instance that happened while he was Warden, when some Scots Gentlemen coming to hunt in defiance of him, there must have ensued such an action [as this of Chevy Chace, if the intruders had been proportionably numerous and well-armed; for upon their being attacked by his men at arms, he tells us, "some hurt was done, tho' he "had given especiall order that they should shed as little "blood as possible.", They were in effect overpowered and taken prisoners, and only released on their promise to abstain from such licentious sporting for the future.

O 3

The

* In the Spectator, No. 70. 74.

The following text is given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. compared with two or three others printed in black letter. — In the second volume of Dryden's Miscellanies may be found a translation of Chevy Chace into Latin Rhymes. The translator, Mr. Henry Bold of New College, undertook it at the command of Dr. Compton, bishop of London; who thought it no derogation to his episcopal dignity, to avow a fondness for this excellent old ballad. See the preface to Bold's Latin Songs, 1685. 8vo.

GOD prosper long our noble king,
 Our lives and safetyes all;
 A woful hunting once there did
 In Chevy-Chace befall;

To drive the deere with hound and horne, 5
 Earl Percy took his way;
 The child may rue that is unborne,
 The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
 A vow to God did make, 10
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods
 Three summers days to take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace
 To kill and beare away.
 These tydings to Earl Douglas came, 15
 In Scotland where he lay:

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
 He wold prevent his sport.
 The English earl not fearing this,
 Did to the woods resort; 20

With

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede,
To aime their shafts aright.

The galland greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chafe the fallow-deere:
Or Monday they began to hunt,
Ere day-light did appeare;

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes flaine;
Then having din'd, the drovers went
To rouze them up againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Theire backfides all, with speciall care,
That day were guarded fure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take,
And with their cryes the hills and dales
An eccho shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deere;
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised
This day to meete me heere:

But if I thought he would not come,
No longer wold I stay.
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the earle did say;

Loe yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
 His men in armour bright;
 Full twenty hundred Scottifh fpeares
 All marching in our fight :

50

All men of pleafant Tivydale,
 Faft by the river Tweede :
 Then ceafe your fport, Earl Percy faid,
 And take your bowes with fpeede :

55

And now with me, my countrymen,
 Your courage forth advance;
 For never was there champion yet,
 In Scotland or in France.

60

That ever did on horfebacke come,
 But if my hap it were,
 I durft encounter man for man,
 With him to break a fpeare.

Earl Douglas on an milke-white fteede
 Moft like a baron bold,
 Rode foremoft of his company,
 Whofe armour fhone like gold:

65

Show me, fayd he, whofe men you bee,
 That hunt foe boldly heere,
 That, without my confent, doe chafe
 And kill my fallow-deere?

70

The man that firft did answer make,
 Was noble Percy hee;
 Who fayd, We lift not to declare,
 Nor fhew whofe men wee bee:

75

Yct

Yet will wee spend our deereft blood,
 Thy cheefest harts to flay.
 Then Douglas fwore a folemne oathe,
 And thus in rage did fay.

80

Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
 One of us two fhall dye:
 I know thee well, and earl thou art;
 Lord Percy foe am I.

But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
 And great offence to kill
 Any of these our harmlefse men,
 For they have done no ill.

85

Let thou and I the battell trye,
 And fet our men afide.
 Accurs'd bee hee, Lord Percy fayd,
 By whome this is denyed.

90

Then ftept a gallant fquire forth,
 Witherington was his name,
 Who faid, I wold not have it told
 To Henry our king for fhame.

95

That e'er my captaine fought on foote,
 And I flood looking on.
 You bee two earls, fayd Witherington,
 And I a fquire alone:

100

Ile doe the beft that doe I may,
 While I have power to ftand:
 While I have pow'r to weeld my fword,
 Ile fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bowes, 105
 Their hearts were good and trew;
 At the first flight of arrowes sent,
 Full threescore Scots they flew.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
 Earl Douglas had the bent; 110
 Two captaines mov'd with mickle pride,
 Their speares to shivers went.

They clos'd full fast on everye side,
 Noe slackness there was found;
 And many a gallant gentleman 115
 Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a grieve to see,
 And likewise for to heare,
 The cries of men lying in their gore,
 And scatter'd here and there. 120

At last these two stout earles did meet,
 Like captaines of great might;
 Like lyons wood, they layd on load,
 And made a cruell fight:

They fought untill they both did sweat, 125
 With swords of temper'd steele;
 Until the blood, like drops of rain,
 They trickling downe did feele.

Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd;
 In faith I will thee bring, 130
 Where thou shalt high advanced bee
 By James our Scottish king:

Thy

Thy ranfome I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the moſt couragious knight,
That ever I did ſee. 135

Noe, Douglas, quoth Earl Percy then,
Thy proffer I doe ſcorne;
I will not yeelde to any Scott,
That ever yet was borne. 140

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an Engliſh bow,
Which ſtrucke Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deepe and deadlye blow:

Who never ſpoke more words then theſe, 145
Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy ſees my fall.

Then leaving life, Earl Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand;
And ſaid, Earl Douglas, for thy life 150
Wold I had loſt my land.

O Chriſt! my very heart doth bleed,
With ſorrow for thy ſake;
For ſure, a more renowned knight 155
Miſchance did never take.

A knight amongſt the Scotts there was,
Which ſaw Earl Douglas dye,
Who ſtreight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percy: 160

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,
 Who, with a speare most bright,
 Well - mounted on a gallant steed,
 Ran fiercely through the fight ;

And past the English archers all, 165
 Without all dread or feare;
 And thro' Earl Percy's body then
 He thrust his hatefull speare ;

With such a vehement force and might
 He did his body gore, 170
 The speare went through the other side
 A large cloth - yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
 Whose courage none cold staine :
 An English archer then perceiv'd 175
 The noble earl was flaine ;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
 Made of a trusty tree ;
 An arrow of a cloth - yard long
 Up to the head drew hee : 180

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery ,
 So right the shaft he sett ,
 The grey goose - wing that was thereon ,
 In his hearts blood was wett.

This fight did last from breake of day, 185
 Till setting of the sun ;
 For when they rung the evening - bell,
 The battel scarce was done.

With

With brave Earl Percy, there was flaine
 Sir john of Ogerton *, 190
 Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
 Sir James that bold baron:

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
 Both knights of good account,
 Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was flaine, 195
 Whose prowesse did furmout.

For Witherington needs must I wayle,
 As one in doleful dumpes **;
 For when his leggs were smitten off,
 He fought upon his stumpes. 200

And with Earl Douglas, there was flaine
 Sir Hugh Mountgomery;
 Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
 One foote would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too, 205
 His sisters sonne was hee;
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
 Yet saved cold not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
 Did with Earl Douglas dye: 210
 Of twenty hundred Scottish speres,
 Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of

* The names here seem to be corrupted from the old Copy.

** i. e. "I, as one in deep concern, must lament." The construction here has generally been misunderstood.

Of fifteen hundred English men,
 Went home but fifty-three;
 The rest were flaine in Chevy-Chafe, 215
 Under the green woode tree.

Next day did many widowes come,
 Their husbands to bewayle;
 They wafht their wounds in brinish teares,
 But all wold not prevayle. 220

Their bodyes, bath'd in purple gore,
 They bare with them away;
 They kist them dead a thousand times,
 When they were cladd in clay.

This newes was brought to Edenborrow, 225
 Where Scotlands king did rayne,
 That brave Earl Douglas suddenlye
 Was with an arrow flaine:

O heavy newes, King James did say,
 Scotland can witnesse bee, 230
 I have not any captaine more
 Of such account as hee.

Like tydings to King Henry came,
 Within as short a space,
 That Percy of Northumberland 235
 Was flaine in Chevy-Chafe:

Now God be with him, said our king,
 Sith it will no better bee;
 In trust I have, within my realme,
 Five hundred as good as hee: 240

Yett fhall not Scotts nor Scotland fay,
 But I will vengeance take,
 I'll be revenged on them all,
 For brave Earl Percy's fake.

This vow full well the king perform'd 245
 After, on Humbledowne;
 In one day, fifty knights were flayne,
 With lords of great renowne:

And of the reft, of fmall account,
 Did many thoufands dye: 250
 Thus endeth the hunting of 'Chevy - Chafe,
 Made by the Earl Percy.

God fave the king, and blefs this land
 In plentye, joy, and peace;
 And grant henceforth, that foule debate 255
 'Twixt noblemen may ceafe.

II.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song in a play of James Shirley's, intituled "The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses:," no date, 8vo. — Shirley flourished as a Dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I: but he outlived the Restoration. His death happened Oct. 29. 1666. Æt. 72.

This little poem was written long after many of those that follow, but is inserted here as a kind of Dirge to the foregoing piece.

THE

THE glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;
 There is no armour against fate :
 Death lays his icy hands on kings :
 Scepter and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield
 They tame but one another still.

 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they pale captives creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
 Upon death's purple altar now
 See where the victor victim bleeds :
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb,
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

III.

THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

The subject of this ballad is the great Northern Insurrection in the 12th year of Elizabeth, 1569 ; which proved so fatal to Thomas Percy the seventh earl of Northumberland.

There

There had not long before been a secret negotiation entered into between some of the Scottish and English nobility, to bring about a marriage between Mary Q. of Scots, at that time a prisoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman of excellent character, and firmly attached to the protestant religion. This match was proposed to all the most considerable of the English nobility, and among the rest to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmorland, two noblemen very powerful in the North. As it seemed to promise a speedy and safe conclusion of the troubles in Scotland, with many advantages to the crown of England, they all readily consented to it, provided it should prove agreeable to Q. Elizabeth. The Earl of Leicester (Elizabeth's favourite) undertook to break the matter to her, but before he could find an opportunity, the affair had come to her ears by other hands, and she was thrown into a violent flame. The Duke of Norfolk, with several of his friends, was committed to the tower, and summons were sent to the Northern Earls instantly to make their appearance at court. It is said that the Earl of Northumberland, who was a man of a mild and gentle nature, was deliberating with himself whether he should not obey the message, and rely upon the queen's candour and clemency, when he was forced into desperate measures by a sudden report at midnight, Nov. 14, that a party of his enemies were come to seize on his person *. The Earl was then at his house at Topcliffe in Yorkshire. When rising hastily out of bed, he withdrew to the Earl of Westmoreland, at Brancepeth, where the country came in to them and pressed them to take arms in their own defence. They accordingly set up their standards, declaring their intent was to restore the
ancient

* This circumstance is over-looked in the ballad.

ancient religion, to remove evil counsellors from the queen, and cause justice to be done to the D. of Norfolk, and other lords in prison. Their common banner * (on which was displayed the cross, together with the five wounds of Christ) was borne by an ancient gentleman, Richard Norton, Esq. of Norton-conyers: who with his sons (among whom, Christopher, Marmaduke and Thomas, are expressly named by Camden) distinguished himself on this occasion. Having entered Durham and caused mass to be said there, they marched on to Clifford-moor near Wetherbye, where they mustered their men. Their intention was to have marched to York, but altering their minds they fell upon Barnards castle, which Sir George Bowes held out against them for eleven days. The two earls, who spent their large estates in hospitality, and were extremely beloved on that account, were masters of little ready money; the E. of Northumberland bringing with him only 8000 crowns, and the E. of Westmoreland nothing at all for the subsistence of their forces, they were not able to march to London, as they had at first intended. In these circumstances, Westmoreland began so visibly to despond that many of his men slunk away, tho' Northumberland still kept up his resolution, and was master of the field till December 13. when the Earl of Sussex, accompanied with Lord Hunsden and others, having marched out of York at the head of a large body of forces, and being followed by a still larger army under the command of Ambrose Dudley Earl of Warwick, the insurgents retreated northwards, towards the borders, and there dismissing their followers, made their escape into Scotland. Tho' this insurrection had been suppressed with so little bloodshed, the Earl of Sussex

* Besides this, the ballad mentions the separate banners of the two noblemen.

sex and Sir George Bowes, marshall of the army, put vast numbers to death by martial law, without any regular tryal. The former of these caused at Durham sixty three constables to be hanged at once. And the latter made his boast that for sixty miles in lenght and forty in breadth, betwixt Newcastle and Wetherby, there was hardly a town or village wherein he had not executed some of the inhabitants. This exceeds the cruelties practised in the West after Monmouth's rebellion: but that was not the age of tenderneß and humanity.

Such is the account collected from Stow, Speed, Camden, Carte and Rapin; it agrees in most particulars with the following ballad, which was apparently the production of some northern minstrel, who was well affected to the two noblemen. It is here printed from two MS. copies, one of them in the editor's folio collection. They contained considerable variations, out of which such readings were chosen as seemed most poetical and consonant to history.

LISTEN, lively lordings all,
 Lithe and listen unto mee,
 And I will sing of a noble earle,
 The noblest earle in the north countrie.

Earle Percy is into his garden gone,
 And after him walkes his faire ladie : *
 I heare a bird sing in mine eare,
 That I must either fight, or flee.

P 2

Now

* This lady was Anne daughter of Henry Somerset E. of Worcester.

Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,
 That e'er such harm should hap to thee: 10
 But goe to London to the court,
 And fair fall truth and honestie.

Now nay, now nay, my lady gay,
 Alas! thy counsell suits not mee;
 Mine enemies prevail so fast, 15
 That at the court I may not bee.

O goe to the court yet, good my lord,
 And take thy gallant men with thee:
 If any dare to doe you wrong,
 Then your warrant they may bee. 20

Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,
 The court is full of subtiltie;
 And if I goe to the court, lady,
 Never more I may thee see.

Yet goe to the court, my lord, she fayer, 25
 And I myselfe will goe wi' thee:
 At court then for my dearest lord,
 His faithfull borrowe I will bee.

Now nay, now nay, my lady deare;
 Far lever had I lose my life, 30
 Than leave among my cruell foes
 My love in jeopardy and strife.

But come thou hither, my little foot-page,
 Come thou hither unto mee,
 To maister Norton thou must goe 35
 In all the haste that ever may bee.

Commend me to that gentlemàn,
 And beare this letter here fro mee;
 And say that earnestly I pray,
 He will ryde in my companie. 40

One while the little footpage went,
 And another while he ran;
 Untill he came to his journeys end,
 The little footpage never blan.

When to that gentleman he came,
 Down he knelt upon his knee;
 Quoth he, My lord commendeth him,
 And sends this letter unto thee. 45

And when the letter it was redd
 Affore that goodlye companye,
 I wis, if you the truthe wold know,
 There was many a weeping eye. 50

He sayd, Come thither, Christopher Norton,
 A gallant youth thou seemst to bee;
 What doest thou counsell me, my sonne,
 Now that good earle's in jeopardy? 55

Father, my counfelle's fair and free;
 That earle he is a noble lord,
 And whatsoever to him you hight,
 I wold not have you breake your word. 60

Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,
 Thy counsell well it liketh mee,
 And if we speed and scape with life,
 Well advanced thou shalt bee.

Come you hither, my nine good sonnes, 65
 Gallant men I trowe you bee:
 How many of you, my children deare,
 Will stand by that good earle and mee?

Eight of them did answer make,
 Eight of them spake hastilie, 70
 O father, till the daye we dye
 We'll stand by that good earle and thee.

Gramercy now, my children deare,
 You shewe yourselves right bold and brave;
 And whetherfoe'er I live or dye, 75
 A fathers blessing you shal have.

But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,
 Thou art mine eldest sonn and heire:
 Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast,
 Whatever it bee, to mee declare. 80

Father, you are an aged man,
 Your head is white, your bearde is gray,
 It were a shame at these your yeares
 For you to ryfe in such a fray.

Now fye upon thee, coward Francis, 85
 Thou never learnedst this of mee:
 When thou wert yong and tender of age,
 Why did I make foe much of thee?

But, father, I will wend with you,
 Unarm'd and naked will I bee, 90
 And he that strikes against the crowne,
 Ever an ill death may he dee.

Then

Then rose that reverend gentleman,
And with him came a goodlye band,
To join with the brave Earl Percy, 95
And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill came,
The earle of Westmorland was hee:
At Wetherbye they mustred their host,
Thirteen thousand faire to see. 100

Lord Westmorland his ancyent raifde,
The dun bull he rays'd on hye,
Three dogs with golden collars brave
Were there sett out most royallye.

Earl Percy there his ancyent spred, 105
The halfe moone shining all soe faire:
The Nortons ancyent had the crosse,
And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

Then Sir George Bowes he straitwaye rose,
After them some spoyle to make: 110
Those noble earles turn'd backe againe,
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his castle fled,
To Barnard castle then fled hee.
The uttermost walles were eathe to win, 115
The earles have wonne them presentlie.

The uttermost walles were lime and bricke;
But thoughe they won them soon anone,
Long e'er they wan the innermost walles,
For they were cut in rocke of stone. 120

Then newes unto leewe London came
 In all the speede that ever may bee,
 And word is brought to our royall queene
 Of the ryfing in the North countrie.

Her grace fhe turned her round about, 125
 And like a royall queene fhe fwore,*
 I will ordayne them fuch a breakfast,
 As never was in the North before.

She caus'd thirty thouſand men ben rays'd,
 With horſe and harneis faire to ſee, 130
 She cauſed thirty thouſand men be raifed,
 To take the earles i'th' North countrie.

Wi' them the falſe Earle Warwick went,
 Th' earle Suffex and the lord Hunſdèn;
 Untill they to Yorke caſtle came 135
 I wiſs, they never ſint ne blan.

Now ſpread thy ancyent, Weſtmorland,
 Thy dun bull faine would we ſpye:
 And thou, the Earl o' Northumberland,
 Now rayſe thy half moone up on hye. 140

But the dun bulle is fled and gone,
 And the halfe moone vaniſhed away:
 The Earles though they were brave and bold,
 Againſt foe many could not ſtay.

Thee,

* This is quite in character: her majesty would ſometimes ſwear at her nobles, as well as box their ears.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes, 145

They doom'd to dye, alas! for ruth!

Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,

Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight

They cruellye bereav'd of life: 150

And many a childe made fatherlesse,

And widowed many a tender wife.

IV.

NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED BY DOUGLAS.

This ballad may be considered as the sequel of the preceding. After the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland had seen himself forsaken of his followers, he endeavoured to withdraw into Scotland, but falling into the hands of the thievish borderes, was stript and otherwise ill-treated by them. At length he reached the house of Hector of Harlaw, an Armstrong, with whom he hoped to lie concealed: for Hector had engaged his honour to be true to him, and was under great obligations to this unhappy nobleman. But this faithless wretch betrayed his guest for a sum of money to Murray the Regent of Scotland, who sent him to the castle of Lough-leven, then belonging to William Douglas. — All the writers of that time assure us that Hector, who was rich before, fell shortly after into poverty, and became so infamous, that TO TAKE HECTOR'S CLOAK, grew into a proverb to express a man, who betrays his friend. See Camden, Carleton, Holingshed, &c.

Lord Northumberland continued in the castle of Lough-leven, till the year 1572; when James Douglas Earl of Morton, being elected Regent, he was given up to the Lord Hunsden, at Berwick, and being carried to York, suffered death. As Morton's party depended on Elizabeth for protection, an elegant Historian thinks, "it was scarce possible for them to refuse putting into her hands, a person who had taken up arms against her. But as a sum of money was paid on that account, and shared between Morton and his kinsman Douglas, the former of whom during his exile in England had been much indebted to Northumberland's friendship, the abandoning this unhappy nobleman to inevitable destruction, was deemed an ungrateful and mercenary act." Robertson's Hist.

So far history coincides with this ballad, which was apparently written by some northern bard, soon after the event. The interposal of the WITCH-LADY (v. 53.) is probably his own invention: yet even this hath some countenance from history; for about 25 years before, the Lady Jane Douglas, Lady Glamis, sister of the earl of Angus and nearly related to Douglas of Lough-leven had suffered death for the pretended crime of witchcraft; who, it is presumed, is the lady alluded to, in verse 133.

The following is printed (like the former) from two copies: one of them in the Editor's folio MS: Which also contains another ballad on the escape of the E. of Westmoreland, who got safe into Flanders, and is feigned in the ballad to have undergone a great variety of adventures.

HOW long shall fortune faile me nowe,
And harrowe me with fear and dread?
How long shall I in bale abide,
In myfery my life to lead?

To fall from my blifs, alas the while!
It was my fore and heavye lott:
And I must leave my native land,
And I must live a man forgot.

One gentle Armstrong I doe ken,
A Scot he is much bound to mee:
He dwelleth on the border side,
To him I'll goe right privilie.

Thus did the noble Percy 'plaine,
With a heavy heart and wel-away,
When he with all his gallant men
On Bramham moor had lost the day.

But when he to the Armstrongs came,
They dealt with him all treacherouslye,
For they did strip that noble earle:
And ever an ill death may they dye.

False Hector to Earl Murray sent,
To shew him where his guest did hide:
Who sent him to the Lough-leven,
With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came,
He halched him right curteouslye:
Say'd, Welcome, welcome, noble earle,
Here thou shalt safelye bide with mee.

When

When he had in Lough - leven been
Many a month and many a day;
To the regent * the lord warden ** sent,
That bannifht earle for to betray.

He offered him great store of gold,
And wrote a letter fair to see:
Saying, Good my lord, grant me my boon, 35
And yield that banisht man to mee.

Earle Percy at the supper fate
With many a goodly gentleman:
The wylie Douglas then bespake,
And thus to flyte with him began: 40

What makes you be so fad, my lord,
And in your mind so sorrowfully?
To-morrow a fhootinge will bee held
Among the lords of the North countrye.

The butts are fett, the fhooting's made , 45
And there will be great royaltie:
And I am fworne into my bille ,
Thither to bring my Lord Percie.

I'll give thee my hand, thou gentle Douglas,
And here by my true faith, quoth hee, 50
If thou wilt ride to the worldes end,
I will ride in thy companie.

And

* *James Douglas Earl of Morton, elected regent of Scotland. Nov. 24. 1572.*

†† *Of one of the English marches. Lord Hunsden.*

And then bespake a lady faire,
Mary à Douglas was her name :
You shall bide here , good English lord , 55
My brother is a traiterous man.

He is a traitor stout and strong,
As I tell you in privitie ;
For he has tane liverance of the earle * ,
Into England nowe to 'liver thee. 60

Now nay , now nay , thou goodly lady ,
The regent is a noble lord :
Ne for the gold in all Englànd ,
The Douglas wold not break his word.

When the regent was a banisht man , 65
With me he did faire welcome find ;
And whether weal or woe betide ,
I still shall find him true and kind.

Tween England and Scotland 'twold break truce ,
And friends again they wold never bee , 70
If they shold 'liver a banisht earle
Was driven out of his own countrie.

Alas ! alas ! my lord , she faves ,
Nowe mickle is their traitorie ;
Then let my brother ride his ways , 75
And tell those English lords from thee.

How that you cannot with him ride ,
Because you are in an ille of the sea ** ,
Then

* *Of the earl of Morton , the Regent.*

** *i. e. Lake of Leven , which hath communication with the sea.*

Then ere my brother come againe
 To Edinbrow castle * Ile carry thee. 80

To the Lord Hume I will thee bring,
 He is well knowne a true Scots lord,
 And he will lose both land and life,
 Ere he with thee will break his word.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd, 85
 When I thinke on my own countrie,
 When I thinke on the heavye happe
 My friends have suffered there for mee.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd,
 And fore those wars my minde distresse; 90
 Where many a widow lost her mate,
 And many a child was fatherlesse.

And now that I a banisht man,
 Shold bring such evil happe with mee,
 To cause my faire and noble friends 95
 To be suspect of treacherie.

This rives my heart with double woe;
 And lever had I dye this day,
 Then thinke a Douglas can be false,
 Or ever will his guest betray. 100

If you'll give me no trust, my lord,
 Nor unto mee no credence yield;
 Yet step one moment here aside,
 Ile shewe you all your foes in field.

Lady

* At that time in the hands of the opposite faction.

Lady, I never loved witchcraft, 105
 Never dealt in privy wyle;
 But evermore held the high-waye
 Of truth and honoure, free from guile.

If you'll not come yourfelfe, my lorde,
 Yet fend your chamberlaine with mee; 110
 Let me but fpeak three words with him,
 And he fhall come again to thee.

James Swynard with that lady went,
 She fhowed him through the weme of her ring
 How many Englifh lords there were 115
 Waiting for his mafter and him.

And who walkes yonder, my good lady,
 So royallyè on yonder greene?
 O yonder is the lord Hundfdèn *: 120
 Alas! he'll doe you drie and teene.

And who beth yonder, thou gay ladye,
 That walkes fo proudly him befide?
 That is Sir William Drury **, fhe fayd,
 A keen captaine he is and tryed.

How many miles is it, madame, 125
 Betwixt yond Englifh lords and mee?
 Marry it is thrice fifty miles,
 To fayl to them upon the fea.

I never was on Englifh ground,
 Ne never fawe it with mine eye, 130
 But

* *The Lord Warden of the East marches.*

** *Governor of Berwick.*

But as my book it fheweth mee,
And through my ring I may defcrye.

My mother fhe was a witch ladye,
And of her fkillie fhe learned mee,
She wold let me fee out of Lough-leven 135
What they did in London citie.

But who is yond, thou lady faire,
That looketh with fic an aufterne face?
Yonder is Sir John Fofter *, quoth fhee,
Alas! he'll do ye fore difgrace. 140

He pulled his hatt down over his browe,
And in his heart he was full woe;
And he is gone to his noble lord,
Thofe forrowfull tidings him to fhow.

Now nay, now nay, good James Swynàrd, 145
I may not believe that witch ladie:
The Douglaſſes were ever true,
And they can ne'er prove falſe to mee.

I have now in Lough-leven been
The moſt part of theſe years three, 150
And I have never had noe outrake,
Ne no good games that I cold fee.

Therefore I'll to yond fhooting wend,
As to the Douglas I have hight:
Betide me weale, betide me woe: 155
He ne'er ſhall find my promiſe light.

He

* *Warden of the Middle march.*

He writhe a gold ring from his finger,

And gave it to that faire ladie:

Sayes, It was all that I cold fave,

In Harley woods where I cold bee *. 160

And wilt thou goe, thou noble lord,

Then farewell truth and honestie;

And farewell heart and farewell hand;

For never more I f hall thee see.

The wind was faire, the boatmen call'd, 165

And all the faylors were on borde;

Then William Douglas took to his boat,

And with him went that noble lord.

Then he cast up a silver wand;

Says, Gentle lady, fare thee well! 170

The lady fett a sigh soe deepe,

And in a dead swoone down fhee fell.

Now let us goe back, Douglas, he sayd,

A sickness hath taken yond faire ladie;

If ought befall yond lady but good, 175

Then blamed for ever I f hall bee.

Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes;

Come on, come on, and let her bee:

There's ladyes enow in Lough-leven

For to chear that gay ladie. 180

If you'll not turne yourself, my lord,

Let me goe with my chamberlaine;

We

* i. e. Where I was. An ancient Idiom.

We will but comfort that faire lady,
And wee will return to you againe.

181 Come on, come on, my lord, he faves, 185

Come on, come on, and let her bee :

186 My sifter is crafty, and wold beguile 190

A thoufand fuch as you and mee.

When they had fayled * fifty mile,

Fifty mile upon the fea; 195

191 He fent his man to ask the Douglas,

When they fhold that fhooting fee.

Faire words, quoth he, they make fools faine,

And that by thee and thy lord is feen :

196 You may hap to think it foon enough, 199

197 Ere you that fhooting reach, I ween.

Jamey his hatt pulled over his browe,

He thought his lord then was betray'd;

And he is to Earle Percy againe,

To tell him what the Douglas fayd. 200

201 Hold up thy head, man, quoth his lord;

Nor therfore let thy courage fail:

He did it but to prove thy heart,

To fee if he cold make it quail.

202 When they had other fifty fayld, 205

Other fifty mile upon the fea,

Lord

* There is no navigable stream between Lough-lever and the sea : but a ballad-maker is not obliged to understand Geography.

Lord Percy call'd to the Douglas himfelfe,
Sayd, What wilt thou nowe doe with mee?

Looke that your bridle be wight, my lord,
And your horfe goe fwift as fhip at fea: 210

Looke that your fpurres be bright and fharp,
That you may prick her while fhe'll away.

What needeth this, Douglas, he fayd?

What needeft thou to flyte with mee?

For I was counted a horfeman good 215
Before that ever I met with thee.

A falfe Hector he hath my horfe,
Who dealt with mee fo treacherouflic:
A falfe Armftrong he hath my fpurres,
And all the geere that belongs to mee. 220

When they had fayled other fifty mile,
Other fifty mile upon the fea:
They landed him at Berwick towne,
The Douglas landed Lord Percie.
Then he at Yorke was doomde to dye, 225

It was, alas! a forrowful fight:
Thus they betrayed that noble earle,
Who ever was a gallant wight.

V.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

This excellent philosophical fong appears to have been famous in the fixteenth century. It is quoted by Ben Jonfon

Q. 2 in

in his play of "*Every man out of his humour*," first acted in 1599. A. I. sc. I. where an impatient person says

" I am no such pil'd cynique to beleeve
 " That beggery is the onely happinesse,
 " Or, with a number of these patient fooles,
 " To sing, "*My minde to me a kingdome is*,"
 " When the lanke hungrie belly barkes for foode."

It is printed from two ancient copies; one of them in black letter in the Pepys Collection, thus inscribed "*A sweet and pleasant sonet, entituled, "My Minde to me a Kingdom is. To the tune of, In Crets, &c."*

MY minde to me a kingdome is,
 Such perfect joye therein I find,
 As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
 That world affords, or growes by kind *:
 Though much I want that most men have,
 Yet doth my mind forbid me crave.
 Content I live, this is my stay,
 I seek no more than may suffice,
 I press to bear no haughty sway,
 Looke what I lacke my mind supplies:
 Loe, thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
 And hasty climbers oft do fall;
 I see how those that sit aloft,
 Mis hap doth threaten most of all;

They

* i. e. is bestowed by nature.

They get, they toyle, they spend with care,
Such cares my mind could never beare.

I laugh not at anothers losse,
I grudge not at anothers gaine; 20
No worldly wave my mind can tosse,
I brooke that is anothers paine * :
I feare no foe, I scorne no friend,
I dread no death, I feare no end.

Some have too much, yet still they crave, 25
I little have, yet seek no more;
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live. 30

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
My conscience clear my chiefe defence,
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence:
Loe thus I live, thus will I die, 35
Would all did so as well as I.

No princely pompe, no wealthy store,
No force to get the victory,
No wily wit to salve a fore,
No shape to win a lovers eye: 40
To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
For why my mind despiseth all.

Q 3

* i. e. I endure what gives another pain.

I joy not at an earthly blisse,
 I weigh not Crefus' wealth a straw;
 For care, I care not what it is, 45
 I fear not fortunes fatall law:
 My mind is such as may not move
 For beauty bright or force of love.

I wish not what I have at will,
 I wander not to seek for more, 50
 I like the plaine, I clime no hill,
 In greatest storme I sit on shore,
 And laugh at those that toile in vaine
 To get that must be lost again.

I kifs not where I wish to kill, 55
 I faine no love where most I hate,
 I breake no sleep to winne my will,
 I waite not at the mighties gate,
 I scorne no poor, I fear no rich;
 I feele no want, nor have too much. 60

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath;
 Extreames are counted worst of all,
 The golden meane betwixt them both,
 Doth surest sit, and fears no fall:
 This is my cloyce, for why I finde, 65
 No wealth is like a quiet minde.

VI.

THE PATIENT COUNTESS.

*The following tale is found in an ancient poem intituled
 ALBION'S ENGLAND, written by W. WARNER, a ce-
 lebrated*

lebrated Poet in the reign of Q. Elizabeth, tho' his name and works are now equally forgotten. The reader will find some account of him in Vol. 2. p. 231, 232.

Altho' the following stanzas are printed from an edition in 1602, yett "The first and second Parts of Albion's England, &c.", made their appearance in 1589, 4to; and were reprinted in 1597, under the title of "Albion's England; a continued historie of the same kingdom, &c." 4to. See Ames's Typograph. where is preserved the memory of another publication of this writer's, intitled, "WARRER'S POETRY", printed in 1586, 12mo. and reprinted in 1602.

It is proper to premise, that the following lines were not written by the Author in stanzas, but in long Alexandrines of 14 syllables; which the narrowness of our page made it here necessary to subdivide.

Impatience chaungeth smoke to flame,

But jelousie is hell;

Some wives by patience have reduc'd

Ill husbands to live well:

As did the lady of an earle,

Of whom I now shall tell.

An earle 'there was' had wedded, lov'd;

Was lov'd, and lived long

Full true to his fayre countesse; yet

At last he did her wrong.

Once hunted he untill the chace,

Long fasting, and the heat

Did house him in a peakish graunge

Within a forest great.

Where knowne and welcom'd (as the place 15
 And persons might afforde)
 Browne bread, whig, bacon, curds and milke
 Were fet him on the borde.

A cufhion made of lifts, a ftoole
 Halfe backed with a hoope, 20
 Were brought him, and he fitteth down
 Befides a forry coupe.

The poore old couple wifht their bread
 Were wheat, their whig were perry,
 Their bacon beefe, their milke and curds 25
 Were creame, to make him merry.

Meane while (in ruffet neatly clad,
 With linen white as fwanne,
 Herfelfe more white, fave rofie where
 The ruddy colour ranne; 30

Whome naked nature, not the aydes
 Of arte made to excell)
 The good man's daughter fturres to fee
 That all were feat and well;
 The earle did marke her, and admire 35
 Such beautie there to dwell.

Yet fals he to their homely fare,
 And held him at a feaft;
 But as his hunger flacked, fo
 An amorous heat increaft. 40

When this repaft was pafte, and thanks,
 And welcome too; he fayd
 Unto his hofte and hofteffe, in
 The hearing of the mayd: Yee

Yee know, quoth he, that I am lord 45
 Of this, and many townes;
 I also know that you be poore,
 And I can spare you powndes.

Soe will I, so yee will consent,
 That yonder lasse and I 50
 May bargaine for her love; at least,
 Doe give me leave to trye.
 Who needs to know it? nay who dares
 Into my doings pry?

First they mislike, yet at the length 55
 For lucre were misled;
 And then the gamesome earle did wowe
 The damfell for his bed.

He tooke her in his armes, as yet 60
 So coyish to be kist,
 As mayds that know themselves belov'd,
 And yieldingly resist.

In few, his offers were so large
 She lastly did consent;
 With whom he lodged all that night, 65
 And early home he went.

He tooke occasion oftentimes
 In such a fort to hunt.
 Whom when his lady often mist,
 Contrary to his wont. 70

And lastly was informed of
 His amorous haunt elsewhere;
 It greev'd her not a little, though
 She seem'd it well to beare. And

And thus she reasons with herselfe, 75

Some fault perhaps in me;

Somewhat is done, that so he doth:

Alas! what may it be?

How may I winne him to myselfe?

He is a man, and men 80

Have imperfections; it behooves

Me pardon nature then.

To checke him were to make him checke,*

Although hee now were chaste;

A man controuled of his wife, 85

To her makes lesser haste.

If dutie then, or daliance may

Prevayle to alter him;

I will be dutifull, and make

My selfe for daliance trim. 90

So was she, and so lovingly

Did entertaine her lord,

As fairer, or more faultles none

Could be for bed or bord.

Yet still he loves his leiman, and 95

Did still pursue that game,

Suspecting nothing less, than that

His lady knew the same:

Wherefore

* To CHECK is a term in falconry, applied when a hawk stops and turns away from his proper pursuit: To CHECK also signifies to reprove or chide. It is in this verse used in both senses.

Wherefore to make him know fhe knew,
 She this devise did frame: 100

When long fhe had been wrong'd, and fought
 The foresaid meanes in vaine,
 She rideth to the simple graunge
 But with a slender traine.

She lighteth, entreth, greets them well, 105
 And then did looke about her:

The guiltie household knowing her,
 Did wifh themselves without her;
 Yet, for fhe looked merily,
 The lesse they did misdoubt her. 110

When fhe had seen the beauteous wench
 (Than blushing fairnes fairer)
 Such beauty made the countesse hold
 Them both excus'd the rather.

Who would no bite at such a bait? 115
 Thought fhe: and who (though loth)
 So poore a wench, but gold might tempt;
 Sweet errors lead them both.

Scarfe one in twenty that had brag'd
 Of proffer'd gold denied, 120
 Or of such yeelding beautie baulkt,
 But, tenne to one, had lied.

Thus thought fhe: and fhe thus declares
 Her cause of coming thither,
 My lord, oft hunting in these partes, 125
 Through travel, night or wether.

Hath

Hath often lodged in your house;
 I thanke you for the same;
 For why? it doth him jolly ease
 To lie so neare his game. 130

But, for you have not furniture
 Befeeching such a guest,
 I bring his owne, and come myselfe
 To see his lodging drest. 135

With that two sumpters were discharg'd,
 In which were hangings brave,
 Silke coverings, curtens, carpets, plate,
 And al such turne should have. 140

When all was handfomly dispos'd,
 She prayes them to have care
 That nothing hap in their default,
 That might his health impair; 145

And, Damsell, quoth fhee, for it seemes
 This houshold is but three,
 And for thy parents age, that this
 Shall chiefly rest on thee; 145

Do me that good, else would to God
 He hither come no more.
 So tooke she horse, and ere she went
 Bestowed Gould good store. 150

Full little thought the countie that
 His countesse had done so,
 Who now return'd from far affaires
 Did to his sweet-heart go.

No sooner sat he foote within 155

The late deformed cote,

But that the formall change of things

His wondring eies did note.

But when he knew those goods to be

His proper goods; though late, 160

Scarce taking leave, he home returnes

The matter to debate.

The countesse was a-bed, and he

With her his lodging tooke;

Sir, welcome home (quoth fhee); this night 165

For you I did not looke.

Then did he question her of such

His stufte bestowed foe.

Forsooth, quoth fhe, because I did

Your love and lodging knowe: 170

Your love to be a proper wench,

Your lodging nothing lesse;

I held it for your health, the house

More decently to dresse.

Well wot I, notwithstanding her, 175

Your lordship loveth me;

And greater hope to hold you such

By quiet, then brawles, 'you' see.

Then for my dutie, your delight,

And to retaine your favour, 180

All done I did, and patiently

Expect your wonted 'haviour.

Her

Her patience, witte and answer wrought

His gentle teares to fall:

When (kissing her a score of times) 185

Amend, sweet wife, I shall:

He said, and did it; 'so each wife

'Her husband may' recall.

VII.

YOU MEANER BEAUTYES.

*The author and date of this little sonnet are unknown.
'Tis printed from a written copy, which had all the marks of
great antiquity.*

YOU meaner beutyeyes of the night,
Which poorely satisfie our eyes,
More by your number then your light,
Like common people of the skyes;
What are yee, when the moon doth rise? 5

Yee violets, that first appeare,
By your purple mantles known,
Like proud virgins of the yeare,
As if the spring were all your owne;
What are yee when the rose is blown? 10

Yee wandring chaunters of the wood,
That fill the ayre with natures layes,
Thinking your passions understood
By weak accents: What is your praise
When Philomel her voyce shall raise? 15

So when my mistress shall be seen
 In sweetnesse of her looks, and minde;
 By vertue first, then choyce a queen;
 Tell mee if shee was not designde
 The ecclipse and glory of her kinde? 20

VIII.

DOWSABELL.

*The following stanzas were written by MICHAEL DRAYTON, a poet of some eminence in the reigns of Q. Elizabeth, James I. and Charles *. They are inserted in one of his Pastorals, the first edition of which bears this whimsical Title. " Idea. The Shepheards Garland, fashioned in nine " Eglogs. Rowlands sacrifice to the nine muses. Lond. " 1593., 4to. They are inscribed with the Author's name at length " To the noble and valerous gentleman master Robert Dudley, &c., " It is very remarkable that when Drayton reprinted them in the first folio Edit. of his works, 1619, he had given those Eclogues so thorough a revisal that there is hardly a line to be found the same as in the old Edition. This poem had received the fewest corrections, and therefore is chiefly given from the ancient copy, where it is thus introduced by one of his Shepherds,*

*Listen to mee, my lovely shepheards joye,
 And thou shalt heare, with mirth and mickle glee,
 A pretie tale, which when I was a boy,
 My toothles grandame oft hath tolde to me.*

The

* He was born in 1563, and died in 1631. Biog. Brit.

The Author has professedly imitated the style and metre of some of the old metrical Romances; particularly that of SIR ISENBRAS *, (alluded to in v. 3.) as the reader may judge from the following specimen:

Lordynges, lysten, and you shal here, &c.

* * * * *

Ye shal well heare of a knight,

That was in warre full wyght,

And doughtye of his dede:

His name was Syr Isenbras,

10

Man nobler then he was

Lyved none with breade.

He was lyvely, large, and longe,

With shoulders broade, and armes stronge,

That myghtie was to se:

15

He was a hardye man, and hye,

All men hym loved that hym se,

For a gentyll knyght was he:

Harpers loved him in hall,

With other minstrells all,

20

For he gave them golde and fee, &c.

This ancient Legend was printed in black letter, 4to, by Wylliam Copland; no date. — In the Cotton Library (Calig. A. 2.) is a MS. copy of the same Romance containing the greatest variations. They are probably two different translations of some French Original.

FARRE

* As also Chaucer's Rhyme of Sir Topas. v. 6.

FARRE in the country of Arden,
 There won'd a knight, hight Casement,
 As bolde as Ikenbras:
 Fell was he, and eger bent,
 In battell and in tournament.
 As was the good Sir Topas.

5

He had, as antique stories tell,
 A daughter cleaped Dowlabel,
 A mayden fayre and free:
 And for she was her fathers heire,
 Full well she was y-cond the leyre
 Of mickle curtesie.

10

The filke well couth she twist and twine,
 And make the fine march-pine,
 And with the needle werke:
 And she couth helpe the priest to say
 His mattins on a holy-day,
 And sing a psalme in kirke.

15

She ware a frock of frolicke greene,
 Might well beseeme a mayden queene,
 Which seemly was to see;
 A hood to that so neat and fine,
 In colour like the colombine,
 Y-wrought full featously.

20

Her features all as fresh above,
 As is the grasse that growes by Dove;
 And lyth as lasse of Kent.

25

Her skin as soft as Lemster wooll,
 As white as snow on Peakish Hull,
 Or swanne that swims in Trent.

30

This mayden in a morne betime,
 Went forth, when May was in her prime,
 To get sweete cetywall,
 The honey - suckle, the harlocke,
 The lilly and the lady-smocke,
 To deck her summer hall.

35

Thus, as she wandred here and there,
 Y-picking of the bloomed breere,
 She chanced to espie
 A shepheard sitting on a bancke,
 Like chanteclere he crowed crancke,
 And pip'd full merrilie.

40

He leard his sheepe as he him list,
 When he would whistle in his fist,
 To feede about him round;
 Whilst he full many a carroll sung,
 Untill the fields and medowes rung,
 And all the woods did found.

45

In favour this same shepheards fwayne
 Was like the bedlam Tamburlayne*,
 Which helde prowd kings in awe:
 But meeke he was as lamb mought be;
 And innocent of ill as he
 Whom his lewd brother flaw.

50

The

* Alluding to "Tamburlaine the great, or the Scythian Shepheard", 1590. 80. an old ranting play ascribed to Marlowe.

The fhepheard ware a fheepe - gray clocke, 55

Which was of the finest loke,

That could be cut with fheere:

His mittens were of bauzens fkinne,

His cockers were of cordiwin

His hood of meniveere. 60

His aule and lingell in a thong,

His tar - boxe on his broad belt hong,

His breech of coyntrie blewe:

Full crispe and curled were his lockes,

His browes as white as Albion rocks: 65

So like a lover true.

And pyping still he spent the day,

So merry as the popingay;

Which liked Dowfabel:

That would fhe ought, or would fhe nought, 70

This lad would never from her thought;

She in love - longing fell.

At length fhe tucked up her frocke,

White as a lilly was her smocke,

She drew the fhepheard nye: 75

But then the fhepheard pyp'd a good,

That all his fheepe forfooke their foode,

To heare his melodye.

Thy fheepe, quoth fhe, cannot be leane,

That have a jolly fhepheards fwayne, 80

The which can pipe so well:

Yea but, sayth he, their fhepheard may,

If pyping thus he pine away,

In love of Dowfabel.

Of love, fond boy, take thou no keep, 85
 Quoth she; looke thou unto thy sheepe,
 Left they should hap to stray.

Quoth he, so had I done full well,
 Had I not seene fayre Dowfabel
 Come forth to gather maye. 90

With that she gan to vaile her head,
 Her cheeks were like the roses red,
 But not a word she sayd:
 With that the shepheard gan to frowne,
 He threw his pretie pypes adowne, 95
 And on the ground him layd.

Sayth she, I may not stay till night,
 And leave my summer-hall undight,
 And all for long of thee.
 My coate, sayth he, nor yet my foulde 100
 Shall neither sheepe, nor shepheard hould,
 Except thou favour mee.

Sayth she, yet lever were I dead,
 Then I should lose my mayden-head,
 And all for love of men. 105

Sayth he, yet are you too unkind,
 If in your heart you cannot finde
 To love us now and then.

And I to thee will be as kinde,
 As Colin was to Rosalinde: 110
 Of curtesie the flower.

Then will I be as true, quoth she,
 As ever mayden yet might be
 Unto her paramour.

With

With that ſhe bent her ſnow - white knee , 115
 Downe by the ſhepherd kneeled ſhee ,
 And him ſhe ſweetely kiſt :
 With that the ſhepherd whoop'd for joy ,
 Quoth he , ther's never ſhepherds boy
 That ever was ſo bliſt. 120

IX.

THE FAREWELL TO LOVE,

*from Beaumont and Fletcher's play, intituled The Lover's
 Progreſſ. A. 3. ſc. 1.*

ADIEU , fond love , farewell you wanton powers ;
 I am free again.
 Thou dull diſeaſe of bloud and idle hours ,
 Bewitching pain ,
 Fly to fools , that ſigh away their time : 5
 My nobler love to heaven doth climb ,
 And there behold beauty ſtill young ,
 That time can ne'er corrupt nor death deſtroy ,
 Immortal ſweetneſs by fair angels ſung ,
 And honoured by eternity and joy : 10
 There lies my love , thither my hopes aſpire ,
 Fond love declines , this heavenly love grows higher.

X.

ULYSSES AND THE SYREN,

— affords a pretty poetical contest between Pleasure and Honour. It is found at the end of “*Hymen’s triumph: a pastoral tragicomédie*,” written by Daniel, and printed among his works, 4to. 1623. — Daniel, who was a contemporary of Drayton’s, and is said to have been poet laureat to Queen Elizabeth, was born in 1562, and died in 1619.

This little poem is the rather selected for a specimen of Daniel’s poetic powers, as it is omitted in the later edition of his works, 2 vol. 12mo. 1718.

S Y R E N.

COME, worthy Greeke, Ulysses come,
 Possesse these fhores with me,
 The windes and seas are troublesome,
 And here we may be free.
 Here may we sit and view their toyle,
 That travaile in the deepe,
 Enjoy the day in mirth the while,
 And spend the night in sleepe.

U L Y S S E S.

Faire nymph, if fame or honour were
 To be attain’d with ease,
 Then would I come and rest with thee,
 And leave such toiles as these:
 But here it dwels, and here must I
 With danger seek it forth;
 To spend the time luxuriously
 Becomes not men of worth.

S Y R E N.

S Y R E N.

Ulysses, O be not deceiv'd
 With that unreall name :
 This honour is a thing conceiv'd,
 And rests on others' fame. 20
 Begotten only to molest
 Our peace, and to beguile
 (The best thing of our life) our rest,
 And give us up to toyle!

U L Y S S E S.

Delicious nymph, suppose there were 25
 No honour, or report,
 Yet manlinesse would scorne to weare
 The time in idle sport:
 For toyle doth give a better touch
 To make us feele our joy; 30
 And ease findes tediousnes, as much
 As labour yeelds annoy.

S Y R E N.

Then pleasure likewise seemes the shore,
 Whereto tendes all your toyle;
 Which you forego to make it more, 35
 And perish oft the while.
 Who may disport them diversly,
 Find never tedious day;
 And ease may have variety,
 As well as action may.

U L Y S S E S.

But natures of the noblest frame
 These toyles and dangers please;
 And they take comfort in the same,
 As much as you in ease:
 And with the thought of actions past 45
 Are recreated still:
 When pleasure leaves a touch at last
 To shew that it was ill.

S Y R E N.

That doth opinion only cause,
 That's out of custom bred; 50
 Which makes us many other laws,
 Than ever nature did,
 No widowes waile for our delights,
 Our sports are without blood;
 The world we see by warlike wights 55
 Receives more hurt than good.

U L Y S S E S.

But yet the state of things require
 These motions of unrest,
 And these great spirits of high desire
 Seeme borne to turn them best: 60
 To purge the mischiefes, that increase
 And all good order marr:
 For oft we see a wicked peace,
 To be well chang'd for war.

S Y R E N.

S Y R E N.

Well, well, Ulyffes, then I see 65
 I fhall not have thee here;
 And therefore I will come to thee,
 And take my fortune there,
 I must be wonne that cannot win,
 Yet lost were I not wonne: 70
 For beauty hath created bin
 T' undoo or be undone.

XI.

CUPID'S PASTIME.

*This beautiful poem, which possesses a classical elegance hardly to be expected in the age of James I, is printed from the 4th edition of Davison's poems *, &c. 1621. It is also found in a later miscellany, intituled, "Le Prince d'amour., 1660. 8vo. — Francis Davison, editor of the poems above referred to, was son of that unfortunate secretary of state, who suffered so much from the affair of Mary Q. of Scots. These poems, he tells us in his preface, were written by himself, by his brother [Walter], who was a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries, and by some dear friends "anonymous." Among them are found pieces by Sir J. Davis, the countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, and other wits of those times.*

In the fourth vol. of Dryden's Miscellanies, this poem is attributed to Sydney Godolphin, Esq; but erroneously, being

R 5

probably

* See the full title in vol. 2. p. 289.

probably written before he was born. One edit. of Davison's book was published in 1608. Godolphin was born in 1610, and died in 1642-3. Ath. Ox. II. 23.

IT chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,
That went to seek his straying sheep,
Within a thicket on a plain
Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspread, her face ;
Her careless arms abroad were cast ;
Her quiver had her pillows place ;
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill ;
Nought durst he do ; nought durst he say ;
Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will,
Did guide the god of love that way.

The crafty boy thus sees her sleep,
Whom if she wak't he durst not see ;
Behind her closely seeks to creep,
Before her nap should ended be.

There come, he steals her shafts away,
And puts his own into their place ;
Nor dares he any longer stay,
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone, but she awakes,
And spies the shepherd standing by :
Her bended bow in haste she takes,
And at the simple swain lets flye.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierc't his heart, 25
That to the ground he fell with pain:
Yet up again forthwith he start,
And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to see so strange a sight,
She shot, and shot, but all in vain; 30
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Love yielded strength amidst his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,
She blames her hand, she blames her skill;
The bluntness of her shafts she fears, 35
And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet nymph, trye not thy shaft,
Each little touch will pierce thy heart:
Alas! thou know'st not Cupids craft;
Revenge is joy; the end is smart. 40

Yet try she will, and pierce some bare;
Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
That made the shepherd senseless stand.

That breast she pierc't; and through that breast 45
Love found an entry to her heart;
At feeling of this new-come guest,
Lord! how this gentle nymph did start?

She runs not now; she shoots no more;
Away she throws both shaft and bow: 50
She seeks for what she shun'd before,
She thinks the shepherds haste too slow.

Though

Though mountains meet not, lovers may;

What other lovers do, did they:

The god of love fate on a tree,

And laught that pleasant fight to see.

55

XII.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

This little moral poem is printed at the end of Sir Thomas Overbury's "Wife, &c. Lond. 1638.," It is also found in the volume, intituled, "Le prince d'amour. 1660.," and in a small collection of MS. poems, 4to. in the editor's possession. It is said to be written "by Sir H. W.," probably Sir HENRY WOTTON, who died provost of Eaton, in 1639. Æt. 72.

HOW happy is he borne or taught,

That serveth not anothers will;

Whose armour is his honest thought,

And simple truth his highest skill:

Whose passions not his master are;

Whose soule is still prepar'd for death;

Not ty'd unto the world with care

Of princes ear, or vulgar breath:

5

Who hath his life from rumours freed;

Whose conscience is his strong retreat;

Whose state can neither flatterers feed,

Nor ruine make accusers great:

10

Who

Who envies none, whom chance doth raise,
 Or vice: Who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given with praise, 15
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who God doth late and early pray
 His graces more then gifts to lend;
 And entertaines the harmlesse day
 With a well-chosen booke or friend. 20

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or feare to fall;
 Lord of himselfe, though not of lands;
 And having nothing yet hath all.

XIII.

UNFADING BEAUTY.

This little beautiful sonnet is reprinted from a small volume of "Poems by THOMAS CAREW, Esq. one of the gentlemen of the privie-chamber, and sewer in ordinary to his majesty (Charles I). Lond. 1640.," This elegant, and almost-forgotten writer, whose poems deserve to be revived, died in the prime of his age, in 1639.

In the original follows a third stanza, which not being of general application, nor of equal merit, I have ventured to omit.

HEE that loves a rosie cheeke,
 Or a corall lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seeke
 Fuell to maintaine his fires;

As

As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

5

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calme desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where these are not I despise
Lovely checkes, or lips, or eyes.

10

XIV.

G I L D E R O Y,

— was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the last century, if we may credit the histories and story-books of highwaymen, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richlieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But these stories have probably no other authority, than the records of Grub-street: At least the GILDEROY, who is the hero of Scottish Songsters, seems to have lived in an earlier age; for in Thomson's *Orpheus Calidoniensis*, vol. 2. 1733. 8vo. is a copy of this ballad, which tho' corrupt and interpolated, contains some lines that appear to be of genuine antiquity: in these he is represented as contemporary with Mary Q. of Scots: *ex gr.*

“ The Queen of Scots possessed nought,

“ That my love let me want:

“ For cow and ew he brought to me,

“ And ein whan they were scant. „

Those lines perhaps might safely have been inserted among the following stanzas, which are given from a written copy, that seems to have received some modern corrections. Indeed the common popular ballad contained some indecent luxuriations that requirer the pruning book.

GILDEROY

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,

Had roses tull his shoonie,

His stockings were of filken foy,

Wi' garters hanging doun:

It was, I weene, a comelie fight,

To see fae trim a boy;

He was my jo and hearts delight,

My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! fike two charming een he had,

A breath as sweet as rose,

He never ware a Highland plaid,

But costlly filken clothes;

He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,

Nane eir tull him was coy,

Ah! wae is mee! I mourn the day,

For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born,

Bait in one toun together,

We scant were seven years befor,

We gan to luve each other;

Our dadies and our mammies thay,

Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,

To think upon the bridal day,

Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy that luve of mine,

Gude faith, I freely bought

A wedding fark of holland fine,

Wi' filken flowers wrought:

And he gied me a weding ring,

Which I receiv'd wi' joy,

Nae

Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing,
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith sixteen,
And aft we past the langsome time,
Among the leaves fae green;
Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,
And sweetly kifs and toy,
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! that he still had been content,
Wi' me to lead his life,
But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent,
To stir in feares of strife:

And he in many a venturous deed,
His courage bauld wad try,
And now this gars mine heart to bleed,
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wat mine ee,
I gave tull him a parting luik,
" My benifon gang wi' thee!
God speed the weil, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy;
My heart is rent sith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy.,,

My Gilderoy baith far and near,
Was fear'd in every toun,
And bauldly bare away the gear,
Of many a lawland loun;

Nane

Nane eir durst meet him man to man,
 He was fae brave a boy,
 At length wi' numbers he was tane,
 My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loon that made the laws, 65
 To hang a man for gear,
 To 'reave of life for ox or afs,
 For fheep, or horse, or mare:
 Had not their laws been made fae strick,
 I neir had lost my joy, 70
 Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek,
 For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,
 He mought hae banisht been,
 Ah! what fair cruelty is this, 75
 To hang like handsome men:
 To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
 Sae sweet and fair a boy:
 Nae lady had fae white a hand,
 As thee, my Gilderoy. 80

Of Gilderoy fae fraid they were,
 They bound him mickle strong,
 Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
 And on a gallows hung:
 They hung him high aboon the rest, 85
 He was fae trim a boy,
 Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
 I bare his corpse away, 90

Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
 I wafht his comelye clay;
 And fiker in a gravefae deep,
 I laid the dear-lued boy,
 And now for evir maun I weep,
 My winsome Gilderoy.

95

* * *

XV.

WINIFREDA.

This beautiful address to conjugal love, a subject too much neglected by the libertine muses, is printed in some modern collections as a translation "from the ancient Brittish language;" how truly I know not. See the Musical Miscellany; vol. 6. 1731. 8vo.

AWAY; let nought to love displeasing,
 My Winifreda, move your care;
 Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
 With pompous titles grace our blood?
 We'll shine in more substantial honors,
 And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
 Will sweetly sound where - e'er 'tis spoke:
 And all the great ones, they shall wonder
 How they respect such little folk.

What

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
 No mighty treasures we possess,
 We'll find within our pittance plenty, 15
 And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season
 Sufficient for our wishes give;
 For we will live a life of reason,
 And that's the only life to live. 20

Through youth and age in love excelling,
 We'll hand in hand together tread;
 Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
 And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures, 25
 While round my knees they fondly clung;
 To see them look their mother's features,
 To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And, when with envy time transported,
 Shall think to rob us of our joys, 30
 You'll in your girls again be courted,
 And I'll go a wooing with my boys.

XVI.

J E M M Y D A W S O N.

This ballad is founded on a remarkable fact that happened among the executions after the last rebellion in 1745: it was written by the late WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq; soon after the event, and has been printed among his posthumous

works, 2. vols. 8vo. It is here given from a MS. copy, which contained some small variations from that lately printed.

C O M E listen to my mournful tale,
 Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;
 Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
 Nor will you blush to shed a tear,

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid, 5
 Do thou a pensive ear incline;
 For thou canst weep at every woe;
 And pity every plaint, but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
 A brighter never trod the plain; 10
 And well he lov'd one charming maid,
 And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
 Of gentle blood the damsel came,
 And faultless was her beauteous form, 15
 And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
 That led the faithful youth astray,
 The day the rebel clans appear'd:
 O had he never seen that day! 20

Their colours and their fash he wore,
 And in the fatal dress was found;
 And now he must that death endure,
 Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How

How pale was then his true love's cheek, 25

When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear?
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, nor yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said, 30

Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place, 35

And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O GEORGE, without a prayer for thee
My orisons should never close.

The gracious prince that gives him life 40

Would crown a never-dying flame,
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to hush the giver's name.

But though, dear youth, thou shouldst be dragg'd

To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
To share thy bitter fate with thee.

O then her mourning coach was call'd, 45

The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She followed him, prepar'd to view 50

The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
 Which she had fondly lov'd so long:
 And stifled was that tuneful breath, 55
 Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And fever'd was that beauteous neck,
 Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
 And mangled was that beauteous breast,
 On which her love-sick head repos'd; 60

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
 She did to every heart prefer;
 For tho' it could his king forget,
 'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames 65
 She bore this constant heart to see;
 But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
 Yet, yet, she cried, I'll follow thee.

My death, my death alone can show
 The pure and lasting love I bore; 70
 Accept, O heaven, of woes like ours,
 And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
 The lover's mournful hearth retir'd;
 The maid drew back her languid head, 75
 And sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
 The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
 For seldom shall she hear a tale,
 So sad, so tender, and so true. 80

XVII.

THE WITCH OF WOKEY,

— was published in a small collection of poems intituled, EUTHEMIA, OR THE POWER OF HARMONY, &c. 1756. written by an ingenious Physician near Bath, who chose to conceal his name. The following contains some variations from the original copy, which it is hoped the author will pardon, when he is informed they came from the elegant pen of the late Mr. Shenstone.

WOKEY-HOLE is a noted cavern in Somersetshire, which has given birth to as many wild fanciful stories as the Sybils Cave in Italy. Thro' a very narrow entrance, it opens into a large vault, the roof whereof, either on account of its height, or the thickness of the gloom, cannot be discovered by the light of torches. It goes winding a great way under ground, is crost by a stream of very cold water, and is all horrid with broken pieces of rock: many of these are evident petrifications, which on account of their singular forms, have given rise to the fables alluded to in this poem.

IN aunciente days tradition showes
 A base and wicked elfe arose,
 The Witch of Wokey hight:
 Oft have I heard the fearfull tale
 From Sue, and Roger of the vale,
 On some long winter's night.

Deep in the dreary dismall cell,
 Which seem'd and was ycleped hell,
 This blear-eyed hag did hide:
 Nine wicked elves, as legends sayne,
 She chose to form her guardian trayne,
 And kennel near her side.

Here screeching owls oft made their nest,
 While wolves its craggy fides posselt,
 Night - howling thro' the rock : 15
 No wholesome herb could here be found ;
 She blasted every plant around ,
 And blister'd every flock.

Her haggard face was foull to see ;
 Her mouth unmeet a mouth to bee ; 20
 Her cyne of deadly leer,
 She nought devis'd, but neighbour's ill ;
 She wreak'd on all her wayward will ,
 And marr'd all goodly chear.

All in her prime, have poets sung, 25
 No gaudy youth, gallant and young,
 E'er blest her longing armes ;
 And hence arose her spight to vex,
 And blast the youth of either sex,
 By dint of hellish charms. 30

From Glaston came a lerned wight,
 Full bent to marr her fell despight,
 And well he did, I ween :
 Sich mischief never had been known,
 And, since his mickle lerninge frown, 35
 Sich mischief ne'er has been.

He chauntede out his godlie booke ,
 He crost the water, blest the brooke ,
 Then — pater noster done ;
 The ghaftly hag he sprinkled o'er ; 40
 When lo ! where stood a hag before ,
 Now stood a ghaftly stone.

Full well 'tis known adown the dale:
 Tho' passing strange indeed the tale,
 And doubtfull may appear,
 I'm bold to say, there's never a one,
 That has not seen the witch in stone,
 With all her-household gear.

45

But tho' this lernede clerke did well;
 With grieved heart, alas! I tell,
 She left this curse behind:
 That Wokey-nymphs forsaken quite,
 Tho' sence and beauty both unite,
 Should find no leman kind.

50

For lo! even, as the fiend did say,
 The sex have found it to this day,
 That men are wondrous scant:
 Here's beauty, wit, and sence combin'd,
 With all that's good and virtuous join'd,
 Yet hardly one gallant.

55

60

Shall then sich maids unpitied moane?
 They might as well, like her, be stone,
 As thus forsaken dwell.
 Since Glaston now can boast no clerks;
 Come down from Oxenford, ye sparks,
 And, oh! revoke the spell.

65

Yet stay — nor thus despond, ye fair;
 Virtue's the gods' peculiar care;
 I hear the gracious voice:
 Your sex shall soon be blest agen,
 We only wait to find sich men,
 As best deserve your choice.

70

XVIII.

BRYAN AND PEREENE,

A WEST-INDIAN BALLAD,

— is founded on a real fact, that happened in the island of St. Christophers about two years ago. The editor owes the following stanzas to the friendship of Dr. JAMES GRAINGER *, who was in the island when this tragical incident happened, and is now an eminent physician there. To this ingenious gentleman the public is indebted for the fine ODE ON SOLITUDE printed in the IVth Vol. of Dodsley's Miscel. p. 229. in which are assembled some of the sublimest images in nature. The reader will pardon the insertion of the first stanza here, for the sake of rectifying the two last lines, which ought to be corrected thus

O Solitude, romantic maid,
 Whether by nodding towers you tread,
 Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
 Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
 Or climb the Andes' clefted side,
 Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
 Or starting from your half-year's sleep,
 From Hecla view the thawing deep,
 Or at the purple dawn of day
 Tadmor's marble wastes survey, &c.

alluding to the account of Palmyra published by some late ingenious travellers, and the manner in which they were struck at the first sight of those magnificent ruins by break of day **.

THE

* Author of a poem on the Culture of the SUGAR CANE lately published.

** So in pag. 335. Turn'd her magic ray.

THE north - east wind did briskly blow,
The ship was safely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boat's - crew flow,
And so leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall,
And who so his impatience blames,
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on English land,
Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
Tho' ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blythsome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That grac'd his mistress true;
Such charms the old world seldom saw,
Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy rose buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In sea - green filk so neatly clad,
She there impatient stood ; 30
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repell the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave ;
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd, 35
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing crowd the strand ;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land. 40

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain ;
When , ah ! a shark bit through his waste :
His heart's blood dy'd the main !

He shriek'd ! his half sprang from the wave, 45
Streaming with purple gore ,
And soon it found a living grave,
And ah ! was seen no more.

Now haste , now haste , ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring : 50
She falls, she swoons, she dyes away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb
Ye fair, fresh flow'rets strew,
So may your lovers scape his doom, 55
Her hapless fate scape you.

XIX.

GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

*Although the English are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient Ballads, and retain perhaps a greater fondness for these old simple rhapsodies of their ancestors, than most other nations; they are not the only people who have distinguished themselves by compositions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the highest merit. They call them in their language Romances, and have collected them into volumes under the titles of El Romancero, El Cancionero *, &c. Most of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and display a spirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. But of all the Spanish ballads, none exceed in poetical merit those inserted in a little Spanish "History of the civil wars of Granada," describing the dissensions which raged in that last seat of Moorish empire before it was conquered in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1491. In this History (or perhaps, Romance) a great number of heroic songs are inserted and appealed to as authentic vouchers for the truth of facts. In reality, the prose narrative seems to be drawn up for no other end, but to introduce and illustrate these beautiful pieces.*

The Spanish editor pretends (how truly I know not) that they are translations from the Arabic or Morisco language. Indeed the plain unadorned nature of the verse, and the native simplicity of language and sentiment, which runs through these poems, prove that they are ancient; or, at least, that
they

* i. e. The ballad-singer.

they were written before the Castellians began to form themselves on the model of the Tuscan poets, and had imported from Italy that fondness for conceit and refinement, which has for these two centuries past so miserably infected the Spanish poetry, and rendered it so unnatural, affected, and obscure.

As a specimen of the ancient Spanish manner, which very much resembles that of our old English Bards and Minstrels, the Reader is desired candidly to accept the two following poems. They are given from a small Collection of pieces of this kind, which the Editor some years ago translated for his amusement when he was studying the Spanish language. As the first is a pretty close translation, to gratify the curious it is accompanied with the original. The Metre is the same in all these old Spanish songs: and its plain unpolished nature strongly argues its great antiquity. It runs in short stanzas of four lines, of which the second and fourth alone correspond in their terminations; and in these it is only required

‘ **R** IO verde, rio verde,
 ‘ Quanto cuerpo en ti se banna
 ‘ De Christianos y de Moros
 ‘ Muertos por la dura espada!
 ‘ Y tus ondas cristalinas
 ‘ De roxa sangre se esmaltan:
 ‘ Entre Moros y Christianos
 ‘ Muy gran batalla se trava.
 ‘ Murieron Duques y Condes,
 ‘ Grandes señores de salva:
 ‘ Murio gente de valia
 ‘ De la nobleza de Espanna.

‘ En

quired that the vowels should be alike, the consonants may be altogether different, as

pone	casa	meten	arcos
noble	cannas	muere	gamo

Yet has this kind of verse a sort of simple harmonious flow, which atones for the imperfect nature of the rhyme, and renders it not unpleasing to the ear. The same flow of numbers has been studied in the following versions. The first of them is given from two different originals, both of which are printed in the Hist. de las civiles guerras de Granada. Mad. 1694. One of them hath the rhimes ending in AA, the other in IA. It is the former of these that is here reprinted. They both of them begin with the same line,

Rio verde, rio verde *,

which could not be translated faithfully;

Verdant river, verdant river,

would have given an affected stiffness to the verse; the great merit of which is its easy simplicity; and therefore a more simple epithet was adopted, though less poetical or expressive.

GENTLE river, gentle river,

Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore,

Many a brave and noble captain

Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,

All beside thy sands so bright,

Moorish Chiefs and Christian Warriors

Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes

On thy fatal banks were slain:

Fatal banks that gave to slaughter

All the pride and flower of Spain.

There

* Literally, Green river, green river.

‘ En ti murio don Alonfo,
 ‘ Que de Aguilar se llamaba;
 ‘ El valeroso Urdiales, 15
 ‘ Con don Alonfo acababa.

‘ Por un ladera arriba
 ‘ El buen Sayavedra marcha;
 ‘ Naturel es de Sevilla,
 ‘ De la gente mas granada. 20

‘ Tras el iba un Renegado,
 ‘ Desta manera le habla,
 ‘ Date, date, Sayavedra,
 ‘ No huyas de la Batalla.

‘ Yo te conozco muy bien, 25
 ‘ Gran tiempo estuve en tu casa:
 ‘ Y en la Plaça de Sevilla
 ‘ Bien te vide jugar cannas.

‘ Conozco a tu padre y madre,
 ‘ Y a tu muger donna Clara; 30
 ‘ Siete annos fui tu cautivo,
 ‘ Malamente me tratabas.

‘ Y aora lo feras mio,
 ‘ Si Mahoma me ayudara;
 ‘ Y tambien te tratare, 35
 ‘ Como a mi me tratabas.

‘ Sayavedra que lo oyera,
 ‘ Al Moro bolvio la cara;
 ‘ Tirole el Moro una flecha,
 ‘ Pero nunca le acertaba. 40

‘ Hiriole

There the hero, brave Alonzo
Full of wounds and glory died:
There the fearless Urdiales 15
Fell a victim by his side.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
Thro' the squadrons flow retires;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires. 20

Close behind a renegado
Loudly shouts with taunting cry;
Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,
Doeft thou from the battle fly?

Well I know thee, haughty Christian, 25
Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;
Oft I've in the lists of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know, 30
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

May our prophet grant my wishes,
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine:
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow, 35
Which I drank when I was thine.

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare:
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing thro' the air. 40

‘ Hiriole Sayavedra

‘ De una herida muy mala:

‘ Muerto cayo el Renegado

‘ Sin poder hablar palabra.

‘ Sayavedra fue cercado

‘ De mucha Mora canalla,

‘ Y al cabo cayo alli muerto

‘ De una muy mala lançada.

‘ Don Alonso en este tiempo

‘ Bravamente peleava,

‘ Y el cavallo le avian muerto,

‘ Y le tiene por muralla.

‘ Mas cargaron tantos Moros

‘ Que mal le hieren y tratan:

‘ De la sangre, que perdia,

‘ Don Alonso se desfaya.

‘ Al fin, al fin cayo muerto

‘ Al pie de un penna alta. —

‘ — Muerto queda don Alonso,

‘ Eterna fama ganara.

* * * * *

Back the hero full of fury
Sent a deep and mortal wound:
Instant sunk the Renegado,
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded, 45
Brave Saavedra stands at bay:
Wearied out but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting great Alonzo
Stout resists the Paynim bands; 50
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted;
Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious presses the hostile squadron,
Furious he repels their rage;
Loss of blood at length infebles: 55
Who can war with thousands wage!

Where yon rock the plain o'er shadows,
Close beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expir'd. 60

* * * * *

* * In the Spanish original of the foregoing ballad, follow a few more stanzas, but being of inferior merit were not translated.

RENEGADO properly signifies an apostate; but it is sometimes used to express an infidel in general; as it seems to do above in ver. 21. &c.

The image of the LION, &c. in ver. 37. is taken from the other Spanish-copy, the rhymes of which end in IA, viz.

‘ Sayavedra, que lo oyera,
‘ Como un leon rebolbia.’

XX.

A L C A N Z O R A N D Z A Y D A,

A MOORISH TALE,

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

The foregoing version was rendered as literal as the nature of the two languages would admit. In the following a wider compass hath been taken. The Spanish poem that was chiefly had in view, is preserved in the same history of the Civil wars of Granada, f. 22, and begins with these lines,

‘ Por la calle de su dama
‘ Paseando se anda, &c.’

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shuning every glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida , 5
 Whom he loves with flame so pure:
 Loveliest she of Moorish ladies ,
 He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute ,
 Oft he paces to and fro; 10
 Stopping now , now moving forwards,
 Sometimes quick , and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate teize him ,
 Oft he sighs with heart-felt care. —
 See , fond youth , to yonder window 15
 Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
 To the lost benighted swain ,
 When all silvery bright she rises ,
 Gilding mountain , grove , and plain, 20

Lovely seems the sun's full glory
 To the fainting seaman's eyes,
 When some horrid storm dispersing,
 O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But a thousand times more lovely 25
 To her longing lover's sight ,
 Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
 Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover ,
 Whispering forth a gentle sigh; 30
 Alla * keep thee , lovely lady;
 Tell me , am I doom'd to dye ? Is

* Alla is the Mahometan name of God.

Is it true the dreadful story,
 Which thy damself tells my page,
 That seduc'd by sordid riches
 Thou wilt sell thy youth to age? 35

An old lord from Antiquera
 Thy stern father brings along;
 But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
 E'er consent my love to wrong? 40

If it's true now plainly tell me,
 Nor thus trifle with my woes;
 Hide not then from me the secret,
 Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden, 45
 While the pearly tears descend:
 Ah! my lord, too true the story;
 Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd,
 Well are known our mutual vows; 50
 All my friends are full of fury;
 Storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears surround me;
 My stern father breaks my heart;
 Alla knows how dear it costs me, 55
 Generous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury
 Long have rent our house and thine,
 Why then did thy shining merit
 Win this tender heart of mine? 60

Well thou knowst how dear I lov'd thee
Spite of all their hateful pride,
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou knowst what cruell chidings 65
Oft I've from my mother borne,
What I've suffered here to meet thee
Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them,
All, to force my hand combine; 70
And to-morrow to thy rival
This weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
Can survive so great a wrong,
Well my breaking heart assures me 75
That my woes will not be long.

Farewel then, my dear Alcanzor!
Farewel too my life with thee!
Take this scarf a parting token,
When thou wear'st it think on me. 80

Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
Shall reward thy generous truth,
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
Died for thee in prime of youth.

— To him all amaz'd, confounded, 85
Thus she did her woes impart:
Deep he sigh'd, then cry'd, O Zaida,
Do not: do not break my heart.

Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?

Canst thou hold my love so small? 90

No! a thousand times I'll perish! —

My curst rival too shall fall.

Canst thou, wilt thou yield thus to them?

O break forth, and fly to me!

This fond heart shall bleed to save thee, 95

These fond arms shall shelter thee.

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,

Spies surround me, bars secure,

Scarce I steal this last dear moment,

While my damself keeps the door. 100

Hark, I hear my father storming!

Hark, I hear my mother chide!

I must go: farewell for ever!

Gracious Alla be thy guide!

THE END OF BOOK THE THIRD.





A GLOSSARY
OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN
VOLUME THE FIRST.

The Scottish words are denoted by s. French by f. Latin by l. Anglo-saxon by A. S. Islandic by Isl. &c. For the etymology of the words in this and the following Volumes, the Reader is referred to JUNIJ ETYMOLOGICON ANGLICANUM. EDIDIT EDW. LYE, OXON. 1743. FOL.

If any words should not occur here, they will be found in the Glossaries to the other Volumes.

A.

A', au. s. *all.*
A Twyde. p. 7. of
Tweed.

Abacke. *back.*

Abone, aboon, aboone. s.
above.

Abraide. *abroad.*

Acton. p. 42. *a kind of armour
made of taffaty, or leather
quilted, &c. worn under the
habergeon to save the body
from bruises. f. Hocqueton.*

Aft. s. *oft.*

Agayne. *against.*

Agoe. *gone.*

Ain, awin. s. *own.*

Al gife. *although.*

Alate. p. 78. *of late.*

An p. 66. *and.*

Ane. s. *one, an.*

Ancyent. *standard.*

Aras. p. 6. arros. p. 9. *arrows.*

Arcir. p. 66. *archer.*

Affinde. *assigned.*

Affoyl'd, affoyled. *absolved.*

Aftate. *estate.*

Astound. p. 176. *astonyed. stu-
ned, astonished, confounded.*

Ath. p. 6. athe. p. 9. o' th',
of the,

T §

Avoyd.

A GLOSSARY.

Avoyd. p. 167. *void, vacate.*
 Aureat. *golden.*
 Austerne. p. 240. *stern, austere.*

B.

Ba. s. *ball.*
 Bacheleere, batchilere. p. 35.
 &c. knight.
 Bairne. s. *child.*
 Baith. s. *bathe.* p. 11. *both.*
 Baile, bale. p. 35. 69. *evil, hurt, mischief, misery.*
 Balys bete. p. 16. *better our bales, i. e. remedy our evils.*
 Band. p. 41. *bond, covenant.*
 Bane. p. 11. *bone.*
 Bar. *bare.*
 Bar-hed. *bare-head, or perhaps bared.*
 Barne p. 7. berne p. 21. *man, person.*
 Base court. p. 78. *the lower court of a castle.*
 Bafnete, bafnite, bafnyte, bassonet, bassonete. *helmet.*
 Bauzens skinne. p. 259. *taned sheep's skin.*
 Be that. p. 6. *by that time.*
 Bearing arow. p. 143. *an arrow that carries well.*
 Bedight. p. 79. *bedecked.*
 Bedyls. *beadles.*
 Beheard. *heard.*
 Beete. *did beat.*
 Beforn. *before.*
 Begylde. *beguiled, deceived.*
 Behests. p. 281. *commands, injunctions.*
 Behove. p. 146. *behoof.*
 Belyfe. p. 110. *belive. immediately.*
 Bende-bow. *a bent bow, qu.*
 Ben, bone. *been.*
 Benifon. *bleffing.*

Bent. p. 6. bents. p. 36. (*where rushes grow*) *the field; fields.*
 Benynge. p. 100. *benigne. benign, kind.*
 Beste. *beest, art.*
 Bestis. *beasts.*
 Bestrawghted. p. 150. *distracted.*
 Beth. *be, are.*
 Bickarte. p. 5. *bicker'd skirmished.*
 Bill, &c. p. 236. *I have delivered a promise in writing, confirmed by an oath.*
 Blane. p. 12. blanne p. 39. *did blin. i. e. stop.*
 Blaw. s. *blow.*
 Blaze. *to emblazon, display.*
 Blee. *colour, complexion.*
 Bleid. s. *blede. bleed.*
 Blist. *bleffed.*
 Blive. p. 75. *belive. immediately.*
 Bloomed. p. 258. *beset with bloom.*
 Blude. *blood. blude reid. s. blood red.*
 Bluid, bluidy. s. *blood, bloody.*
 Blyve. p. 141. *belive. instantly.*
 Boare. *bare.*
 Bode. p. 96. *abode.*
 Boltes. *shafts, arrows.*
 Bomen. p. 5. *bow-men.*
 Bonny, bonnie, bonnye. s. *comely.*
 Boone. p. 80. *a gift, present.*
 Boot, boote. p. 70. *advantage, help, assistance.*
 Borrowe, borowe. *pledge, surety.*
 Borowe. p. 127. *to redeem by a pledge.*

Borro-

A GLOSSARY.

- Borrowed.** p. 29. warranted, pledged, was exchanged for.
Bot and. s. p. 89. and also.
Bot. but.
Bote. boot, advantage.
Bougill. s. bugle-horn, huntinghorn.
Bounde, bowned. prepared.
Bowndes. bounds.
Bowne ye. prepare ye.
Bowne. ready. bowned. prepared.
Bowre, p. 44. bower. habitation: chamber, parlour. perhaps from Isl. bouan to dwell.
Bowre - window, chamber-window.
Bowys. bows.
Braid. s. broad, large.
Brandes. swords.
Breere. p. 71. brere. briar.
Bred bannor. broad-banner.
Breech. p. 259. breches.
Breeden bale. breed mischief.
Breng, bryng. bring.
Broad arrow. an arrow with an edge.
Brodinge. pricking.
Brooke. p. 15. enjoy.
Brooke. p. 245. bear, endure.
Browd. p. 6. broad.
Bryttlynge, p. 6. brytlyng. p. 7. cutting up, quartering, carving.
Bugle. bugle-horn, huntinghorn.
Busument. p. 98. ambush a snare to bring them into trouble.
Buske ye. dress ye.
Busket, buskt. dressed.
Buskt them. p. 98. prepared themselves made themselves ready.
But if. unless.
- Buttes.** butts to shoot at.
By thre. p. 120. of three.
Bye. p. 127. buy, pay for. also abye. suffer for.
Byears, beeres. biers.
Bydys. bides, abides.
Byll. p. 7. bill. an ancient kind of halbert, or battle ax.
Byn, bine, bin. been, be, are.
Byrche. birch - tree birch-wood.
- C.
- Calde, callyd.** p. 8. called.
Can, cane. p. 26, 29. gan. p. 25. began to cry.
Capull - hyde. horse-hide.
Carebed. bed of care.
Carpe of care. p. 14. complain thro' care.
Cast. p. 8. mean, intend.
Caytiffe. p. 37. caitif. slave, despicable wretch.
Cetywall. p. 234. fetwall. the herb valerian: also mountain spikenard. See Gerard's herbal.
Chanteceleere. the cock.
Chays. p. 7. chace.
Check. to rate at.
Check. to stop.
Child. p. 79. knight children. p. 37. knights. See Vol. 3. p. 58.
Christentye. p. 64. christiantè. christendome.
Chyf, chyfe. chief.
Clawed. tore, scratched. p. 147. figuratively, beat.
Cleaped, cleped. called, named.
Clerke. scholar.
Coate. cot, cottage.
- Cockers.

A G L O S S A R Y.

Cockers. p. 259. *probably the same as startopes in vol. 2. a kind of buskins.*
Collayne. *Cologne-steel.*
Comen, commen, commyn. *come.*
Confetered. *confederated, entered into a confederacy.*
Cordiwin. p. 259. *cordwayne. properly Spanish, or Cordovan leather: here it signifies a more fulgar sort.*
Corfiare. p. 12. *courser.*
Cote. *cot, cottage. Item. coat.*
Coulde. *cold. Item. could.*
Cold be. p. 241. *was. could dye. p. 28. died. a phrase.*
Countie. p. 252. *count, earl.*
Coupe. p. 248. *a little pen for poultry.*
Couth. *could.*
Coyntrie. p. 259. *Coventry.*
Crage. p. 21. *cragg.*
Crancke. *sprightly, exulting.*
Credence. *belief.*
Crevis. *crevice, chink.*
Cricke. p. 156.
Cristes cors. p. 8. *Christ's curse.*
Crowch. *crutch (in p. 147. it ought perhaps to be clowch. clutch, grasp.)*
Cryance. *belief. f. creance. But in p. 36. &c. it seems to signify "fear," f. crainte.*
Cum. s. *come. p. 9. came.*

D.

Dampned. *condemned.*
De, dey, dy. p. 7. 14. 9. *die.*
Deepe-fette. *deep-fetched.*
Deid. s. *dede. deed. Item. dead.*

Deip. s. *depe. deep.*
Deir. s. *deere, dere. dear.*
Dell. p. 78. *deal. every dell.*
Denay. *deny. rhithmi gratia.*
Depured. p. 78. *pure, run clear.*
Descreeve. *describe.*
Dight. *decked, put on.*
Dill. p. 35. *dole, grief, pain. — dill I drye. p. 35. pain I suffer. dill was dight. p. 34. grief was upon him.*
Dint. *stroke, blow.*
Dis. p. 66. *this.*
Discust. *discussed.*
Dites. *dities.*
Dochter. s. *daughter.*
Dole. p. 34. *grief.*
Doleful dumps. p. 149. 221. *sorrowful gloom.*
Dolours. *dolourous, mournful.*
Doth, dothe, doeth. *do.*
Doughte, doughete, doughetie, doughty, formidable.
Doughtie. i. e. *doughty man.*
Downae. s. p. 32. *cannot.*
Doute. *doubt. Item. fear.*
Douted. *doubted, feared.*
Dois. s. *doys. does.*
Drap. s. *drop.*
Dre. p. 13. *drie. p. 89. drye. p. 28. suffer.*
Dreid. s. *dreede, drede. dread.*
Dreips. s. *drips, drops.*
Drovyers, drovers. p. 215. *probably the same as.*
Dryvars. p. 6. *drivers.*
Drye. p. 28. *suffer.*
Dryghnes. *dryness.*
Duble dyse. *double dice. i. e. false dice.*
Dughtie. *doughty.*
Dule. s. *dole. grief.*
Dyd, dyde. *did.*

Dyght.

A GLOSSARY.

Dyght. p. 11. dight. p. 45.
dressed, put on, put.
Dynte. p. 12. dint, blow,
stroke.
Dygyfyng. disguising, mas-
king.

E.

Eame, eme. p. 24. uncle.
Eathe. easy.
Ee. s. eie. eye.
Een, eyne. eyes.
Ech, eche, eiche. each.
Ein. s. even.
Eir, evir. s. e'er, ever.
Eke. also.
Eldern. s. elder.
Elke. p. 29. each.
Ellumynyng. p. 99. embel-
lishing: to illumine a book,
was to ornament it with
paintings in miniature.
Ellyconys. Helicon's.
Endyed. dyed.
Enharpit, &c. p. 99. booked,
or edged with mortal dread.
Enkankered. cankered.
Envie, p. 22. envye. p. 25.
malice, ill-will, injury.
Erst. s. heretofore.
Eterminable. p. 101. intermi-
nable, unlimited.
Everichone. every-one.
Exed. p. 78. asked.

F.

Fa. s. fall.
Fach, feche. fetch.
Fain, fayne. glad, fond.
Faine of fighte. p. 57. fond of
fighting.
Faine, fayne. feign.
Fals. false. Item. falleth.
Fare. p. 48. pass.

Farden. p. 43. fared, flashed.
Farley. wonder.
Faulkone. falcon.
Fay. faith.
Fayere. p. 24. fair.
Faytors. p. 101. deceivers,
dissemblers, cheats.
Fe. fee, bribe. Also, land.
Feat. p. 248. nice, neat.
Featoufly. neatly, dextrously.
Feere, fere. mate.
Feir. s. fere. fear.
Fendys pray, &c. p. 101.
from being the prey of the
fiends.
Ferfly. fiercely.
Fesante. pheasant.
Fette. fetched.
Fetteled, fettled. prepared,
addressed, made ready.
Filde. field.
Finaunce. p. 101. fine, for-
feiture.
Fit. p. 9. fyt. p. 127. fyte.
p. 67. Part. or. Division of
a song. hence p. 60. fitt is a
strain of music. See. vol. 2.
p. 161, 383.
Flyte. p. 156, 236. flout,
mock.
Foo. p. 29. foes.
For. on account of.
Forbode. p. 144. prohibition,
q. d. God forbid.
Forefend. prevent, defend.
Formare. former.
Forthynketh. p. 140. repen-
teth, vexeth, troubleth.
Forfed. p. 98. regarded, bee-
ded.
Forst. p. 61. forced, compel-
led.
Forsters of the fe. p. 141. for-
resters of the king's demes-
nes.
Fou, fow. s. full.

Fowarde,

A GLOSSARY.

Fowarde, vawarde. *the van.*
 Fre-bore. p. 75. *free-born.*
 Freake, freke, freyke. *man, person, human creature.*
 Freckys. p. 10. *persons.*
 Frie. s. fre. *free.*
 Freits s. *ill omens. ill luck.*
 Fuyson, foison. *plenty.*
 Fyll. p. 97. *fell.*
 Fyr. *fire.*

G.

Gair. s. geer, *dress.*
 Gamon. p. 38. *game. hence backgamon.*
 Gane, gan. *began.*
 Gane, gan *gone.*
 Garde. p. 9. *made.*
 Ganyde. p. 9. *gained.*
 Gare, gar. *make.*
 Gargeyld. p. 77. *perhaps from Gargonille. f. the spout of a gutter. The tower was adorned with spouts cut in the figures of gray-hounds, lions, &c.*
 Garland. p. 82. *the ring, within which the prick or mark was set.*
 Gear. s. geer. p. 272. *goods.*
 Getinge. p. 23. *what he had got, his plunder, booty.*
 Geve, gevend. *give, given.*
 Gi, gie. s. *give.*
 Gife, giff. *if.*
 Gin. s. *an, if.*
 Give owre. s. *surrender.*
 Glede. p. 7. *a red hot coal.*
 Glent. p. 6. *lanced.*
 Glofe. p. 96. *set a false gloss, or colour.*
 Gode. *good.*
 Goggling eyen. *goggle eyes.*
 Gone. p. 42. *go.*
 Gowd. s. gould. *gold,*

Graine. p. 157. *scarlet.*
 Gramercye. *God-a-mercy: or perhaps, Grant mercy.*
 Graunge. p. 247. *granary.*
 Grea-hondes. *grey-hounds.*
 Grece. p. 77. *a flight of steps.*
 Greece. p. 136. *a fat hart; from f. graisse.*
 Grennyng. *grinning. [from Bale, pt. 2. Ed. 1550. fol. 83.]*
 Gret, grat. *great.*
 Greves. *groves, bushes.*
 Grifly groned. p. 28. *dreadfully groaned.*
 Groundwa. p. 90. *ground-wall.*
 Gude. guid, geud. s. *good.*

H.

Ha, [hae.] s. *have. Item. hall.*
 Habergeon. f. *a lesser coat of mail.*
 Halched, halfed. *saluted, embraced, fell on his neck, from.*
 Halse. *neck.*
 Halefome. *wholesome, health-by.*
 Handbow. p. 145. *in opposition to a Cross-bow.*
 Harlocke. p. 258.
 Haried, harried, harowed. p. 129. 21. *harrowed, harrafsed.*
 Hastarddis. p. 96. *probably, rabble raised in Haste.*
 Haviour. *behaviour.*
 Hauld. s. *to hold. Item. hold, strong hold.*
 Hawberk. *a coat of mail.*
 Hayll. *advantage, profit. p. 24. for the profit of all England. A. S. Hæll. salus.*

He.

A GLOSSARY.

He. p. 5. hee. p. 23. hye.
high.
 He. p. 137. hye. *to hie.*
 Heal. p. 10. bail.
 Hear. p. 10. here.
 Heare, heares. *hair, hairs.*
 Hed, hede. *head.*
 Heere. p. 75. hear.
 Heighte. p. 26. *on high, aloud.*
 Hend. *kind, gentle.*
 Heir. s. here. p. 9. hear.
 Hest. p. 197. *hast.*
 Hest. p. 38. *command, injun-*
ction.
 Hether. p. 137. *hither.*
 Heawyng, hewinge. *hew'ng,*
hacking.
 Hewyne into. *hewn in two.*
 Hi, hie. p. 66. *he.*
 Hie, hye, he, hee. *high.*
 Hight. p. 39. p. 10. *engage,*
engaged, promised. (p. 131.
called.)
 Hillys. *hills.*
 Hinde, hend. *gentle.*
 Hir. s. *her.*
 Hirsfel. s. *herself.*
 Hit. p. 11. *it.*
 Hoo, ho. p. 19. *an interjection*
of stopping or desisting: hen-
ce stoppage.
 Hode. p. 129. *hood, cap.*
 Hole. p. 97. holl. p. 100.
whole.
 Holtes. p. 23. *hills.*
 Holy. p. 102. *perhaps hole,*
whole.
 Hom, hem. *them.*
 Hondrith, hondred. *hundred.*
 Honge. *hang, hung.*
 Hontyng. *hunting.*
 Hoved. p. 77. *perhaps, hove-*
red, hung moving.
 Hount. p. 7. *hunt.*

I.

I' feth. *in faith.*
 I ween. (*I think:*) *verily*
 I wys, I wis. (*I know:*) *ve-*
rily.
 I wot. (*I know:*) *verily.*
 Iclipped. p. 77. *called.*
 Iff. *if.*
 Jimp. s. *slender.*
 Ild. *I'd, I would.*
 Ile. *I'll, I will.*
 Ilka. s. *every.*
 Im. p. 66. *him.*
 In fere. *I fere. together.*
 Into. s. *in.*
 Intres. p. 77. *entrance, admit-*
tance.
 Jo. p. 271. *sweet-heart,*
friend.
 Jogelers. *juglers.*
 I-tuned. p. 77. *tuned.*
 Iye. *eye.*
 Iz. p. 66. *is, his.*

K.

Karls. *carls, churls. karls of*
kind. churls by nature.
 Kauld. p. 66. *called.*
 Kawte and keene. p. 25. *cau-*
tious and active. l. cautus.
 Kempe, kempes. *soldier, sol-*
diers.
 Kemperve man. p. 59. *soldier,*
warrior, fighting man.
 Kems. s. *combs.*
 Ken, kenit. *know, knowest.*
 Kepres, &c. p. 148. *those*
that watch by the corpse
shall tye up my winding
sheet.
 Kind. *nature.*
 Kit. p. 99. *cut.*
 Kithe nor kin. *acquaintance,*
nor kindred.

Knave.

A GLOSSARY.

Knave. p. 74. *servant.*
 Knicht. s. *knight.*
 Knights fee. p. 75. *such a por-
 tion of land as qualified. a
 man for knighthood.*
 Knowles. *knolls.*
 Knyled. *knelt.*
 Kyrtil, kirtle. *petticoat ,
 gown.*

L.

Laith. s. *loth.*
 Langsome. s. p. 272. *long ,
 tedious.* Lang. s. *long.*
 Lauch, lauched. s. *laugh ,
 laughed.*
 Launde. p. 136. *lawn.*
 Lay-land. p. 37. *land that is
 not plowed : green-sward.*
 Lay-lands. p. 44. *lands in ge-
 neral.*
 Layden. *laid.*
 Laye. p. 38. *law.*
 Leane. p. 26. *conceal , hide.*
Item. lye. query.
 Leanyde. *leaned.*
 Leard. *learned , taught.*
 Lease. p. 136. *lying , falsehood.*
Withouten lease. verily.
 Leafynge. *lying , falsehood.*
 Lee. p. 92. *the field.*
 Leeche. *physician.*
 Leechinge. p. 34. *doctoring ,
 medicinal care.*
 LEEVE London. p. 232. *dear
 London , an old phrase.*
 Leeveth. *believeth.*
 Lefe. p. 139. *leeve. dear.*
 Lefe. *leaf. leves. leaves.*
 Leive. s. *leave.*
 Leman, leaman, leiman. *lo-
 ver , mistress. A. S. leifa-
 man.*
 Lenger. *longer.*

Lere. p. 42. *face , complexion.*
*A. S. hleane , facies , vul-
 tus.*
 Lerved. *learned , taught.*
 Lefynge. p. 140. *leafing. ly-
 ing , falsehood.*
 Let. 5. *hinder. 58. hindred.*
 Lettest. *hindereft , detainest.*
 Lettyng. p. 137. *hindrance.*
 Lever. *rather.*
 Leyre, lere. p. 257. *learning,
 lore.*
 Lig. s. *lie.*
 Lightsome. p. 36. *clearful ,
 sprightly.*
 Liked. p. 259. *pleased.*
 Linde. p. 135. *the lime tree ; or
 collectively lime trees ; or
 Trees in general.*
 Lingell. p. 259. *a thread of
 hemp rubbed with rosin, &c.
 used by rusties for mending
 their shoes.*
 Lith, lithe, lythe. p. 120. *at-
 tend , hearken , listen.*
 Lither. p. 58. *idle , worthless ,
 naughty , forward.*
 Liver. *deliver.*
 Liverance. p. 237. *deliverance
 (money , or a pledge for de-
 livering you up.)*
 Loke. p. 259. *lock of wooll.*
 Longes. *belongs.*
 Loofet, lofed. *loosed.*
 Lope. *leaped.*
 Loveth. *love. plur. number.*
 Lough. p. 134. *laugh.*
 Louked. *looked.*
 Loun. s. p. 272. *lown. p. 158.
 loon , rascal. from the Irish
 liun. slothful , sluggish.*
 Louted. p. 43. *bowed , did
 obeysance.*
 Lowe. p. 74. *a little hill.*
 Lurden. p. 129. *sluggard ,
 drone.*

Lynde.

A GLOSSARY.

Lynde. p. 134. lyne. p. 72.
See Linde.

Lyth. p. 257. lithsome, pliant,
flexible, easy, gentle.

Lythe. idem. (p. 67. See
Lith.)

M.

Mahound, Mahowne. *Ma-*
homet.

Maieſte, maiſt, mayeſte. *ma-*
y'ſt.

Mair. s. mare. *more.*

Makys, maks. *mates.*

Male. p. 10. coat of mail.

Mane. p. 7. man. Item. moan.

March - perti. 14. march-
parts.

Marche - man. a scowrer of the
marches.

March - pine. p. 257. march-
pane. a kind of biscuit.

Maſterye. p. 71. mayſtry. p.
143. a trial of skill, high pro-
of of skill.

Mauger. p. 5. *spite of.*

Maun. s. mun. *must.*

May'. maid. *rhythmigratia.*

Mayd, mayde. *made.*

Mayne. p. 45. force, strength.
p. 77. horse's mane.

Meany. p. 5. retinue, train,
company.

Meed. meede. *reward.*

Men of armes. p. 26. gens d'
armes.

Meniveere. p. 259. white fur.

Merches. *marches.*

Met. p. 6. meit. s. mete. *meet,*
fit, proper.

Meyne. p. 134. see Meany.

Minged. p. 37. mentioned.

Misdoubt. p. 251. suspect,
doubt.

Mifken. *mistake.*

Mode. p. 134. *mood.*

Monynday. *monday.*

Mores. p. 36. hills, wild downs.

Morne. s. p. 64. on the mor-
row.

Mort. p. 6. the death of the
deer.

Moſt. p. 97. *must.*

Mought, mot, mote. *might.*

Mun, maun. s. *must.*

Mure, mures. s. wild downs,
flats, &c.

Muſis. *musēs.*

Myghttē. *mighty.*

Myllan. *Milan steel.*

Myne - ye - ple. p. 10. perhaps
Many - plies, or, folds.

Myrry. *merry.*

Myfuryd. p. 99. misused, ap-
plied to a bad purpose.

N.

Na, nae. s. *no, none.*

Nams. *names.*

Nar. p. 7. nare. *nor.*

Nat. *not.*

Nee, ne. *nigt.*

Neigh him neare. *approach*
him near.

Neir. s. nere. *ne'er, never.*

Neir. s. nere. *near.*

Nicked him of naye. p. 53.
i. e. nicked him with a re-
fusal.

Nipt. *pinched.*

Nobles. *nobleß, nobleneß.*

None. *noon.*

Nourice. s. *nurse.*

Nye, ny. *nigh.*

O.

O gin. s. *O if! a phrase.*

On. one. on man. p. 8. *one man.*

One. p. 24. *on.*

U

Or,

A GLOSSARY.

Or, ere. p. 19. 23. *before.*
 Or eir. s. *before ever.*
 Orisons. *prayers.*
 Ost, oste. *host.*
 Outowre. s. *quite over: over.*
 Outrake. p. 240. *an out-ride; or expedition. to raik. s. is to gofast. (Or perhaps, Outreik, a sitting out. Mr. Davidson.)*
 Oware of none. *hour of noon.*
 Owre, owr. s. *o'er.*
 Owt. *out.*

P.

Pa. s. *the river Po.*
 Pall. p. 42. *a robe of state.*
 Purple and pall. i. e. *a purple robe, or cloak. a phrase.*
 Paramour. p. 260. *lover. Item. a mistress.*
 Paregall. p. 99. *equal.*
 Parti, party. p. 8. *a part.*
 Paves. p. 79. *a large kind of shield. (Gloss. G. Doug.)*
 Pavilliane. *pavillion, tent.*
 Pay. p. 139. *liking, satisfaction.*
 Peakish. p. 247. *small, mean, petty.*
 Peere, pere. *peer, equal.*
 Penon. *a banner, or streamer borne on the top of a lance.*
 Perelous, parlous. *perilous, dangerous.*
 Ierfight. *perfect.*
 Perlese. p. 101. *peerless.*
 Pertyd. p. 9. *parted.*
 Play-feres. *play-fellows.*
 Playning. *complaining.*
 Pleasance. *pleasure.*
 Pight. p. 23. *pitched.*
 Pil'd. p. 244. *peeled, bald.*
 Pine. p. 157. *famish, starve.*

Pite, pitte, pyte. *pity.*
 Pompal. p. 193. *pompous.*
 Portres. p. 78. *portereß.*
 Popingay. p. 259. *a parrot.*
 Pow, pou: pow'd s. *pull: pulled.*
 Prece, prese. *press.*
 Preced, presed. *pressed.*
 Prest. p. 164. *ready.*
 Prestly. p. 137. *prestlye. p. 42. quickly.*
 Prickes. p. 71. *the marks to shoot at.*
 Prtcke-wand. p. 72. *a wand set up for a mark.*
 Pricked. p. 24. *spurred on, hasted.*
 Prowes. p. 98. *promess.*
 Prycke. p. 142. *the mark: commonly a hazel-wand.*
 Pryme. p. 121. *day break.*
 Pulde. p. 10. *pulled.*

Q.

Quail. p. 44, 267. *shrink.*
 Quadrant. p. 77. *four-square.*
 Quarry. p. 215. *slaughtered game, deer, &c. See. p. 6.*
 Quere, quire. *choir.*
 Quest. p. 130. *inquest.*
 Quha. s. *who.*
 Quhan. s. *when.*
 Quhar. s. *where.*
 Quhat. s. *what.*
 Quhatten. s. *what.*
 Quhen. s. *when.*
 Quhy. s. *why.*
 Quyrry. p. 6. *See quarry above.*
 Quyte. p. 15. *requited.*

R.

Raine. *reign.*
 Rayne, reane. *rain.*
 Reachles.

A GLOSSARY.

Reachles. p. 73. *careless*.
 Reas. p. 6. *raise*.
 Reave. *bereave*.
 Reckt. *regarded*.
 Reade. p. 22. rede. *advise*. p. 27. *hit off*.
 Reek. s. *smoak*.
 Reid. s. rede, reed. *red*.
 Reid-roan. s. *red-roan*.
 Rekeles, recklesse. *regardless, void of care, rash*.
 Renish. p. 53. renisht. p. 57.
 Renisht. p. 53, 57.
 Renne. *run*.
 Renyed. *refused*.
 Rewth. *ruth*. rewe. *pity*.
 Riall. p. 78. *royal*.
 Richt. s. *right*.
 Ride. p. 236. *make an inroad*.
 Roche. *rock*.
 Ronne. ran. Roone. p. 24. *run*.
 Roode. *cross, crucifix*.
 Roufe. *roof*.
 Row, rowd. s. *roll, rolled*.
 Rues. p. 160. ruethe. p. 22. *pitietb*.
 Ryde. p. 229. *i.e. make an inroad*. Ryde in p. 56. (v. 135.) *should be rise*. Counsel must arise from me.
 Rydere. p. 145. *ranger*.
 Ryfe. p. 120. *raise*.

S.

Sa, fae. s. *so*.
 Saif. s. *safe*.
 Sall. s. *shall*.
 Sar. *sore*.
 Sark. *shirt, shift*.
 Sat, fete. p. 3. *set*.
 Savyde. *saved*.
 Say. p. 12. *saw*. See. Vol. 2. p. 267.

Say us no harme. p. 58. *say no ill of us*.
 Sayne. *say*. plur. *num*.
 Scathe. *hurt, injury*.
 Schip. s. *ship*.
 Scho. s. *she*.
 Schrill. s. *shrill*.
 Se. s. *see*. sea. p. 6. *see*.
 Seik. s. *seke*. *seek*.
 Sene. p. 9. *seen*.
 Sertayne, fertenlye. *certain, certainly*.
 Setywall. See *cetiwall*.
 Shales. p. 68. *upon re-inspecting the MS. appears to be shaws. little woods*.
 Shear. p. 6. *clear off*.
 Sheele. *she'll, she will*.
 Sheene. *fhene*. *shining*.
 Sheits. s. *fhetes*. *sheets*.
 Shent. *disgraced*.
 Shimmering. *shining by glances*.
 Shoke. p. 99. *shookest*.
 Shold, fholde. *should*.
 Shoen. s. *fhoone*. p. 204. *shoes*.
 Shote. p. 9. *shot*.
 Shraddes. p. 68.
 Shrift. *confession*.
 Shroggs. p. 71. *shrubbs, thorns, briars*. G. Doug. *scroggis*.
 Shulde. *should*.
 Shyars. *shires*.
 Sib. *kin*.
 Side. *long*.
 Sic, lich, fick. p. 66. s. *such*.
 Sik. p. 89. *fike*. *such*.
 Sied. s. *saw*.
 Siker. p. 274. *surely, certainly*.
 Sigh-clout. p. 157. (*fythe-clout*) a clout to strain milk through: a straining clout.
 Sith. p. 7. *since*.

A GLOSSARY.

- Slade.** p. 69. a *slip* of green-
sward between plow-lands,
 or woods, &c.
Slaw. p. 258. *slew*.
Slean, **flone.** *slain*.
Sle, **flee.** *slay*. **fleeft.** *slayest*.
Sleip. s. **flepe.** *sleep*.
Slo, **floe.** *slay*.
Slode. p. 37. *slit*, *split*.
Slone. p. 38. *slain*.
Sloughe. p. 9. *slew*.
Smithers. s. *smothers*.
Soldain, **foldan**, **fowden.** *sul-*
tan.
Soll, **foull**, **fowle.** *soul*.
Sort. p. 102. *company*.
Soth-**Ynglonde.** *South En-*
gland.
Soth, **fothe**, **fouth**, **fouthe.**
sooth, *truth*.
Sould. s. *should*.
Sowden, **foudain.** *sultan*.
Sowre. *sour*.
Sowre, **foare.** *sore*.
Soy. f. *silk*.
Spak, **spaik.** s. *spake*.
Sped. p. 54. *speeded*.
Speik. s. *speak*.
Spendyde. p. 11. *perhaps*
Hended. held. or, Spanned.
grasped.
Spere, **speere.** *spear*.
Spill. p. 156. *spille.* p. 46.
spoil, come to harm.
Sprente. 10. *spurred, sprung*
out.
Spurn, **spurne.** a *kick.* p. 15.
See Tear.
Spyde. *spied*.
Spylt. p. 98. *lost, destroyed*.
Spyt. p. 7. *spyte. spite*.
Stable. p. 101. *perhaps, sta-*
blish.
Stalworthlye, p. 21. *stoutly*.
Stane. s. **stean.** p. 66. *stone*.
Steedye. *steady*.
- Steid.** s. **stede.** *steed*.
Stele. p. 12. *steel*.
Stark. p. 42. *stiff*.
Sterne. *stern* : or *perhaps,*
stars.
Sterris. *stars*.
Sterte. *start*.
Sterte, **sterted.** *started*.
Sterte. **start.** p. 267. *started*.
Steven. p. 75. *voice*.
Steven. p. 71. *time*.
Still. p. 21. *quiet, silent*.
Stint. *stop, stopped*.
Stirande stage. p. 21. *many a*
stirring, travelling journey.
Stonderes. *standers by*.
Stound, **stownde.** p. 130. 27.
time, while.
Stour. p. 12. 61. *stower.* p.
 37. *stowre.* p. 27. 44. *fight*.
Streght. p. 10. *straight*.
Strekene. *stricken, struck*.
Stret. *street*.
Strick. *strict*.
Stroke. p. 10. *struck*.
Stude. s. *stood*.
styndyde, **stinded.** *stayed, stop-*
ped.
Suar. *sure*.
Sum. s. *some*.
Sumpters. p. 252. *horses that*
carry cloaths, furniture,
&c.
Swapte. p. 10. *swapped.* p.
 26. *swopede.* p. 27. *struck*
violently.
Swat, **fwatte.** p. 26. *fwotte,*
 p. 27. *did sweat*.
Swear. p. 6. *sware*.
Sweard. *sword*.
Sweavens. *dreams*.
Sweit. s. **fwete.** *sweet*.
Swith. p. 61. *quickly, in-*
stantly.
Syd. *side*.

Syne,

A GLOSSARY.

Syne. p. 22. 23. *then, afterwards.*

Syth. *since.*

T.

Take. *taken.*

Talents, p. 54.

Taine. s. tane. *taken.*

Tear. p. 15. *this seems to be a proverb, That tearing or pulling occasioned this spurn or kick.*

Teenefu. s. p. 93. *full of indignation, wrathful, furious.*

Teir. s. tere. *tear.*

Teene. p. 127. tene. p. 96. *sorrow, indignation, wrath. Properly, injury, affront.*

Thair. s. *their.*

Thame. s. *them.*

Than.. *then.*

Thair. s. thare. *there.*

The. *thee.* Thend. *the end.*

The. *they.* the wear. p. 5. *they were.* the blewe. p. 6. *they blew.*

Thear. theare. p. 23. ther. p. 6. *there.*

Thee. *thrive.* mote he thee. *may he thrive.*

Ther. p. 6. *their.*

Therfor. p. 8. *therefore.*

Ther-to. *thereto.*

Thes. *these.*

Theyther-ward. p. 123. *thither ward, towards that place.*

Thie. *thy.*

Thoufe. s. p. 158. *thou art.*

Thowe. *thou.*

Thrae. pag. 48. *should be* Throw. s. *through.*

Thrall. p. 83. *captive.* p. 245. *captivity.*

Thrang. s. *throng.*

Thre. thrie. s. *three.*

Threape. p. 158. *rebuke, chide, scold. Also, positive assertion.*

Thritte. *thirty.*

Throng. p. 128. *hastened.*

Thrue. *threw.*

Till. p. 15. *unto.*

Till. p. 59. *entice.*

Tine. lose. tint. *lost.*

To. too. Item. *two.*

Ton. p. 8. *tone, the one.*

Tow. s. p. 91. *to let down with. a rope, &c.*

Tow. towe. *two.*

Traitorie. *traitory, treachery.*

Tre. *tree, wood.*

Treytory, traytory. *treachery.*

Tride. *tryed.*

Trow. p. 157. *think, conceive; know.*

Trowthe. trothe. *troth.*

Tru. trewe. *true.*

Tuik. s. *took.*

Tul. s. *till, to.*

Turn. p. 252. *such turn. such an occasion.*

Twa. s. *two.*

Twin'd. s. p. 31. *twistest, turned.*

Tym. tyme. *time.*

V. U.

Vices. p. 77. *screws; or perhaps turning pins, swivels.*

Vilane. p. 96. *raskally.*

Undernead. *underneath.*

Undight. *undocked, undressed.*

Unmacklye. *mishapen.*

Unsett. steven. p. 71. *unappointed time, unexpectedly.*

Untyll. unto p. 127. *against.*

U 3

Voyded.

A GLOSSARY.

Voyded. p. 132. *quitted, left the place.*

Upe. *up.* Upone, *upon.*

Utlawz. p. 66. *outlaws.*

W.

Wad. s. wold, wolde. *would.*

Wae worth. s. woe betide.

Waltering. *weltering.*

Waue. p. 11. *perhaps (rythmi gratia) for whang, the noise made by a bow in emitting the arrow. see Sowne. Gl. V. 2.*

War. p. 6. *aware.*

Warldis. s. *worlds.*

Wat. p. 8. wot. *know, am aware.*

Wat. s. *wet.*

Wavde. p. 84. *waved.*

Wayward. p. 280. *froward, peevish.*

Weale. p. 81. *happineß, prosperity.*

Weal. p. 14. *mail.*

Wedous. *widows.*

Weedes. *clothes.*

Weel. *we'll, we will.*

Weene; ween'd. p. 37. *think; thought.*

Weet. s. *wet.*

Weil. s. wele. *well.*

Weip. s. wepe. *weep.*

Wel-away. p. 235. *an interjection of grief.*

Wel. of. pitè. *source of pity.*

Weme. *womb, belly, hollow.*

Wende. pag. 135. *weened, thought.*

Wend, wends. *go, goes.*

Westlin. s. *western.*

While. p. 243. *untill.*

Whoard. *board.*

Whose. p. 98. *whoso.*

Whyllys. *whilst.*

Wight. p. 152. *person. p. 210. strong, lusty.*

Wighty. p. 68. *strong, lusty, active, nimble.*

Wightly. p. 35. *vigorously.*

Will. s. p. 63. *shall.*

Wilfulle. p. 71. *wandering, erring.*

Windling. s. *winding.*

Winnæ. s. *will not.*

Winsome. s. p. 237. *handsome.*

Wifs. p. 232. *know. wift. knew.*

Wo. woo. p. 9. *woe.*

Woe. begone. p. 42. *lost in woe, overwhelmed with grief.*

Won'd. p. 257. *dwelled.*

Wone. p. 12. *one.*

Wonderfly. *wonderously.*

Wode, wood. *mad.*

Wonne. *dwelt.*

Woodweete. p. 68. *should be woodweele. or wodewale; de golden ouzle, a bird of the thrush-kind. Gloss. Chau.*

Worthè. *worthy.*

Wot. *know. wotes. knows.*

Wouch. p. 9. *mischief, evil. A. S. Yohz. i. e. Wohg. malum.*

Wrang. s. *wrung.*

Wreke. *wreak. revenge.*

Writhe. p. 241. *writhed, twisted.*

Wroken. *revenged.*

Wronge. *wrung.*

Wul. s. *will.*

Wyght. p. 256. *strong. lusty.*

Wyghtye. p. 142. *the same.*

Wyld. p. 5. *wild deer.*

Wynne. p. 24. *joy.*

Wyfte. p. 6. *knew.*

A GLOSSARY.

Y.

Y-cleped. *called.*
 Y-con'd. *taught, instructed.*
 Y-fere. *together.*
 Y-founde. *found.*
 Y-pycking. p. 258. *picking, culling, gathering.*
 Y-flaw. *slain.*
 Y-were. *were.*
 Y-wis. p. 80. *verily.*
 Y-wrought. *wrought.*
 Yate. *gate.*
 Yche. *each.*
 Ychyfeled. *carved with the chizzel.*
 Ydle. *idle.*
 Ye bent. y-bent. *bent.*
 Yefeth. y-feth. *in faith.*
 Yenoughe. ynoughe. *enough.*
 Yeldyde. *yielded.*
 Yerarchie. *hierarchy.*

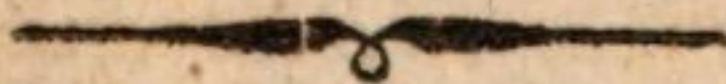
Yere, yeere. *year, years.*
 Yerle. p. 8. *earl.*
 Yerly. p. 6. *early.*
 Yestreen. s. *yester evening.*
 Yf. *if.*
 Ygnoraunce. *ignorance.*
 Yngglishe. *Englishe.*
 Ynglonde. *England.*
 Yode, went.
 Youe. p. 7. *you.*
 Yt. *it.*
 Yth. p. 7. *in the.*

Z.

Ze, zea. s. *ye.*
 Zeir. s. *year.*
 Zellow. s. *yellow.*
 Zonder. s. *yonder.*
 Zong. s. *young.*
 Zour. s. *your.*

* * The printers have usually substituted the letter z to express the character ȝ, which occurs in old MSS. but we are not to suppose that this ȝ was ever pronounced as our modern z; it had rather the force of y (and perhaps of gh) being no other than the Saxon letter y, which both the Scots and English have in many instances changed into y, as yeard *yard*, year *year*, yeong *young*, &c.

THE END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.



A GLOSSARY

Y-ship, called.
Y-ship, called.
Y-ship, called.
Y-ship, called.
Y-ship, called.
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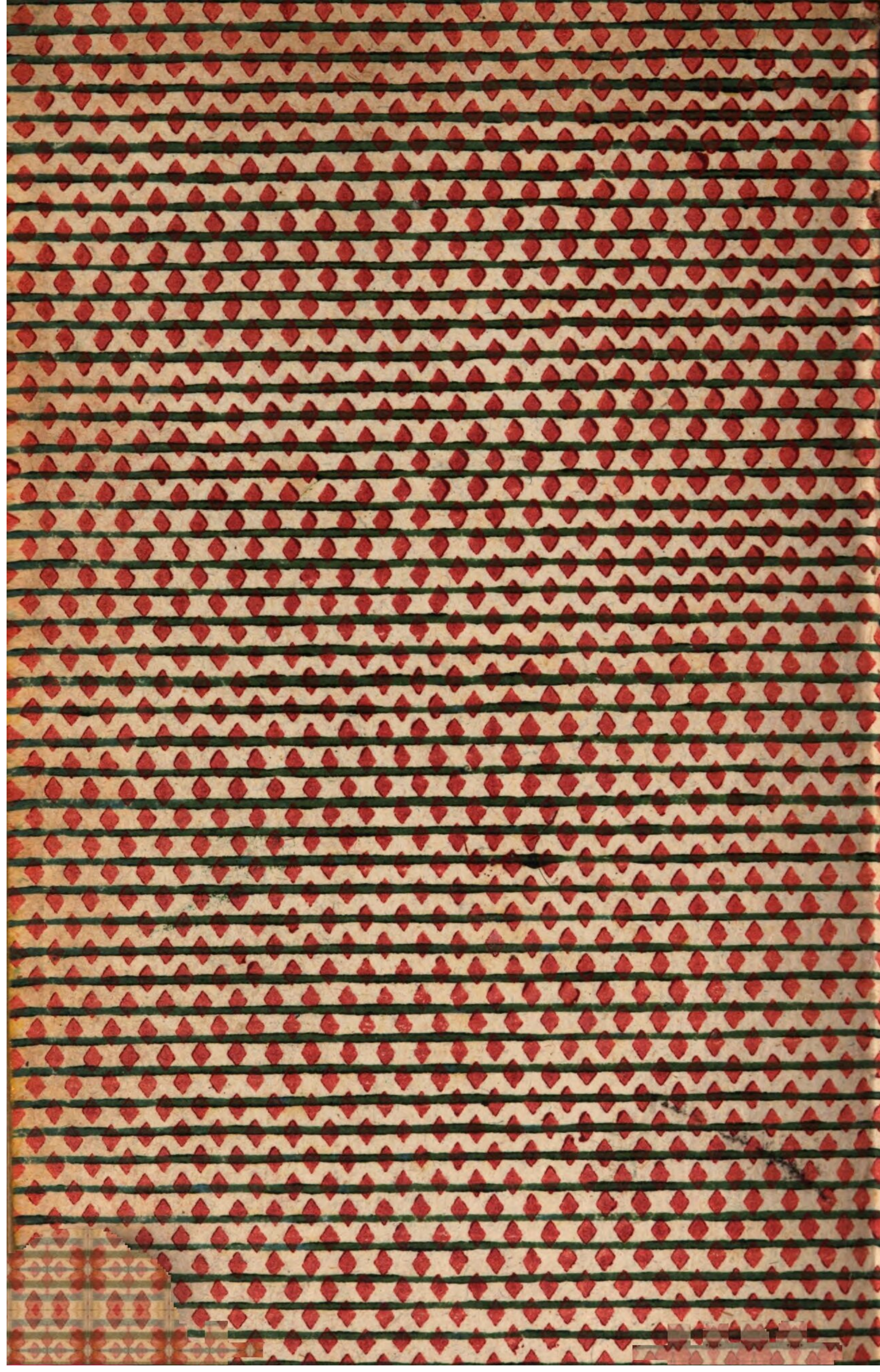
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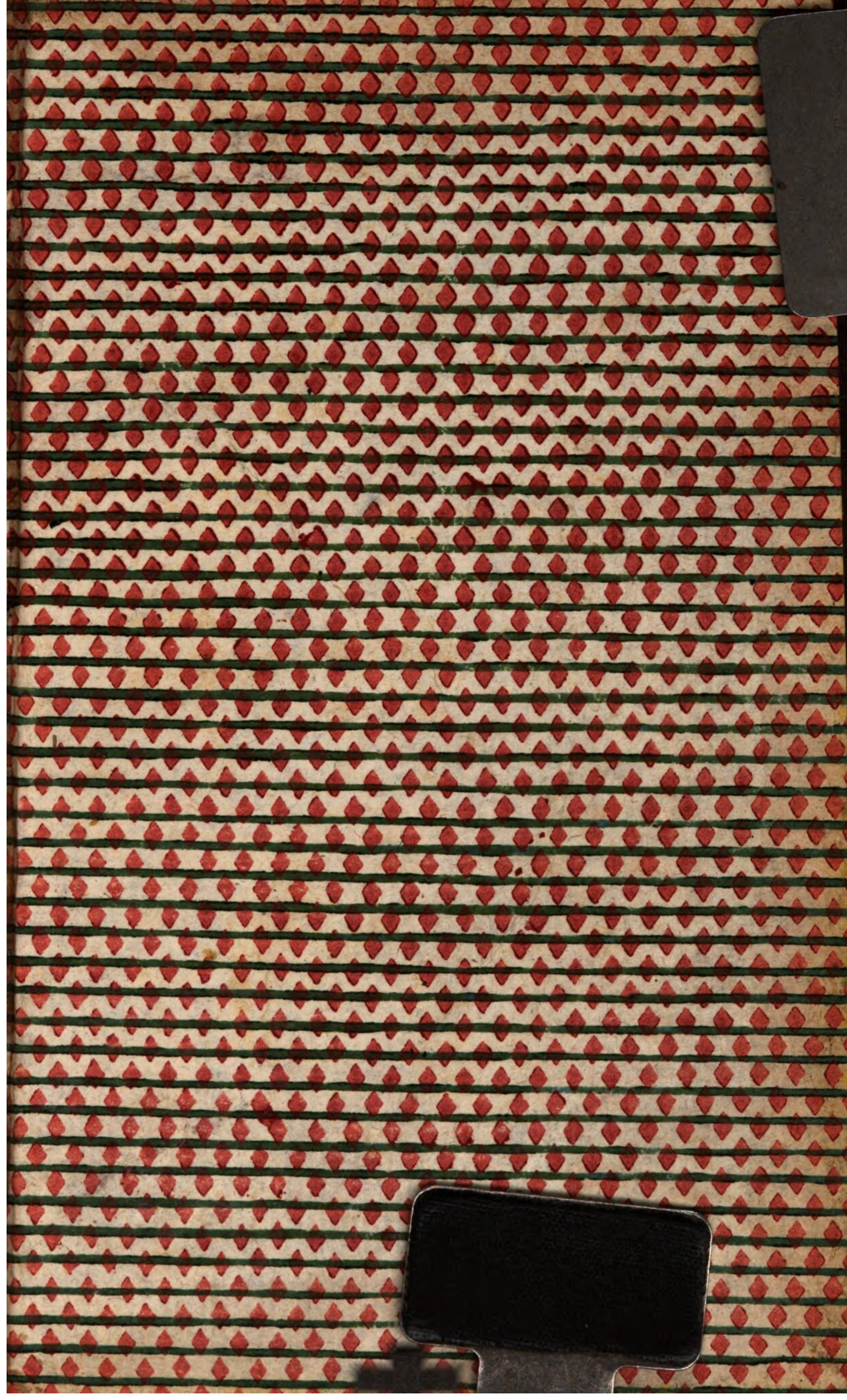
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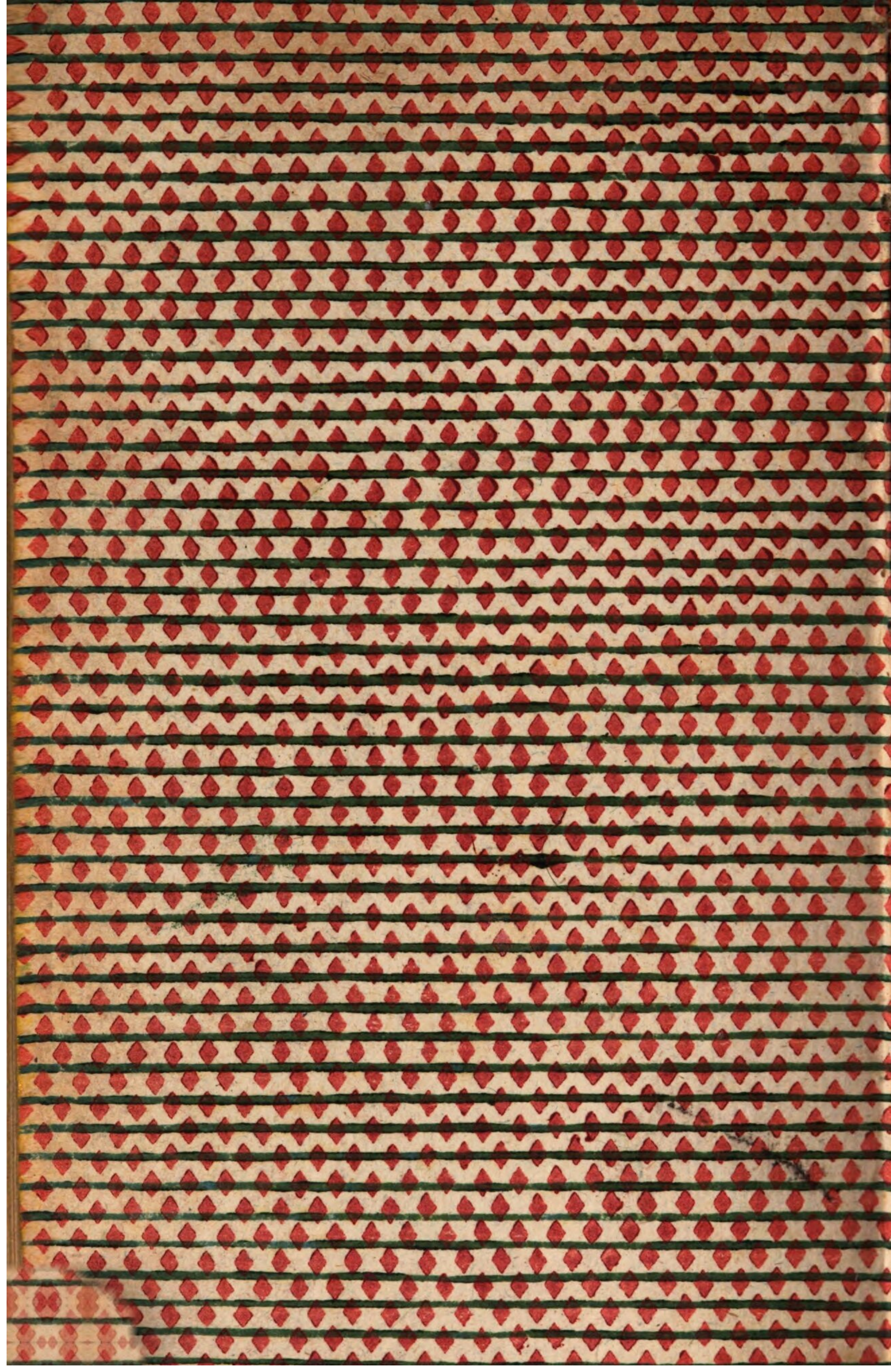
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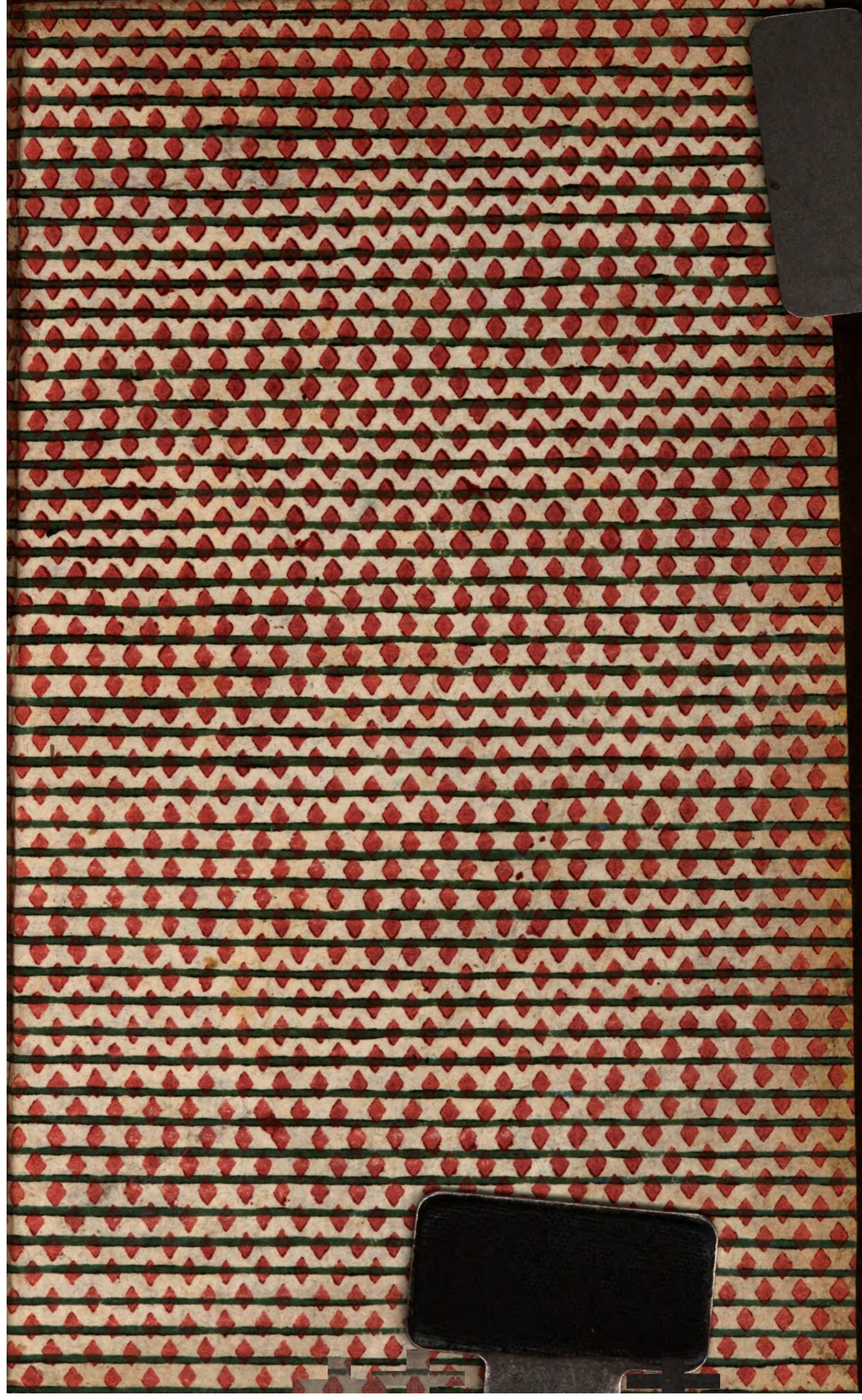
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other than the 2nd letter y, which both the Scots and
English have in many instances changed into y as years
years, years, years, years, years, years, years, years, years, years.

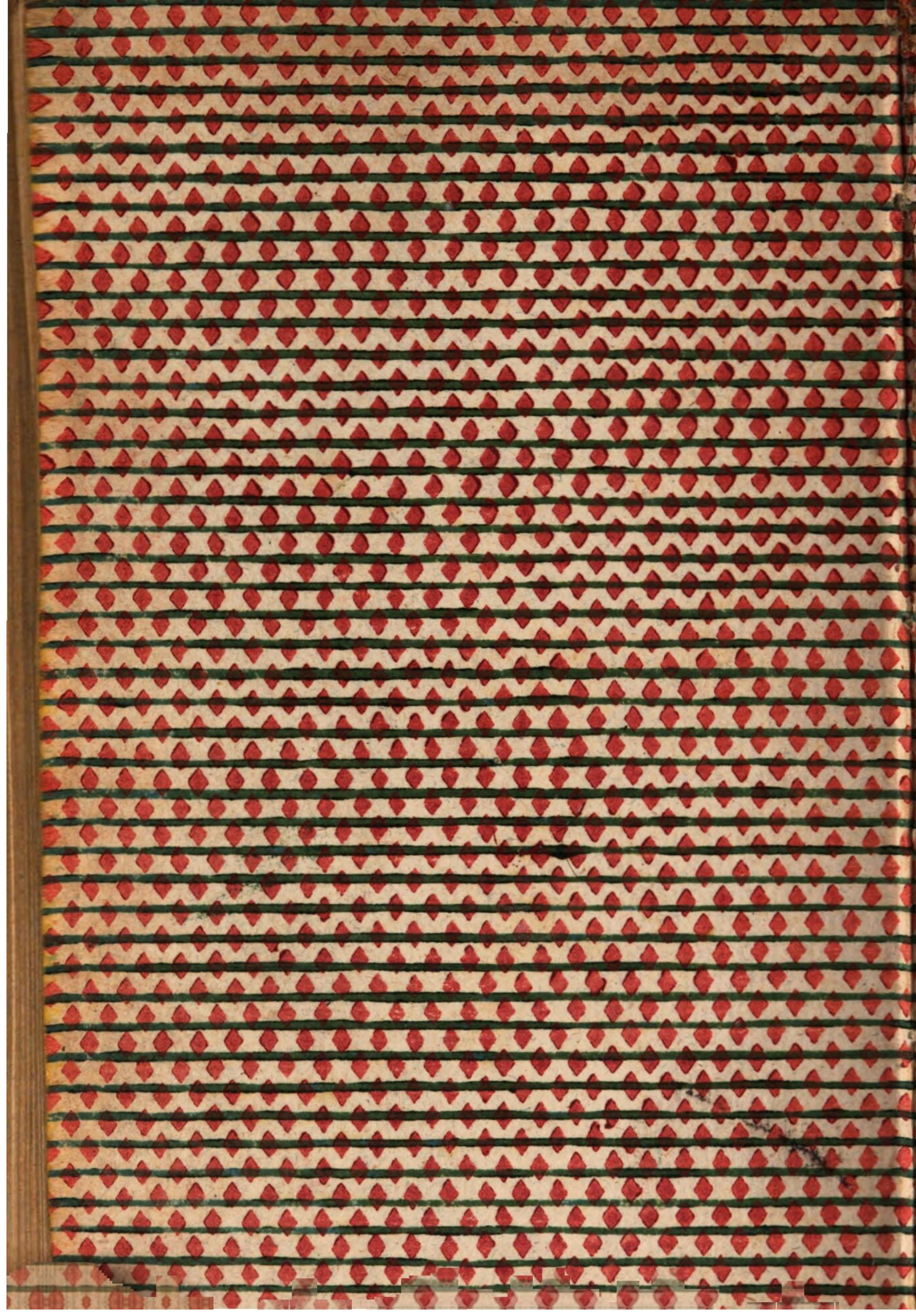
THE END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

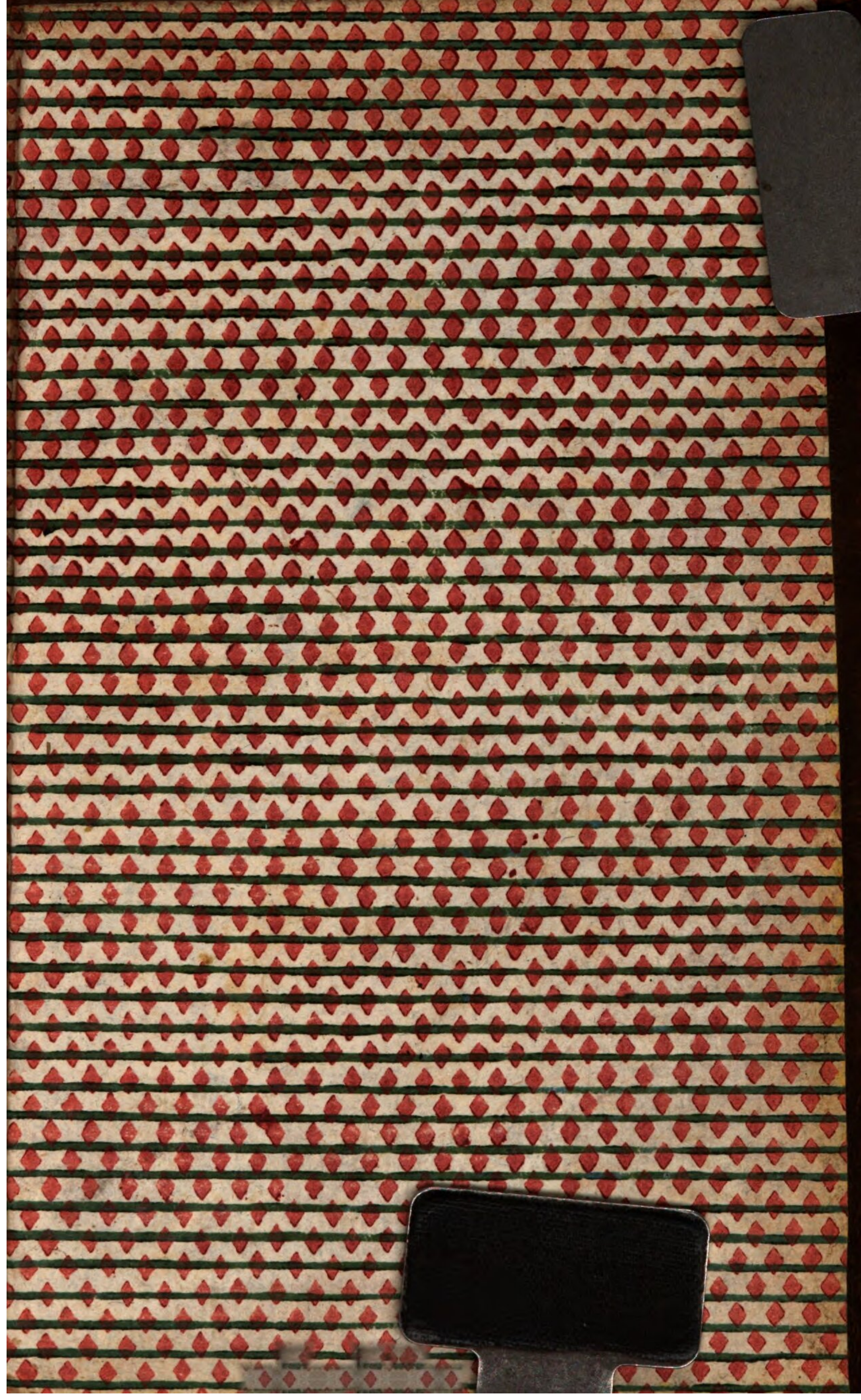






















Percy, Thomas, 1729-1811

Reliques Of Ancient English Poetry Consisting Of Old Heroic Ballads, Songs,
and other Pieces of our earlier Poets, (Chiefly of the Lyric kind.)
Together with some few of later Date
Bd.: 1

London and Francfort (1790)

P.o.angl. 323-1

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